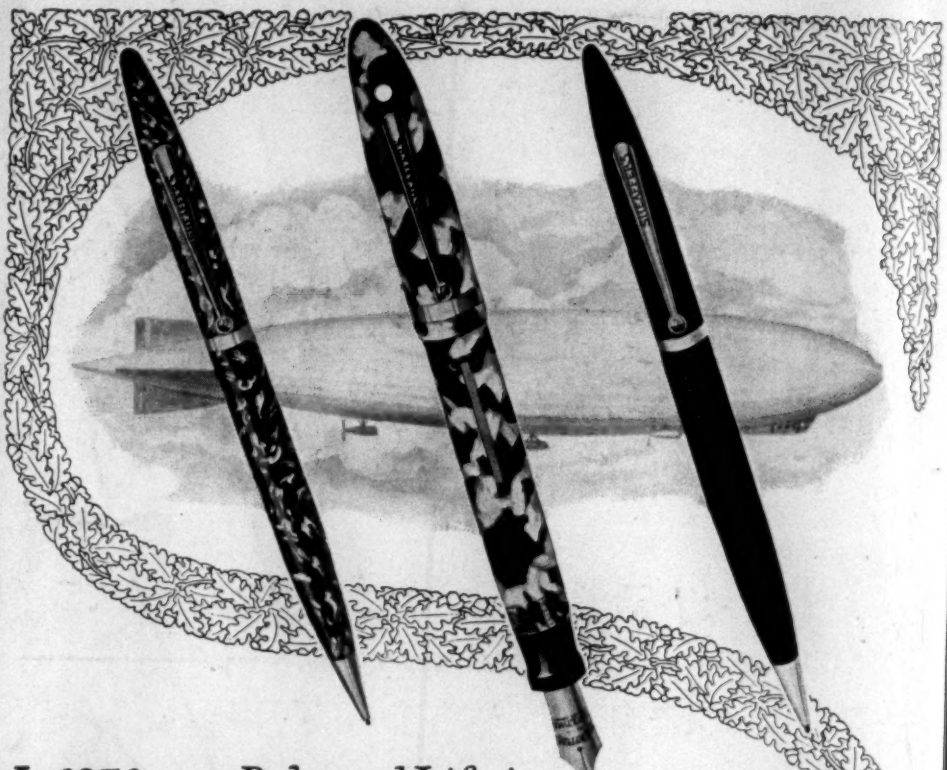

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

AMONG the many excellent books appearing this month *The Tragic Era* by Claude G. Bowers should give new impetus to the study of American history. This is a highly dramatic and circumstantial account of the reconstruction period after Lincoln's death. The great concentration of interest on the personality of Lincoln has left this period completely in the shadow; the men associated with it were glad to see it buried by the later nineteenth century, and the present generation is content to blame most of the tragedy on the carpetbaggers. Mr. Bowers, whose *Jefferson and Hamilton* gave him not only wide recognition as a fascinating writer on American politics, but made him also an important figure in the Democratic Party, has discovered sources of information on reconstruction policies completely overlooked by historians in their search for material dealing with Lincoln. As a result his book is not a rewriting of old material but an original study of a period that was, as the author remarks, at once tragic and comic, and also had the elements of farce.

If any one figure emerges triumphant in *The Tragic Era* it is that of Andrew Johnson, the President who followed Lincoln, to Mr. Bowers "the most maligned of the nation's greatest servants." Lincoln was not yet in his grave when the Radicals began to demand retribution for the war, asking extreme measures which had been frowned on by Lincoln. Mr. Bowers shows how terrible was their vengeance when Johnson stood in their way. He deals not in generalities but in specific events, marshaling a tremendous mass of detail to bring home the significance of acts which the country has long since forgotten. To Mr. Bowers this was the period when the Constitution was trampled under foot, the Supreme Court disregarded, and the presidential powers usurped by Congress; when men who first supported the Lincoln policies and endorsed Johnson turned about to play the game of the Radical faction. National politics had the air of freebootery; business was tied up with scandal, bribery, and boodle; the South groaned under the exploiter's heel, and the cloak of justice and liberty covered crimes so daring that they seemed like battles in bootleggers' wars. The reader will probably be shocked to find the reputations of men who pose heroically in steel engravings on the walls of schoolrooms so tarnished that they might as well be turned round about. Mr. Bowers has gone to many sources hitherto not consulted by historians, especially the unpublished diary of George W. Julian, which opens conferences closed until now to writers. It reveals the attitude of the Radicals toward Lincoln and Johnson from the inside, and describes what went on behind the locked doors of Congress when the House was drawing up impeachment proceedings against Johnson. The rise of the negro politicians, the inexcusable acts of the carpetbag governors, the political ructions that involved Grant, Johnson, Ben Butler, Chase, Logan, Greeley, and many other men of the period are described vividly by a man who knows politics from caucus to White House. Mr. Bowers sees in this era a revolution of tremendous consequences. He discovers that it was brought about with the help of the negroes, who were used for twelve

The PRINCE of WALES

A BIOGRAPHY

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years by the Radicals and then discarded." "A degree of centralization not dreamed of in other days had been realized. State rights were to be denounced for forty years as the equivalent of treason. A new order had been established, built upon the ruins of the old. The Jeffersonian republic that came in with the revolution of 1800 gave way to the Hamiltonian republic brought in by the counter revolution of 1865–76." Mr. Bowers's book will stir controversy and historians may be expected to challenge his conclusions. They will, however, agree that it holds the reader spellbound. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

"MAN AND HIS WORLD"

Size is no longer necessary to impress us. Some of the most stimulating of recent books have been vest-pocket editions, as they used to say of the dictionary. The twelve volumes contained in *Man and His World* are not large, but they tackle a subject of tremendous scope. Yet the essays contained in these books are of the character of highly condensed cultural studies, by men of knowledge equipped to deal with their subjects. The editor, Baker Brownell, member of the faculty of Northwestern University, has become widely known for his writings on contemporary thought. He has produced, in this series, not a cheap popularization of knowledge, but signposts for the men and women of inquiring minds who are eager to keep up with the best of American thinking. It is particularly important that the contributors to his series are not the authors one sees again and again in compilations of essays, yet none the less capable. The idealist, the scientist, the philosopher, the student of æsthetics, religion, the fine arts, are represented here, and I can readily believe that these books reveal "a modern world in which divers kinds of interests and living converge into the modern complex of reality." To discuss in detail the points of view, and perhaps take issue with them, or elucidate them further, is not profitable in this space, but I believe, from what I have read in the series, that they will stimulate everyone who comes to them. The contributors include Clarence Darrow, Edwin E. Slosson, C. Judson Herrick, Joseph Jastrow, Ferdinand Schevill, Stuart Chase, Jean Toomer, Morris Fishbein, Robert Morss Lovett, Zona Gale, Llewellyn Jones, Edith Wyatt, Waldo Frank, C. J. Bulliet, Bertrand Russell, Shailer Mathews, and perhaps a dozen more authorities. America, the land of action, is eagerly turning toward contemplation of its universe. The publication of books like these, of the *To-day and To-morrow* series, of *Whither Mankind*, and half a dozen similar books dealing with the progress of modern thought and activities gives the lie to those who call America sterile and who fail to recognize the promise of this country. Baker Brownell writes justly: "Knowledge is only a preface to the universe. Action leaves a world always unfinished. But the spirit is consummatory, and in it man finds final being." (D. Van Nostrand Company.)

"A GREAT RICH MAN"

A Great Rich Man is a novel way of presenting a new life of Sir Walter Scott, but it is singularly fitted to introduce the man to many modern readers who have never heard of his romantic career. The early nineteenth century worshiped Scott and the story of his fortunes became known to everyone in subsequent years. Our generation has moved away from the historical novel, and with that has lost interest in Scott's personality. This proves, then, a good time for Louise Schutz Boas to capitalize the human side of Scott; "to him poetry and prose were alike romantic in the sense that big business is romantic." Where other studies of Scott

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Mr. Hansen writes about some of the new university press books in this issue.

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deal primarily with the sources of his inspiration and his methods of work, this book tells of his business ventures, of Charlotte Charpentier's prediction that he would "rise very high and be a great rich man," and his response to this prediction; of his writing to become rich, his extravagance, finally his financial ruin because the publishing houses with which he had become associated involved him in their failure. The author is impressed with the manliness and strength of Sir Walter Scott, who cleared up all the debts and died serenely, "an apostle of strength, of firm purpose, of boyish fun and manly achievement. He had been hard riding squire, mercenary land-buyer, and the greatest literary figure of the early nineteenth century. No poet with head in the clouds was he, no romancer indifferent to the world's rewards. A plain man, an honest man, he wrote as he lived, with a healthy vigor beside which genius seemed to have a sickly hue." The reader will observe that this is not an iconoclastic biography. Although a tremendous amount of material awaits the biographer of Scott, Mrs. Boas has not filled her book with detail interesting only to the research worker, but has made this an entertaining account that makes easy reading. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

MARISTAN CHAPMAN
Author of "Home Place"

"MONKS ARE MONKS"

George Jean Nathan is always refreshing, even when he proclaims the most dismal and deflating news. It is, for instance, a joy to read him on the theater, even when he finds that theater in the doldrums. *Monks Are Monks* may mislead newcomers into thinking that it is a short novel, or at least a satirical sketch, but it remains, nevertheless, a brisk monologue, with George Jean Nathan doing the talking. What he has to say about novelists, dramatists, and critics (he is probably more concerned with critics and their ways than any other critic) makes stimulating reading, even for those who want to throw something at his head. Mr. Nathan does not resort to generalities without bringing to bear an avalanche of detail; in this case his summing up of the sex influence in the theater, although put into the mouth of a character, is enough to overwhelm completely anyone who thinks the American theatergoer is far behind the Frenchman in viewing plays based on sex themes. Playwrights, authors, men and women who get into the rotogravure sections, metropolitan mayors, kaisers, and interior decorators strike various attitudes as Nathan dashes by them, seizing on this or that characteristic to make his point. The author calls this book "a diagnostic scherzo." Mr. Nathan is one of the few American commentators who bows to no one for his opinions, and who, although writing in this tempestuous fashion for at least twenty years, has not lost either vigor or speed. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

A LIFE OF MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY

Controversy will always accompany any writings about Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the Christian Science Church, and the newest biography, *Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind*, by Edwin Franken Dakin, is already the subject of attack. Mr. Dakin has made his own judgments on the reliability of source material, and in this case many of his verdicts are not favorable to Mrs. Eddy. He describes her youth, the characters of her various husbands, her relations with her family and son, her religious writings, her position in the church and her unusual domination of all its activities. She was a remarkable example of the New England mind; all her days she suffered from seizures that developed a kind of hysteria. She was past forty when she met Quimby, the man who influenced her religious writings

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MANY months ago I heard my friends talking enthusiastically about a new book called *The Art of Thinking*. "Not for *me*," I thought, enjoying the luxury of refraining from the trend. But month after month—week after week—I noticed *The Art of Thinking* was discussed and recommended—by college presidents and church pastors, on the radio, in the newspapers and magazines.

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This book has quickened not only my leisure hours, but my entire existence, with a new kind of interest and excitement. And best of all—this pleasure is one I always carry with me, for it springs entirely from within myself.

* * *

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"Great simplicity"

"It is written with the greatest charm and simplicity, and leads one into quite deep waters unawares."—Christopher Morley in *Book-of-the-Month Club News*.

* * *

Written originally in English by a genial and learned French Abbé, known for his scholarly works in French and Latin, The Art of Thinking *has met with such acclaim in America that it is now being translated by the author into his native tongue.* The Art of Thinking *is widely hailed as one of the great modern treasure-books for the years, and at the same time is a steady best-seller. $2.50 everywhere.*

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profoundly, and sixty before she became a great religious power. At eighty this remarkable woman was the head of an organization which trusted her implicitly, followed her views on healing, and welcomed her new interpretation of God as love and power rather than as a stern and relentless deity who pursued his people and chastised them. "Those reared in the orthodox theology of the nineteenth century," writes Mr. Dakin, "had been brought up in fear and trembling before a God whose main duty and delight was the chastisement of a wicked mankind for its sins, and whose worship was properly carried on only by denying oneself every natural human joy and pleasure. A release from such a God was for many people a greater boon than release from disease. For not even a life of disease is as horrible as a life of fear. Mrs. Eddy, who lived a slave to fear until she died, was thus the strange instrument by which a new concept of God was spread abroad in which fear was utterly abolished." Mr. Dakin has also devoted considerable space to the publicity methods of Mrs. Eddy and the Church Elders, revealing that Mrs. Eddy was responsible for the organization of her committee on publication, which counteracted all antagonistic reports in the newspapers, and which used prominent business men, preferably advertisers, to suggest to editors that they were traducing an established religion. The story of the attempts of New York newspapers to verify reports that Mrs. Eddy was too feeble to do her work, and that she was in the hands of several men, is a remarkable revelation of modern attempts to solve a great mystery; Mrs. Eddy rose to the occasion and appeared in person before the reporters, although with great effort. In telling this story Mr. Dakin is the uncompromising realist; he writes without pity, or sympathetic comprehension, probably because he is convinced that Mrs. Eddy, although a woman of remarkable executive powers, had few reasons to be acclaimed a great religious thinker. The officials of the church have already denounced this biography, stating that Mr. Dakin did not consult with them, and that the publishers did not take advantage of their invitation to check his statements with the claims of the church. Readers of this biography will bear in mind that it tells the story from the viewpoint of an outsider. (Scribner.)

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER
Author of "Little Nords"

"THE FIDDLER"

Sarah Gertrude Millin has acquired a large following in the last few years, and readers of *Mary Glenn*, *God's Stepchildren*, and *An Artist in the Family* look forward to writings of high quality from her pen. In *The Fiddler* her method of story-telling is again displayed with success, but her theme is not as successful. Dealing again with a triangle, she presents as the second man a weak character who imposes on the wife of another chiefly by his yearning attitude. She is contented when the story opens, more or less in love with her husband, and is deflected only by the passion which develops between her and the violinist of a jazz band in a hotel in Nyassaland. Triangles take place even there; Mrs. Millin's Portuguese East Africa shows signs of being almost as civilized as Oklahoma; at least its people have similar problems. One can never say that Mrs. Millin writes badly; in this instance her theme seems less effective than in former books. There is an elopement, a catastrophe, a trial—the woman takes it upon herself to clear the erring violinist—and the husband seems to be one of those fine, understanding men whom one does not expect to find under the blazing sun of British East. Mrs. Millin's concentration on these characters permits the story to move forward rapidly. (Horace Liveright.)

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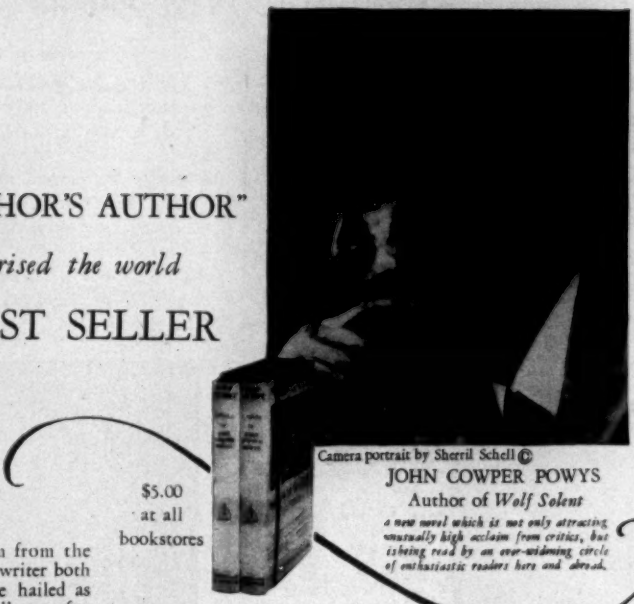

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JOHN COWPER POWYS

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a new novel which is not only attracting unusually high acclaim from critics, but is being read by an ever-widening circle of enthusiastic readers here and abroad.

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DELIVERING him from the fate which every writer both fears and craves (to be hailed as "master" only by his fellow craftsmen—to be known as an "author's author") the new novel by JOHN COWPER POWYS, *Wolf Solent*, has at length won for him the wider, more general acclaim which is the reward reserved for enduring achievement.

When this book was still in manuscript, the publishers sent it to several leading figures in American letters, including THEODORE DREISER, EDWARD GARNETT, WILL DURANT and EDGAR LEE MASTERS. The measure of their praise was beyond all expectations, and a first edition was issued in high hopes, despite the $5.00 price and the two-volume format.

Then came even more thrilling acclaim. Such critics as PERCY HUTCHISON of *The New York Times* and ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES of *The Saturday Review of Literature* hailed *Wolf Solent* as a momentous work of the first order. The first edition was promptly exhausted, and the reading public soon discovered that here indeed was a novel of the first magnitude. *Wolf Solent* at once scaled the heights of the best-seller lists, and was rushed into a third and fourth edition.

* * * This was four months ago. Meantime, this novel by the "author's author" has been hailed—and is still being hailed—by reviewers and readers in every section of the country, as "one of the most thrilling achievements of the twentieth century in the field of fiction." "Books of genuine importance happen so seldom," continues HENRY BELLAMAN in *The State*, Columbia, S. C., "that I cannot forbear coming back again and again to such a work as JOHN COWPER POWYS' *Wolf Solent*." "Certainly the average contemporary novel is dwarfed into comparative insignificance by *Wolf Solent*," writes STANLEY BABB in *The Galveston News*. "In style and content it stands head and shoulders above the majority of the finest novels of the present time, and promptly to praise it, to weigh it, to place it, one is forced to seek standards of more amplitude than those by which one judges the general run of current novels." "*Wolf Solent* deserves to become a classic," says *The Minneapolis Star*.

* * * The lofty and disciplined beauty of its fine prose has been one of the chief reasons for the immediate reception accorded *Wolf Solent*. "I do not know which is more difficult," writes JOSEPH GREENE in *The Columbus Enquirer-Sun*, "to write beautifully and with penury of words or to write beautifully and with prodigality. It is the latter which MR. POWYS accomplishes on every page. . . ."

* * * In the opinion of his publishers, the real triumph of JOHN COWPER POWYS lies in reaching the heart of a large reading public despite the aura of greatness which was thrown about him by critics who constantly compared him with the immortals . . . THEODORE DREISER said of *Wolf Solent:* "An enduring treasure—like *The Brothers Karamazoff*, like *Arabia Deserta*, even; in a way, like *Wuthering Heights*. . ." EDWARD GARNETT said: "*Wolf Solent* challenges comparison with THOMAS HARDY'S great novels. The book is steeped in the emanations of generations of Dorset countryfolk; it is saturated with their lives and lusts. . ." PERCY HUTCHISON in *The New York Times* said: "A momentous work—a modern prose 'Hamlet.'." EDGAR LEE MASTERS said: "The whole atmosphere of the drama carried on by these haunted characters is like that which was conveyed in the 'Oedipus' of SOPHOCLES." * *

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slump at the moment," writes Miss Sayers; "the novel of passion still holds first place, especially among women, but even women seem to be growing out of the simple love-story. Probably the cheerful cynicism of the detective tale better suits the spirit of the times than the sentimentality which ends in wedding bells. For make no mistake about it, the detective story is part of the literature of escape, and not of expression. We read tales of domestic unhappiness because that is the kind of thing which happens to us, but when these things gall too close to the sore, we fly to mystery and adventure because they do not, as a rule, happen to us." (Payson & Clarke.)

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manner of Marcel Proust in his famous *Remembrance of Things Past*. Wilson is ironic only in the presentation of his material, which is the subtlest form of irony, and uncalled-for cynicism or bitterness does not intrude upon his text. The book should interest particularly those who prefer books dealing with literary discussions and with the atmosphere of writers and artists. It has much to commend it, although it is far from attaining the felicitous method of Proust. (Scribner.)

"YOUR FAMILY TREE"

David Starr Jordan is an expert in genealogy to such an extent that he formerly lectured on the subject in Leland Stanford Junior University when he was president of that institution. His book, *Your Family Tree*, of which Sarah L. Kimball is also the author, is a product of much research which gives some startling results. He not only shows that many Americans have a real right to include Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, and William the Conqueror in their ancestry, but that, as a matter of fact, most Americans of Anglo-Saxon blood have these and many other famous men in their ancestry. Else whence would all the people of to-day spring? The study of genealogy shows where their racial traits come from and proves that, as Dr. E. M. Best of McGill University put it, "Every one of us is descended from William the Conqueror and Anglo Saxons are, all of us, at least thirtieth cousins to each other." Doctor Jordan writes: "If the ancestry of a single person running back to the twelfth century could be written out, using a square inch to each name, it would occupy about a fourth of a square mile. In this connection it should be noted that, as each person had two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so back endlessly in geometrical progression, every one of Isabel's adult twentieth-century descendants would, if the facts permitted, count more than thirty million (33,554,432) separate ancestors at the beginning of her era, the twelfth century." (This is Isabel de Vermandois, whose father was descended by six strains from Charlemagne and whose mother from Alfred the Great.) But as this century had only 2,000,000 people in all Britain, it is evident that many left no descendants and that many forbears must be counted again and again. A boasted line of long descent is to Doctor Jordan only the merest fragment of a man's genealogy, differing from that of

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others only by having been more conspicuous or having been traced and recorded. Obviously we all go back to Adam. It is interesting to observe that the English nobility was closely linked with the middle class because, by the law of primogeniture, the younger sons did not inherit the title and constantly allied themselves with middle-class families. Doctor Jordan's family charts of distinguished individuals are most illuminating. To find that Shakespeare and President Coolidge had common ancestors, and that Theodore Roosevelt was descended from Robert Bruce are several of the surprises. But the book also suggests that the family is lost in the nation, and the nation in the world. A better proof of the brotherhood of man was never devised. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"THE GALAXY"

No nation excels the English in writing the ironic family novel, perhaps because this form was given such a rich tradition by the early Victorians, perhaps because English family life is so unified that it simply demands description. Susan Ertz, the talented author of *Madame Claire*, has written a family novel in *The Galaxy*, but it is also the study of the life of a woman who lived in the changing generation between 1862 and 1928. The title lends itself to several interpretations, for one, it is another name for the Milky Way, for another, it is the scenes and faces of London in the last half of the nineteenth century. The change from implicit and literal belief in the fundamental tenets of the church to a liberal interpretation was, we are reminded, no easy matter; it split families and parted fathers and sons. Laura's father, Harry Deverell, was one of the bigots who could discourse eloquently on God because somehow he identified himself with the deity; at any rate he was a "family man" in the sense that he tolerated no opinions but his own in the Deverell circle. Added to this, he looked down on "trade" and, although without means himself, hoped that his children would never have to step outside the charmed circle of gentlemen and gentlewomen. As the stars see the decline of this type of intolerance, revolt rises in the younger generation which embraces Darwin and all the liberal cults that preceded twentieth-century England. Laura's brother is such a "free-thinker," despite his father; Laura herself parts with her family when she marries a manufacturer; but the taint of money which her father

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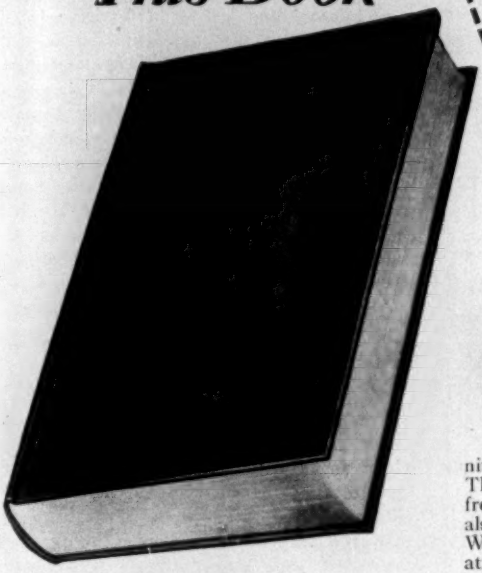

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The University Presses

The activities of the university presses, which are mentioned in this column from time to time, give further indications of providing valuable books for the general rather than the specialized reader. The presses associated with universities were at first considered merely as outlets for scholarly theses by doctors of philosophy. The idea was that these presses should bring out books of importance which would be of definite value to scholars, even though the field covered by the book might be so narrow and the number of readers who would profit by it so small that an unendowed publishing house would hesitate to risk launching it. This is still, of course, the chief function of the university presses; but for two reasons their lists of new publications are well worth the attention of the intelligent general reader.

One reason is that these academic publishing houses often bring out books which are not only authoritative but have a very wide appeal; as a single illustration, one needs only to mention the very large sales of *The Nature of the World and of Man*, the collection of scientific papers published a year or two ago by the University of Chicago Press. The other reason is that the intelligent reader very often has some hobby or special interest which coincides with the field covered by one of the more specialized university publications. If he likes duck-shooting, an ornithological treatise which to most readers would seem dull may fascinate him; if he collects old furniture, a book on

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Colonial America intended mainly for professors may be invaluable to him; if he became interested in military tactics when he was with the A. E. F., he may warm to a treatise on the campaigns of Frederick the Great—and so on indefinitely. It would therefore be an absurd mistake for the reader with an active mind and broad interests to pass over the university press books as "merely academic." He may find the very book he has been waiting for in a list like that which follows.

When I consulted the editorial offices of the university presses about their publications for the fall I found them eager to emphasize the enterprise of the organizations in developing new material and giving it a careful typographical dress. They were also ready to point out that the contents of the books were not orthodox merely because they were written by members of faculties; some of the points of view are expected to stir up no little controversy. I can expect architects and deans of established art schools to get angry at Stanislaw Szukalski's denunciation of all academic art and architectural research in *Projects in Design* (University of Chicago Press), a revolutionary book by this independent Polish sculptor. Without academic training, and despising it, Szukalski commands attention because of his original views. On the other hand a publication such as *The Royal Correspondence of the Assyrian Empire*, issued in four volumes by Prof. Leroy Waterman of the University of Michigan (University of Michigan Publications) is outside the realm of controversy and decidedly within that of scholarship; it may interest not only the philologist, but the modern economist and student of social science, whose numbers are growing throughout the land.

Johns Hopkins studies immediately command wide attention; this university has long been a leader in research. Among its new publications are such titles as *The Negro in Greek and Roman Civilization*, a study of the Ethiopian type, by Grace Hadley Beardsley of Goucher College; *The History and Civilization of Ancient Megara* by E. L. Highbarger of Northwestern University, and even *The Roman Toga*, by Lillian M. Wilson of Johns Hopkins, who will include diagrams on draping and wearing the toga, which should interest more than archæologists. Especial emphasis is being placed on *From the Physical to the Social Sciences*, an introduction to a study of

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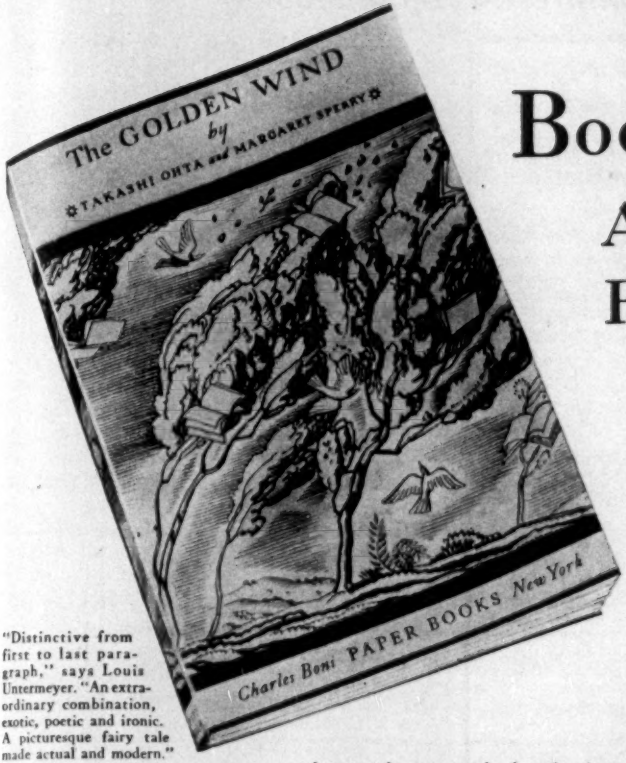

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economic and ethical theory by Jacques Rueff, of the Paris Polytechnique. The first volume of a work entitled *A History of French Dramatic Literature in the Seventeenth Century* by Prof. Henry Carrington Lancaster of Johns Hopkins University is also ready.

Many books of personal experiences in the Great War have recently been translated from the German; it is interesting to note that Yale University Press will contribute to the record by publishing *Stretchers: The Story of a Hospital Unit on the Western Front*, by Frederick A. Pottle. This is the story of a cultured, sensitive man. Of similar importance is *The Truth About Geronimo*, by Britton Davis, assistant chief of staff to Gen. George Crook, who once had charge of Geronimo. A further addition to American history is *High Finance in the Sixties*, the story of the Erie Railway in the days of Fisk and Daniel D ew, edited by Frederick C. Hicks. I am also partial to the discoveries of students of song; *British Ballads from Maine* belongs to a research now being carried on all over the country. As usual the Yale University Press discusses foreign affairs, and among its new issues for this fall will be *American Foreign Relations, 1929*, the second issue of this character, *Pan-American Peace Plans* by Charles Evans Hughes, and *The Recovery of Germany* by James W. Angell of Columbia University. The latter is an instance of a member of the faculty of one university publishing with the press of another.

Approximately forty-five new books will be issued by the Columbia University Press between September and June, including reprints of classics and original work. Among the former is *A Tale of a Tub* by Jonathan Swift, edited by Edward Hodnett of Columbia and illustrated with woodcuts designed by Charles Locke and executed by Warren Chappell, an illustration of the way university presses are giving attention to fine typography. Several British studies are announced: *Parliament and the British Empire* by Robert L. Schuyler, a book dealing with parliament's right to legislate for British dependencies while it has lost its right to legislate for the self-governing dominions; also *Victorian Working Women*, by Wanda Fraiken Neff, which is described as "a terrible indictment of smug Victorian respectability" and deals with the factory girl and shop-worker. Of bibliographies Columbia will issue one of John Dewey's

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writings, and another of John Masefield's works. Columbia has been preparing for several years a definitive set of the works of John Milton, which will not only contain many writings unknown to scholars, but also will be printed in unusual form by William Edwin Rudge. The discovery of new material has postponed publication of the volumes, but Columbia looks forward to publication sometime in 1930.

Harvard University Press, which has been particularly effective in publishing books in the field of literature and history, offers *The*

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Donne Tradition by George Williamson; *Pineapples of Finest Flavour or, A Selection of Sundry Unpublished Letters of the British Roscius, David Garrick*, edited with an Introduction and Notes by David Mason Little; *Walt Whitman* by Harrison S. Morris; *Henry James's Criticism* by Morris Roberts; *Tales of the North American Indians* selected and annotated by Stith Thompson; and the *Tercentennial History of Harvard College and University*, Volume 1, edited by Samuel Eliot Morison. The Press enters also the fields of religion, science, and even town planning. The Harvard list is one of the largest and most diversified of those issued by university presses.

University of Pennsylvania Press is announcing, among others, *The Red Hills* by Cornelius Weygandt, a book on the

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Pennsylvania Dutch; *Some Forerunners of the Newspaper in England* by Matthias A. Shaaber; *Pedagogically Speaking*, a collection of essays by Felix E. Schelling; *Thomas Killigrew, Cavalier Dramatist* by Alfred Harbage; *James Nelson Barker* by Paul H. Musser; and *The Filostrato of Boccaccio*, translated by Nathaniel E. Griffin and Arthur B. Myrick.

Stanford University Press announces *Music in Ancient Arabia and Spain* by Julian Ribera, translated by Eleanor Hague and Marion Leffingwell; *Greece Today* by Eliot Grinnell Mears and *The Grand Canyon Country* by M. R. Tillotson.

Clark University Press is especially interested in *The Foundations of Experimental Psychology*, which contains articles by about fifteen eminent psychologists, and *The Common Sense of Dreams* by Henry J. Watt.

Princeton University Press announces *The Function of Reason* by A. N. Whitehead; *Boccaccio in Poetry* by Charles G. Osgood; *Faust* by George M. Priest, and *Party Government in the United States* by John W. Davis.

Local research should be especially important to university presses. An example is *The Day of the Cattleman* by Ernest Staples Osgood, which is being announced by the University of Minnesota Press, which will also publish *America in the Forties* by Ole Munch Raeder, and *The Measurement of Man*.

One of the youngest of the presses, Duke University Press, Durham, N. C., will have *The American Peace Crusade, 1815–1860* by Merle Eugene Curti; *The Great Awakening in Virginia, 1740–1790* by Wesley Marsh Gewehr; *The Myth of the Lost Ten Tribes*, by Allen Howard Godbey; *Origins of the Whig Party* by E. Malcolm Carroll; *The Southern Frontier* by Verner W. Crane; *Dante's Conception of Justice* by Allan H. Gilbert; *The Grub-Street Journal* by James T. Hillhouse; *A Pioneer Tobacco Merchant in the Orient* by James A. Thomas, and *An Anthology of Verse by American Negroes*, selected by Newman Ivey White and Walter Clinton Jackson.

The eleven books announced by the University of California Press include *Who Were the Greeks?* by John Linton Myres; *Anza's California Expeditions* by Herbert M. Bolton; *The Encomienda in New Spain* by Lesley B. Simpson; *The Intendant System in Spanish America*, by Lillian Fisher; *The Logic of Events* by Andrew Uchenko; *Studies in Nature of Truth* by members of the Philos-

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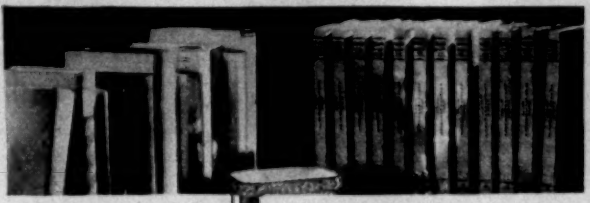

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ophy Department, University of California, and *Popular Poetry in Soviet Russia* by G. Z. Patrick.

The University of Oklahoma Press has recently issued *Folk-Say, A Regional Miscellany*, the first number of the annual publications of the Oklahoma Folk-Lore Society.

The University of Michigan Publications will also include *The Low Countries and the Hundred Years' War, 1326–1347* by Prof. Henry S. Lucas and *Strindberg's Dramatic Expressionism* by Carl Dahlström.

The University of Chicago Press, which is one of the largest publishing houses associated with a university, will have books on economics, literature, history, languages, psychology, religion, and political science, including *Intelligence and the Brain* by Karl S. Lashley; *The Electromagnetic Field* by Max Mason and Warren Weaver; *The Thinking Machine* by C. Judson Herrick.

The Oxford University Press, which has an American branch, is known not only for the scholarly character of its books but their fine typographical appearance. The new list includes *The Armies of the North Eastern Frontier*, which is the second volume of the series, *The Armies of the First French Republic* by the late Colonel R. W. Phipps; *Roman Law in Mediæval Europe* by Paul Vinogradoff; *The History of Italy, 1870 to 1915* by Benedetto

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BRIEF NOTES ON THE NEW BOOKS

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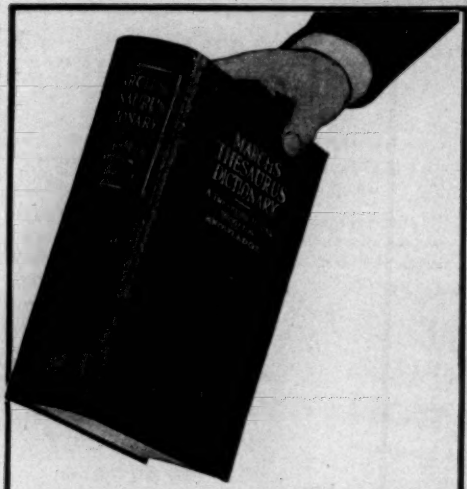

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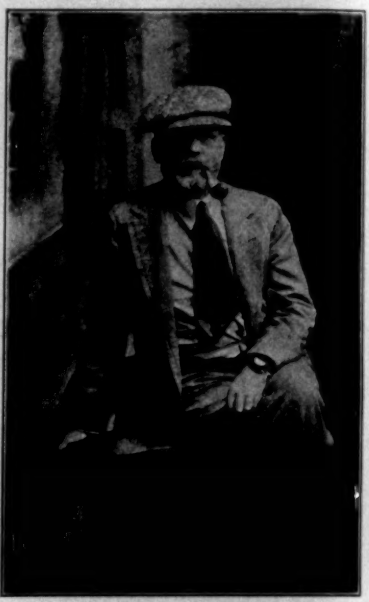
The Shopping Book by William H. Baldwin strikes me as an honest attempt to put inside a book all that advice women give each other,



THOMAS BROADHURST
Author of "Blow the Man Down"

but which, like the Masonic ritual, is never put in writing. Some women know what weight carpet to buy, what shower-bath curtain is the best, how to look for strength in trunks and durability in textiles. But such information is never standardized or brought to book. Here it is. (The Macmillan Company.)

Certainly there should be more than a paragraph on the *Dialogue on Miracles* by Cæsarius of Heisterbach, a thirteenth century monk, now that his comment has been translated after much effort by two English scholars from musty manuscripts. Not only should the theology be of interest to medievalists, but the anecdotes drawn from life should throw a vivid light on the times.

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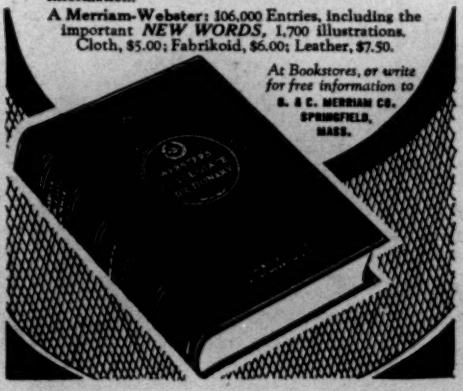

Without the opportunity to describe the contents at length, let this suffice to bring the books (there are two volumes) to the attention of those interested. (Broadway Medieval Library, Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

The human side of Robert Burns is described with much vivacity in *A Man for A' That* by Charles J. Finger. (The Stratford Company.) There is more about Burns's relations with his friends and his love affairs than his poetry in this book, which treats Burns as a typical Scot and is written with much sympathy for him.

The Park Street Library of Diaries and Memoirs is being built up by the Houghton, Mifflin Company of Boston. Three new volumes have just arrived: *Journal of a West India Proprietor*, the amusing record set down in 1815–1817 by Matthew Gregory Lewis, English playwright, a man who amused Coleridge and Byron; *Memoirs of Lorenzo da Ponte*, who was Mozart's librettist; and *Recollections of My Youth* by Ernest Renan. No other edition of the last is said to be available.

The series of books dealing with the national history of France, which has been issuing from the presses of G. P. Putnam's Sons, has recently been increased by *The Restoration and the July Monarchy* by J. Lucas-Dubreton, translated by E. F. Buckley. This is the series in which Funck-Brentano wrote *The Middle Ages and The Earliest Times*. Seven books were issued previously.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

With the summer almost over, our readers are already interested in the literary work which they intend to carry on this winter. Courses in reading are being planned and the members of two of the clubs interested in books have asked for aid in the choice of books. Mrs. Ben Hickman, Hannibal, Mo., wants the late books on drama and poetry which will make for variety and interest to her fellow readers. The following is a list of plays, wide in its scope, as some are old plays just published while others have recently

BEAUMARCHAIS

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appeared on Broadway. In a course of dramatic reading one cannot afford to miss the plays of Sir James Barrie and John Galsworthy. Fortunately both of these writers have a single volume of their plays complete up to their most recent work. Barrie's *Plays* sells for $5.00 and the Galsworthy book sells for $2.50. Both are published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York City. As a supplement the new play by Galsworthy, now running in London, *Exiled*, is sold in a paper binding at 75 cents, also a Scribner publication. Other plays for pleasure as well as study are: *Coquette* by G. Abbott and A. B. Bridges, $2.00, Longmans, Green Co., 55 Fifth Ave., New York City; *White Wings* by Philip Barry, 75 cents, Samuel French Co., 25 West 45th St., New York City; *Six Plays* by David Belasco, $4.00, Little, Brown Co., 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., *Plays of Noel Coward*, $3.00, Doubleday, Doran, Garden City, N. Y.; *Volpone* by Ben Jonson, $2.00, The Viking Press, 18 East 48th St., New York City; *The Royal Family* by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, $2.00, Doubleday, Doran; *Kentucky Mountain Fantasies* by Percy MacKaye, $2.50, Longmans, Green Co., 55 Fifth Ave., New York City; *Jack Kelso* by Edgar Lee Masters, $2.50, D. Appleton & Co., 29 West 32nd St., New York City; and *The Ivory Door* by A. A. Milne, $2.00, George P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th St., New York City. The list of poetry also contains some anthologies which have been revised and enlarged to take in the more important poems recently printed. We have given the prices of the cheaper editions. *The Winged Horse*, edited by John Auslander, educational edition, $1.50, Doubleday, Doran, Garden City, N. Y.; *Modern American and British Poetry*, edited by Louis Untermeyer, revised and enlarged edition, $1.20, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York City; *Best Poems of 1927 and 1928*, two volumes, edited by Thomas Moult, $2.50 each, also Harcourt, Brace & Co.; *Anthology of Magazine Verse* for

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Our second correspondent planning a reading course writes from Auckland, New

LLOYD LEWIS AND JUSTIN SMITH
at work on their book "Chicago: The History of Its Reputation" which has just been published

Zealand. Mrs. Donald E. Harkness asks for plays representing the history of English drama. We have quoted the prices of the cheapest editions, but find practically none that come in a really low-priced edition. *British Plays from the Restoration to 1820*, edited by Moses, two volumes, $14.50 the set, Little, Brown Co., 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.; *Three English Comedies* ("The Rivals," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The School for Scandal"), edited by A. B. deMille, Allyn & Bacon, 11 East 36th St., New York City; *Chief British Dramatists*, edited by Brander Matthews and P. R. Lieder, Students' Edition $4.00, Houghton, Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, Mass.; *Representative British Dramas, Victorian and Modern*, Students' Edition $3.50, Little, Brown Co., 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.; *Typical Elizabethan Plays by Contemporaries and Suc-*

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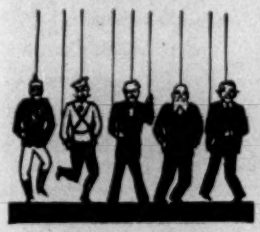

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cessors of Shakespeare, edited by F. E. Schelling, $4.00, Harper & Brothers; *Plays Before Shakespeare*, edited by E. Smith, 60 cents, E. P. Dutton Co., 286 Fourth Ave., New York City; *Representative English Dramas from Dryden to Sheridan*, edited by F. and J. W. Tupper, $2.00, Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Ave., New York City; *Plays and Masques at Court During the Reigns of Elizabeth, James and Charles*, edited by M. S. Steele, Yale University Press, 386 Fourth Ave., New York City. The following books on the history of English drama will doubtless be useful to Mrs. Harkness and her fellow club members in their study: *History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Ann*, three volumes, $14.50 the set, The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City; *English Heroic Plays*, by L. N. Chase, $2.25, Columbia University Press, New York City; *English Religious Drama*, K. L. Bates, $2.25, also The Macmillan Co. We assume that our writer will have planned to include Shakespeare and advise her to add the Barrie and Galsworthy plays, whose prices have been quoted above. The plays of George Bernard Shaw also are advisable. These are published by Brentano's, 47th Street and Fifth Ave., New York City. They come separately in a paper binding at 75 cents per volume. Arnold G. Westerberg writes from Middleburg, N. Y., for the names of books which give the life and customs of the English people during the reign of Elizabeth. This subject is rather limited, but perhaps Mr. Westerberg will find the following two titles useful and interesting: *A History of Everyday Things in England* by Quennel, $5.00, Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York City, and *The English Inn, Past and Present* by Eberlein and Richardson, $7.50, J. B. Lippincott Co., 227 East Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . Men of letters of the Argentine, and most particularly Hugo Wast, is the subject which interests Mrs. M. A. Kinney, Xenia, Ohio. We find no books dealing with the former, and the only thing we know about the latter is that

The Literary Guild Selection for October

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Hugo Wast is a pseudonym, his right name being Gustavo A. Martinez-Zuveria, and he was born in 1883. Also his novel *Stone Desert* won the prize for the best novel by a South American. For further information we suggest that Mrs. Kinney write direct to his publishers. Besides *Peach Blossom*, which our correspondent has already read, this author has two books translated into English: *Stone Desert*, $2.50, and *Black Valley, A Romance of the Argentine*, $2.50, both published by Longmans, Green Co., 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. . . . We regret to say that we are unable to help Mrs. Charles Conrad Lewis, Briggs, Va., in her search for a quotation. Perhaps George P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th St., New York City, may have some information, or the New York Public Library, Magazine Dept., New York City, no doubt will be of some assistance.

Information About Books

You can obtain from all publishers complete information regarding their books and authors. If there are any additional questions you might desire to ask, feel perfectly free to write to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *49 East 33rd Street, New York.*

MALE CHOIR

By Edmund Blampied

Courtesy of the Kennedy Galleries

VOLUME 159 OCTOBER 1929

Harpers Magazine

THE HIGH COST OF HOODLUMS

BY JOHN GUNTHER

This article has been written in collaboration with Mr. James W. Mulroy, of the Chicago *Daily News*, one of the best-informed authorities on crime and racketeering in the Middle West. Mr. Mulroy shared in both the Pulitzer Prize and the Chicago Civic Award for his editorial assistance in the solving of the Leopold-Loeb mystery.—*The Editors.*

I HAVE lived in Chicago off and on for twenty years, and I have never seen a murder. But if anyone wanted to have me murdered, the job could probably be done for as low as one thousand dollars. Thousands of good Chicagoans have never seen a robbery or a "stick-up"; but if any determined criminal wanted to bomb any house of these thousands, he could arrange the business almost as easily as I punch a typewriter key. Hundreds of thousands of law-abiding citizens imagine that their lives are quite untouched by crime in any form. But they are wrong.

I am not referring to direct physical contact. The ordinary citizen in Chicago is in no danger whatever from murder by organized gangsters. No innocent bystander in the Chicago gang wars has ever been killed. The citizen is, it is true, rather more subject to the risk of robbery and hold-up than the citizen of most other cities; for instance, there are almost four thousand robberies in Chicago every year. But in these fields Chicago differs from other cities not in kind but merely in degree.

Nor do I mean to discuss the psychological effects of Chicago crime, considerable as they are. It would be a nice point to determine whether crime is caused by civic callousness, or civic callousness by crime, and certainly this literally vicious circle does exist. The shocking prevalence of crime, the known interrelation of crime, graft, and politics, the immunity of notorious criminals, the corruption of some police officials, laxity in law enforcement—all these in the mind of the ordinary citizen are connected—and the ordinary citizen doesn't do a thing about it. Crime in Chicago has been so psychologically successful, one might say, that it takes such a romantically excessive episode as the recent St. Valentine's Day

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massacre to stir the citizen at all. But, important as are these facts in moral callousness and carelessness, they are not part of my immediate story.

Nor do I mean to elaborate on the larger political issues. Certainly they affect the ordinary citizen. They affect the catastrophic pavements on his streets and the taxes he pays to keep them perpetually in repair; but graft and corruption are not peculiar to Chicago. Most big cities have similar tales to tell.

What I am after is something newer, more intimate, and more definite. I mean racketeering. Crime is affecting the Chicago citizen in a new fashion. A system of criminal exploitation, based on extortion, controlled by hoodlums, and decorated with icy-cold murder, has arisen in the past five or six years, to seize the ordinary Chicagoan, you and me and the man across the street, by the pocket-book if not the throat. Crime is costing me money. It is costing money to the taxi-driver who took me to the office this morning, the elevator boy who lifted me ten stories through the steel stratifications of a great skyscraper, the waiter who served me my luncheon, the suburban business man who sat at the next table. Very few persons, in Chicago or out of it, realize how this criminal system works. Very few persons, in Chicago or out of it, realize that the ordinary citizen is paying literal tribute to racketeers. This tribute is levied in many ways. The ordinary citizen pays it, like as not, whenever he has a suit pressed and every time he gets a haircut; he may pay it in the plumbing in his house and the garaging of his car; the very garbage behind his back door may perhaps mean spoils for someone.

II

A racket may be defined as any scheme of exploitation by which criminal conspirators live upon the industry of others, maintaining their hold by intimidation, terrorism, or political favoritism. The word "racket" has come to be loosely synonymous, on the one hand, with any scheme for making easy money, whether illegal or not; on the other, as a blanket definition of organized crime. All gangsters, without discrimination, have come to be called racketeers. Beer and alcohol running or, for that matter, bank robbery and white slavery, are rackets from this point of view. But in this article I hope to avoid stereotyped discussion of the beer wars and the booze gangs, and confine myself to the less-known activities of business racketeers.

What, in a paragraph, does a racketeer do? How does a racket work?

Suppose I happen to be a hoodlum, and suppose I want some easy money. I have friends among crooked labor leaders and perhaps among politicians. I am in a position to hire thugs and gunmen. I form an organization and I choose a field. Suppose I choose pretzels as a field. I then "invite" the pretzel dealers in Chicago to "join" me. From each of them I demand, say, one hundred dollars per month. For this sum my men will "protect" them from competition, since they must raise their prices to pay my one hundred dollars. If any pretzel man refuses to join me I bomb him. I slug his drivers. I cut off his supply. Meantime I delimit the pretzel market among my dealers, and make anyone who wants to enter the pretzel business pay me handsomely first. I extend my pretzel monopoly in one direction to the big wholesalers (since I control the dealers), and in another direction to the small shopkeepers (since I control the jobbers). And from all of them I exact tribute. The price of pretzels meantime goes up. Simply because I say so, the pretzel people pay a levy to me, and the consumer pays the levy. This is the essence of racketeering —simple extortion based on simple threat.

The word "racket" originated in Chicago six or seven years ago. In the neighborhood of 12th and Halsted Streets, in the district of "alky" ped-

dlers, thugs, and hoodlums, a group of satellites grew up, hanging on the outskirts of the great "mobs"—the O'Banion "mob," the Genna "mob," the Capone "mob." These satellites were not often actual killers. They were parasites. With gangster protection, they went into "business." At first the word describing them was "racketer." In newspaper stories during 1923 and 1924 the word grew to "racketeer." Probably it first referred to the hullabaloo in the "joints" where gangsters assembled. "How's the racket?" became "What's your racket?"

Rackets are, of course, old as the hills. This decade holds no monopoly on extortion. But extortion has rarely reached such a point of development as distinguishes the Chicago rackets to-day. It would be difficult to trace the exact causes of this efflorescence. Prohibition was certainly one cause. Traffic in beer and whisky enormously increased the amount of easy money in circulation among hoodlums. Gangsters became elaborate spendthrifts. Silver coffins decorated funerals. Politics bought into gangs. Meantime the booze traffic increased the number of professional criminals at large, and their power, ruthlessness, and immunity to law.

So the rackets began, out of criminality begat by alcohol and easy money. The success of racketeering was immense. It existed through contempt of law and, as success increased, contempt increased, to give way to more success. Gangsters saw that there was almost as much money in coats and suits as there was in alcohol; gangsters "muscled in" to various rackets. Politicians saw the enormous sums being made and took their share of this citizens' tribute.

Since racketeering is based on business, it came into early contact with labor. Racketeering sucked into labor, living like a leech on its own wound. The argument of the racketeer to the business man was simple: "Look here. We'll stabilize prices. To-day you get $1.00 a bundle for your (for example) laundry. We'll organize the laundry business and raise the price to $1.50. We'll eliminate competition. Meantime you pay us $20 per month." And if a thousand laundrymen joined the "association," the racket was worth, at the outset, $20,000 per month. If anyone withstood the racket arson was his lot or bombs.

Now, in most businesses associations already existed, namely, labor unions; so it saved a good deal of trouble to the racketeer to organize his racket directly through the union. The American Federation of Labor has, of course, fought racketeering bitterly; not two per cent of legitimate union men are racketeers. But the A. F. of L. is an enormously widespread organization, and racketeers did get control of some unions, by criminal subversion of unscrupulous labor leaders.

There are 91 rackets in Chicago to-day, according to the state's attorney's office, all but 25 of them active. Some few are "dormant," it being a characteristic of rackets that they lie low periodically; often when a racket "disappears" the leader has simply shifted his activity to another racket. So the number is always variable.

But it is a fair guess that 60 odd rackets are in fairly active operation. The cost of these 60 to the people of Chicago is estimated by the Employer's Association of Chicago, an anti-racketeer organization, at $136,000,000 per year, or approximately $45 for every man, woman, and child in the city. This is direct cost. It is a levy, a tribute—no less. The indirect cost may be as much again.

Some progress has been made in the fight against racketeers. The "pineapple primary" of April, 1928, was a forward step of great importance; the citizenry of Chicago rose indignantly and turned out of office most of the Thompson ticket. The appointment of Special Prosecutor Frank J. Loesch pointed a movement which was in effect a crusade. It wasn't a real crusade—quite. But it

did much good. Within the last year, for instance, 29 rackets have been put out of business. Federal action frightened or crippled others. And a few months ago a Racket Court, the first in America, was set up as a branch of the Chicago Municipal Court to deal exclusively with racket affairs.

III

The cost of racketeering is not preeminently financial. The racketeer's method of action is so direct, and his operation so purely extra-legal, that its inevitable concomitant is demoralization. Either because of callousness, timidity, or stupidity, a group of almost 3,000,000 citizens is being led by the nose by perhaps 600 gangsters—and the fact that the gangsters know that the citizen knows this adds considerably to their power.

Let us trace a very simple instance of personal racketeering, and note the sense of utter demoralization in every detail in the story which should answer the question often asked, "Why does the victim submit? Why don't the racketeers get punished? Why doesn't someone do something about it?"

Simon P. Angelo has a little jewelry shop on Orleans Street. In his window are a few old watches, brought perhaps from Europe; next to them are brassy alarm clocks and paper racks of trinkets. Angelo sits behind the counter, peering through his lens at the intricate and beautiful mechanism of watches; his wife sells the trinkets or gossips at the front door. The shop is in the Italian quarter on the near north side. Angelo is no millionaire, but he has a pretty little business, enough to send his children to school, and his family to Citro's for dinner once a month or so; and Angelo has worked all his life to develop this business.

A big fellow with a bluish jaw and slanting eyes comes into the shop one morning.

"Gimme twenty-five bucks—quick."

"What for?"

"Defense fund," the stranger replies briefly.

Angelo knows. He protests, but he pays.

A month passes, and the stranger comes in again. This time he asks for $50. Angelo protests, but he has to pay. He does not know who the stranger is. He does not know who the murderer is for whose defense he is "contributing," or if indeed there is a murderer, or a defense fund. He knows only one thing—he must pay.

Several months pass, and the stranger, or perhaps another stranger, slips quickly into the shop again. He looks around, growls, and takes off his coat. Angelo stares at him. Angelo's wife comes running. They can do nothing. The stranger hangs up his coat, and sits down behind the counter.

"I'm in," he says.

And henceforward half of Angelo's profits go to him.

This is the simplest form of "muscling in" racket. Crudely stated, it expresses the first stage of every racket; perhaps a trifle dramatized, it denotes the essential psychological relation, based on extortion plus threat, between racketeer and racketee.

What could Angelo have done?

If he refused payment of any of the "collections" his windows might have been smashed or his shop bombed. A cheap powder bomb costs only $50. The first bomb would have been a light one, a sort of valentine. If Angelo still refused payment the next bomb might be heavier. And so on until he paid.

Suppose Angelo had said, "I will go to the state's attorney's office and ask protection."

He might have gone to the state's attorney's office (in the old days) and he *might* have got protection—provided Angelo's enemy hadn't happened to be rather a good friend of someone in the old state's attorney's office.

Suppose Angelo had said, "I will report you to the police."

This is, of course, laughable. If he got to the police station he *might* just possibly find some policeman who was not a friend of his enemy; but the chances are much better that Angelo would know the penalty for "squealing" far too well to risk the trip.

All racketeers, in other words, are literally gods of the machine—and their victims are fatalists, necessarily.

Since racketeering is predicated on the concept of threat, and the concept of threat predicated in turn on the concept of force, the items by which the racketeer makes use of force are important. Witness buying is one, so is jury tampering, so are acid throwing, window smashing, tire cutting, slugging, arson, and bombs. And so is murder. Most of the more exciting of the recent Chicago murders have been caused by alcohol wars, with which this article is not concerned; but the racketeer too has murder in his pay.

But first as to bombs. The current "quotations" by manufacturers of bombs are as follows: black-powder bombs, $100; dynamite bombs, $500 to $1,000 (depending on the risk involved); "guaranteed" jobs, $1,000 and up. Cash in full is generally paid for bombs, two days before delivery.

The following bombings have taken place in Chicago in the last few years, most of them by-products of racketeering:

1920	51
1921	60
1922	69
1923	55
1924	92
1925	113
1926	89
1927	108
1928	116

Murder generally is a bit more expensive; and maybe this is the reason, what with the American fetish for price as an index of value, that murder is more common. Following is the murder roll:

1926	366
1927	379
1928	399
1929 (to June 1)	147

These are all murders for which an actual verdict of murder was brought by a coroner's jury. There may have been others too. Not all of these murders were caused by racketeering, by any means. But some of them were. As to the number of convictions gained, and murderers sentenced to the penitentiary or executed, the statistics are so shameful that they scarcely may be printed. In 1926, 70 murderers (out of 366) were convicted and 8 executed; in 1927, 87 and 3; in 1928, 77 and 0. Most of those executed were what might be called individual murderers, stickup men so ill-advised as to shoot policemen, drunken friends who unfortunately quarreled—small fry. Members of organized "mobs" are arrested often enough, but very rarely convicted. Since 1922 not one single racketeer murderer has been hanged.

Murder in Chicago costs from $50 up. If someone wants to put our friend Angelo "on the spot," or "take for a ride" a victim equally poor and obscure, the job can be done for less than $100. The racketeer telephones a "friend." The victim is described—his name, abode, habits, and so on. The "friend" gets in touch with a professional killer. Like as not, the killer sees the victim for the first and last time when he drills him full of lead. For big jobs the killers are usually imported from out of town, Detroit say, or New York.

It is almost literally true, then, that every man in Chicago has his price—if a gangster wants to get him. The more important the victim, the steeper the price. To kill me, a newspaper man, would probably cost $1,000. To kill a prominent business man might cost $5,000, a prominent city official, $10,000. To kill the president of a large corporation, or a great power magnate, would cost a great deal more, probably $50,000 or $100,000.

Just as it costs money for murder, so it costs money to get a murderer out, should he happen—which would be remarkable—to be caught and indicted.

The "defense fund" is usually $25,000 or more. This amount is distributed to defense lawyers, private detectives, witnesses, or, in some cases, even jurors. But $25,000 is a lot of money. So usually your racketeer takes pretty good care not to be caught—and seldom is.

IV

Rackets, in general, are of two kinds, the simple simon-pure racket and the collusive agreement racket. The simple racket is an individual enterprise in which a single extortionist gets control of a limited business. The collusive racket is one based on agreement with crooked labor leaders or crooked politicians. It is a long cry from the petty brigandage of a simon-pure racketeer in garbage or florist shops to the exalted operations of some of the building trades rackets—wherein architects have testified that they included in their specifications an item of one per cent of the total building costs for "graft"—but both are rackets.

The simon-pure racketeer is usually a professional criminal. His idea is to force business men or employees into an organization which he alone controls, and out of which he alone exacts tribute. If the organization grows, then it is likely to become co-operative (with labor leaders or politicians) and hence collusive; thus the simon-pure criminal racket is usually a small one. We might take as type-hero of this kind of racket a hoodlum named Maxie Eisen and describe the rackets which have made him famous.

Maxie has been arrested and brought into court twenty-eight times since 1918. The charges range from burglary to assault to kill. Yet Maxie has never "taken the rap," *i.e.*, spent one minute in the penitentiary, although, long ago, he did serve a few months in the local house of correction on a minor charge. Only last May he was under indictment (his eighth) for assault; but he did not serve time. Hence his nickname, Maxie the Immune. His first racket was the Retail Fish Dealers Association. In this organization he assembled most of the Jewish fish peddlers in the Ghetto; he sucked tribute from them, and is said to have influenced wholesalers too; no one could sell fish in the Ghetto without paying Maxie Eisen. The following gives a notion of his methods:

A fish dealer, David Walkoff by name, was attempting to run an independent business. He was in arrears in "dues" to Eisen's association, and, in addition, was accused of trying to buy fish "outside." Eisen accosted him in the fish market, according to the charges, slugged him, and beat him over the head with a pistol butt. Eighteen stitches were taken in Walkoff's scalp.

Here is Walkoff's story as told to the state's attorney:

"In 1925 Eisen came to a store I had on Taylor Street. He had four sluggers with him. He made me close my store because it was within four blocks of another association store. A month later he told me I could return to the fish business by buying an association store at 1016 S. Paulina Street. I paid the store owner and had to pay Eisen $300 to return to the association. Two years later I sold the store for $650 and had to pay Eisen 10 per cent commission. I have bought and sold two other stores since then. Each time I bought it was $300 to Eisen for the association and each time I sold it was 10 per cent to Eisen for the commission."

Eisen was arrested and indicted for the alleged assault on Walkoff, but not convicted. Meantime he is in trouble again, having, according to the state's attorney, sought to extort $3,000 from a fifty-two-year-old widow (with five children) who wanted to change the location of her shop, where she had been doing business for over ten years, because the tribute to Eisen was driving her out of business. Maxie has been bound over to the grand jury on charges of extortion for this affair. Meantime, the fish business being good, Maxie moved across the street and organized the Jewish Master Butchers Association, dealing in kosher

meat, to "protect business, keep competition out, and maintain prices." Three hundred and eighty butcher shops formed the association. The price of corned beef (as an example) to 75,000 Jews on the west side rose to $1.00 per pound, and of beef tongue to $1.25; elsewhere in the city the prices were respectively $0.90 and $0.95.

Now let us take the slightly more advanced case of Simon Gorman, who, a few weeks ago, was given a year's term in a local jail for gun-toting. Gorman has been village blacksmith, "labor-leader," saloon-keeper, and more lately racketeer. Meanwhile his interest in politics was such (it is a matter of record) that his friends raised $8,500 toward the last mayoralty campaign fund.

Gorman's first racket was the Chicago Wet and Dry Laundry Owners Association. (Racketeers try to select high-sounding names for their organizations.) In collecting tribute from laundry owners Gorman had two weapons, according to the documents in the case: first, his leadership of a notorious gang of southwest-side hoodlums known as Ragen's Colts, visitations from which descended on the victimized laundry; second, his political influence. It has been charged that he was able to arrange a visit from a city official, perhaps a confederate in the boiler inspector's office, or some such department, who was then able to condemn the victim's boilers, or otherwise put him out of business. This laundry racket was so good that it is said to have netted Gorman $1,000 a week. He proceeded to organize a subsidiary racket, the Chicago Hand Laundry Association. Whereas his first outfit took in the big steam laundries, the new one aimed at the small retail shops. Gorman's assistant in this racket was a famous hoodlum, Johnnie Hand, who has since been murdered—his body found behind Al Capone's hotel in Cicero. Gorman and Hand lined up 240 laundrymen in their second racket, and the "take" amounted to $700 per week.

The laundry racket was big enough to affect many ordinary citizens in Chicago. Prices on shirts, collars, sheets, went up 2 cents, 3 cents; the ordinary household budget was affected. The Employer's Association moved against Gorman. So forthwith Gorman and Hand changed their racket—to candy. A few pennies tribute on the B.V.D.'s you wear—excellent—a few pennies on the candy your children buy—better still.

The Chicago Candy Jobbers Association, the gross business of which is said to have run to $7,000,000 per year, was invaded by Gorman and Hand; the legitimate members were cowed and "opposition" drivers assaulted, and their loads of candy destroyed; dealers were forced to buy as the racket designated, and prices naturally went up. This racket had, however, an unhappy end. The federal government moved against it. Gorman and forty-two others were indicted. Johnnie Hand, meantime, had met the "chopper," *i.e.*, machine-gun. And Gorman, picked up on a charge of concealing weapons, began to serve time—for the first time in his life.

But other rackets—and there were plenty of them—took up the torch.

V

Suppose, in tracing the influence of racketeering on the pocket-book of the ordinary citizen—of you and me—we turn for a moment to the matter of milk.

In at least five big Chicago hotels, and in a number of apartment houses besides, milk has been the focus of a labor war with a bit of racketeering thrown in. Milk is not being delivered to the buildings affected. The owners have to make private arrangements to get their milk. This has been going on for a year and a half, and the matter has reached the courts.

The Janitors Union, so it is explained, has been having a tussle with the apartment house and hotel owners. In these structures equipped with high-pressure boilers there is no place for a janitor, according to the owners; they need (and

have) an engineer; but a janitor in addition is unnecessary. The Janitors Union has fought this attitude—naturally.

The Janitors Union and the Milk-drivers Union, it is alleged, meantime came to "collaborate." The milk drivers agreed to deliver no milk to the buildings the owners of which refused to employ extra janitors. The Milk-Drivers Union explains its refusal on the ground that its drivers would be slugged if they entered the black-list buildings. Slugged by whom? This question is left unanswered. As a result, to some Chicagoans—no milk except at a premium.

Or suppose we take the matter of garages, and the cost of garaging my car, or yours. The "Midwest Garage Owners Association" includes in its membership most of the 10,000 odd garages in the Chicago area. It became active five years ago, led by a racketeer named David Ablin, alias "Cockeye" Mulligan. The purpose of the association was "to standardize storage charges." What happened was that every garage in the association paid $1 per month tribute on each car handled—to the association. Many other items have been revealed about this "standardization of charges." For instance, every member-garage had to pay $75 to the association for the privilege of changing its foreman. The result in lifting storage prices to the mulcted automobile owner is, of course, obvious.

This racket became so prosperous that it was "hi-jacked." It had to employ hoodlums in the first place, since it exerted pressure in the familiar racketeer way—by tire-sticking, arson, bombs. And it employed political patronage, too, in the familiar way. A prominent former assistant state's attorney was its legal adviser. In addition dishonest policemen entered the racket—by an especial vigilance in hauling from the streets to the favored garages any automobile left inadvertently parked along the curbs. The hoodlums in the garage association gave way to counter hoodlums. "Cockeye" Mulligan was "taken for a ride," but miraculously escaped death, crawling away somehow after he was shot. Four other gangsters took control. Several of them have been murdered. The organization is run now by usurpers who have so far survived.

Or suppose we take a racket almost as important to the individual consumer, if not so dramatically intimate. I mean contracting. In the matter of excavation, for instance, a racket flourished so admirably that displacement of earth was costing $1.90 to $1.95 per cubic yard, in contrast to the normal price, 60c to 70c. This racket was organized between several clubs, one of them the "Northwest Cartage Club," another the "South Side Social Club," which apportioned the city outside the Loop into districts, and collected "racket tax" from intimidated builders.

"No architect or other concern," charged former Assistant State's Attorney Walter G. Walker, "could select the excavator he desired for any given job. He had to take the one designed by the 'club,' which allocated jobs, fixed prices, and when necessary resorted to accommodation bids. Any contractor trying to get excavating done by other than the designated company found himself in trouble and the work tied up by strike."

Then there was an organization known as the Illinois Improvement Association. It dealt in sewage and paving. Suppose in some suburb a contract should come up for sewage construction. The local authorities let out the bids, but there was no freedom of bidding. The I. I. A. determined what the bid would be, and gave it to the member contractor next in line for the next job. The "lowest" bid was always offered by the racketeer, in other words, next in line in the racket.

The I. I. A., like the garage racket, has been hi-jacked. Rival racketeers "muscled in" on the climbing profits, and new rackets in contracting appeared. A personage known as Fred ("Frenchie") Mader, he who once served time in

prison on conspiracy charges, and who as president of the Chicago Building Trades Council was at one time said to be the most powerful building man in Chicago, acted as a wild-cat independent fighting the parent racket; his derivative organization bore for a time the lush title of "The County Concrete Road, Concrete Block, Sewer and Water Pipe Makers and Layers Union, Local No. 381."

These are by no means the only collusive rackets Chicago has known, or knows to-day. Take bootblacks. The initiation fee among the bootblacks was $15 per month, and the assessments $2 monthly. Bootblacks who fought the racket had their windows smashed. Take barbers. Bombings in at least one big hotel occurred because of fights in the barbers association. Or take the glaziers. Litigation is pending in this big racket.

Nor have I space for the highly interesting racket by which, for a period, honest electric-sign companies were hectored out of business. Reports have it that extortions of $1,500 to $2,000 were attempted in the name of the "Electric Sign Club" from theaters, restaurants, and the like. An organ in a Loop theater was flooded with gasoline recently and burned; a window in the University of Chicago chapel was smashed; in each case racketeering was blamed. And beauty parlors, delicatessens, storage warehouses, and even little florist shops became targets for ambitious racketeers.

VI

The racket in the cleaners and dyers business deserves a special word. This is the most famous of Chicago rackets, and probably the most typical. It has made enormous profits, and almost every type of crime has been laid against its door. Pieces of dynamite are sewn into the seams of clothing—and the clothing sent to the cleaner. Drivers for "opposition" trucks are beaten to such a pulp that in their faces only the eyes remain intact. The cleaners and dyers racket is even said—on interesting if not convincing authority—to have had a good deal to do with the St. Valentine's Day massacre, in which seven gangsters were shot against a wall by other gangsters. Finally, this racket is of really intimate interest to every Chicagoan, because for a considerable interval every Chicagoan who wanted to have his trousers pressed paid fifty cents to the racket for the privilege.

The cleaners and dyers racket is a complicated business. Controlling it is the Master Cleaners and Dyers Association, which is supposed (a) to collect 2 per cent of the gross annual business of each master, (b) to control the Cleaners, Dyers, and Pressers Union, which collects clothing from the thousands of shops in the city, and the Laundry and Dye House Chauffeurs, Drivers, and Helpers Union, which delivers it, and to exact tribute from both, and (c) to collect from the retail shops, organized into the Retail Cleaners and Dyers Union, a further tribute from the source. The small shopkeepers pay dues of $2 per month plus a general fee of $10 per year—$340,000 annually—for the privilege of collecting from the public the business that the Association controls.

It should be obvious what enormous leverage the association can bring to bear on any independent master who would dare to cut prices, solicit business in someone else's "territory," or otherwise fight the racket—not to mention any small-shop owner who tried the same thing. It was easy to "discipline" the masters—via strikes. It was even easier to "discipline" the small folk—through simple terrorism.

Business was routed among "loyal" members of the association like pawns on a checkerboard. Shop owners were instructed what master to patronize. Truck drivers were told what cleaning to pick up. Small-shop owners were told what prices to charge—and the prices went up. The normal price for cleaning and pressing a suit of clothes was $1, or at most $1.25. This gave the shop-

keeper in the old days a decent profit. The price for cleaning and pressing a woman's dress was $2 or $2.25. Through the racket, the prices went up to $1.75 and $2.75 respectively.

It should be obvious, too, what enormous wealth the association came to command. A "treasury" existed for a time calculated at $700,000. So naturally hi-jackers arose. "Big Tim" Murphy was one of the most picturesque criminals Chicago has ever produced, a sort of independent freebooter racketeer from the time he left the penitentiary to which he had been sentenced for mail robbery. Big Tim "muscled" in on these gaudy spoils. He was shot, "executed," in June, 1928. A few months later, John G. Clay, secretary-treasurer of the Laundry and Dye House Organization, was shot and killed.

An independent cleaner and dyer named John Becker revolted against the racket ring. He made a fight. He succeeded in getting indictments returned against several masters in the association, before the Cook County Grand Jury. But when time came to testify, Becker and his son were the only witnesses there. When (it is said) he asked the prosecuting attorney where the other witnesses were, he was told, "Go out and get your own witnesses—I'm a prosecutor, not a process-server."

Meanwhile other independents had broken away. A group of little fellows started an insurrection with a cleaning establishment of their own, known as the Central Cleaners and Dyers. This revolt caused the real entrance of hoodlumry into racketeering. The gangs had been busy with beer, alcohol, booze, vice, gambling. They now discovered cleaning and dyeing. In some cases they "muscled in"; in others the struggling independents hired them, to fight terrorism with terrorism.

Becker went straight to the top. He went to Scarface Al Capone. So the citizenry of Chicago witnessed strange ironical conditions. With a few friends, in May, 1928, Capone incorporated the "Sanitary Cleaning Shops, Inc." and went into the business. Defiantly, his shops dropped their prices. The association fought back. But there was little it could do—against Mr. Capone. Becker obtained immunity practically through the use of Capone's name. The association knew that for every bomb it could throw, Mr. Capone could throw two.

And so the price of getting my suit pressed, and yours, came down, first to $1.25 (from $1.75), then to $1 even—thanks to Mr. Capone. The civic spirit of Mr. Capone triumphed. What the police could not do, what the state's attorney's office did not do, Mr. Capone did. The old racket is probably smashed to bits. It is the first of the great, top-rank rackets to get smashed. And it was Mr. Capone who did much to smash it.

Out of the old racket, once the present chaotic interregnum passes, will a new racket come?

VII

Let no reader think that I have more than skimmed the top scum from the sewer. There follows a fairly complete list of the businesses in Chicago in which racketeering has been, or is, to some extent engaged:

Glaziers.
Bakers.
Junk Dealers.
Excavating Contractors.
Peddlers.
Window Shade Manufacturers.
Cleaners and Dyers.
Coal Dealers.
Fish Markets.
Tires and Batteries.
Candy Jobbers.
Barbers.
Bootblacks.
Jewish Butchers and Chicken Killers.
Gas Filling Stations.
Garages.
Tailors.
Photo Finishers.
Shoe Repairers.

Soda Pop Peddlers.
Ice Cream Dealers.
Garbage Haulers.
Window Cleaners.
Banquet Organizers.
Golf Club Organizers.
Biography Books.
Milk.
Janitors.
Taxicabs.
Ventilators.
Plumbers.
Automobile Mechanics.
Confectionery Dealers.
Bricklayers and Plasterers.
Distilled Water Dealers.
Electrical Workers.
Clothing Workers.
Boiler Room Operators.
Steamfitters.
Musicians.
Delicatessen Shops.
Dentists' Laboratories.
Safe Moving.
Overall Cleaners.
Florists.
Floor Covering.
Commission Drivers.
Decorative Glass.
Structural Iron.
Leaded Art Glass.
Meat Cutters.
Lumber.
Moving Picture Operators.
Waste Paper.
Painters and Decorators.
Vulcanizers.
Coal Teamsters.
Carpet Laying.
Electric Signs.
Sausage.
Plate Glass.
Linoleum.
Radio Parts.
Sheet Metal.
Undertakers.

I do not wish to seem to exaggerate; I know that in many of these businesses racketeering has only been attempted, and has not been successful. And I know, and have pointed out, that many rackets—almost thirty, I believe, within the last year—have been wiped out. The state's attorney's office is at work at the moment in the glaziers racket, among the garage men and the excavators, in bootblacks (three officials of this racket are serving time), in fish peddling, and in soda pop.

Nevertheless, according to the Employers Association, about sixty rackets still survive. The list is, I think, instructive.

VIII

I believe a word should be said here about Chicago as a city. It is still, if I may paraphrase Carl Sandburg, the young giant among cities, the stalwart, heady, and undisciplined play-child of the cities. It has slight tradition to steady its growth, for not until 1933 will it reach even its hundredth birthday; and an immense surplus of energy exists to warp, deflect, and subvert its development.

Chicago can be compared to a locomotive running down hill. It accumulates energy as it runs. And often as not, it is out of the control of its engineers—and sometimes it jumps the rails.

Racketeering is a by-product of Chicago's general energy. If Chicago leads the world in racketeering, it leads the world in other things too. It has more parks, I believe, than any other American city; it has a greater length of boulevard and stretch of playground; its new opera is colossal; its clubs are variegated and abundant; its newspapers are amusing. In other words, Chicago is a city just learning how to play. Some of the play is fantastic. And some is criminal.

Chicago leads the world, Chicagoans boast, in hog-sticking, grain marketing, steel distributing, railroads, piers, freight yards, stock yards. And racketeering too. But who cares? Chicago doesn't—much. Chicago is inclined to laugh about its racketeers. Tell a Chicagoan about the rackets, and he'll tell you about business, playgrounds, lakeside boulevards, river development, cattle, air-rights. Tell him that rackets cost him $45 per year, and he'll laugh, saying that he made twice as much in the last ten minutes on the grain exchange.

IX

Not all of this racket story, let me say in conclusion, has been told. This should be obvious. Much of it simply cannot be told. Everything in this article is a matter of recorded, public fact. There is much else extremely pertinent which is not, unfortunately, a matter of recorded, public fact.

Chicago may gloss with skeptical laughter the feats of the racketeers; nevertheless, three million people are being held up by 600 gangsters. What the hoodlums are hitting at is the very essence of business enterprise in the United States. Yet all that is needed to wipe out racketeering is the prompt indictment and vigorous prosecution of all law-breakers. But no one does a thing about it.

In other words, racketeering exists because people, prominent people, want it to exist. Further, people, prominent people, politicians and business men, are racketeers themselves. The real cost of racketeering to Chicago and the United States lies here. It is not the hoodlumry or even the casual stolen millions that are important; what is important is the growing recklessness of predatory politics and business—and, of course, the impotent apathy of the public, of you and me.

Graft may be defined as a bribe to a public official in order to obtain a vested right which the courts will protect and which henceforth may be legally used. Racketeering simply applies direct action to this theory. It is direct illegality on a new scale. The grafter bribes; the racketeer points a gun, saying "Gimme!" And between the two, what order of merit may be assigned?

When lawyers and public service commissions obey the maneuvers of a great utility magnate for the concentration of his power interests the ceremonies are dismissed as "business." But the "business" may cost the housewife a few fractions of a cent extra every time she fries an egg.

When a famous Illinois politician (now dead) got the city council to give him a franchise for a new gas company (which never existed), so that the old gas company was forced to absorb this "rival," what word was used to describe the venture? "Politics." But "politics" or racketeering—which?

When a great corporation assumes the right of collecting what are called "service charges" from its subsidiary corporations the practice is, of course, condoned because it is, obviously, "finance." Or even "high finance." Or racketeering—which?

THE CRYSTAL BALL

A STORY

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

MARIA ESCOBAR was gathering a handful of pink camellias from the old bush drowsing against the west wall when she heard the tinkle of the bell at the garden gate. Only once in the entire seventeen years of her life had that bell been rung. The lock long since had rusted away to impotent senility and, for the most part, the gate swung back and forth, back and forth, in the lusty afternoon winds that swept San Francisco from May to October. This previous ringing of the garden bell had ended in quite a flutter. Old Don Pedro Valencia, her uncle and her mother's eldest brother, had come up from his native Chile to pay a ceremonial visit to his sister. Although the gate had been blown wide open on that occasion, Don Pedro had scorned to enter under such easy and undramatic auspices. A bell at a garden gate was to be rung; it was a prelude to a processional of welcome. . . . Maria remembered how she had run down breathlessly to the gate to find a little shriveled, fiery old man wearing a black cloak with scarlet at the collar, for all the world like a troubadour in a comic opera. Three retainers stood behind him, equally in cloaks. Don Pedro Valencia took off his wide-brimmed hat, made a sweeping gesture in Maria's direction, bowed low, and fell over dead. . . .

The doctors had dismissed the whole matter on the score of heart failure. But Maria's mother, who always spoke her mind, said:

"Rubbish! . . . He died of chagrin and disappointment. Fancy pulling a rusty bell in the hope of having a half score of servants escort him in triumph to the house only to find a chit of a girl, with two front teeth missing, responding to all his clatter! . . . I know my brother. He was the world's vainest man."

That was seven years ago. And now, again, the bell at the garden gate was ringing. Was this another relation from Chile bent on a pageantry of welcome? . . . The tinkle came once more. Maria Escobar scurried to answer its summons as she crushed the camellias against her breast where they made a splash of coral-pink gaiety. Looking down at them as she hurried toward the gate she thought, "If it is another haughty relation, I have at least some flowers to scatter in his path!" And the grim memory of Don Pedro's entrance into the garden was swallowed up in the whimsey of imagining these perfect blossoms crushed under the heels of a swaggering kinsman.

She turned a corner and came to the main walk gloomy under the shadow of married cypress boughs bent and clipped into a vaulted hedge. The gate, swinging on its rusty hinges, loomed in a blaze of light at the corridor's end. At first she made out only the blur of a waiting figure that had neither form, age, nor sex. But, as she came nearer, she saw through the iron grill work of the gate that a man stood there. And, coming nearer still, she discovered that this man was short like a dwarf and, nearer still, that his back was twisted and, nearer

still, that he had an extraordinarily handsome face.

She hurried forward and gained the gate just as the stranger was putting his hand upon the bell cord for a third time. He started back as if her sudden emergence from the gloom of the shaded walk had surprised him utterly.

"Ah," he sighed, as he took off his hat, "so you came at last! . . . I was about to ring the bell once more and then go on my way again, disappointed. It is hard for me to pass a garden and find myself shut out."

Maria Escobar was at an age when any circumstance, not overwhelmingly sad, became an excuse for mirth. "Shut out!" she cried. "How absurd! Why, this gate has been swinging open for twenty years. You can see for yourself that the lock is broken." And she threw her head back charmingly as one peal of laughter after another issued from her throat.

The hunchback, peering through the gate's iron bars, stood watching her. His face was expressionless, but his two eyes held vivid glints of malice. She saw these sardonic lights and her laughter died. He opened the gate and stepped beside her.

"I—I hope I have not offended you!" she stammered.

"By your laughter? On the contrary. I feed on it! I devour it! It is the very thing that I am mad about. When a person laughs at me I kill him. Just as I always shatter the glass from which I have drunk a rare wine. . . . What a beautiful old garden this is. Come, you must tell me all about it! And you are lovely, too. Quite lovely. Is there no place where we can sit? I love to sit in a garden under a tree and watch leaves fall. One by one. One by one."

She thought, "Shall I cry for help?"

He guessed what was running through her mind. "There, you are afraid of me! Of *me!* It is my turn to laugh."

But, as a matter of fact, he looked hurt like a child that had been wounded. She felt ashamed.

"So you want to sit in a garden, under a tree, and watch the leaves fall. Very well, I know just the spot."

She went on ahead down the avenue of married cypresses. The hunchback followed after. She felt her heart beating with strange excitement.

A little to one side of the camellia bush were two benches and a round iron table. In the old days when the garden was in its prime the women of the family used to sit there in a circle, bending over their embroidery frames. Nearby, there was a niche in the stone wall which held a figure of Santa Barbara. It was a very gay, friendly figure in a bright blue cloak and head scarf.

"I shall take this strange man there," thought Maria. "Surely he cannot harm me with a saint looking on."

A branch from an elm tree cast a pattern on the table top, but, for the most part, the tempered sunshine danced on a carpet of thin shadow.

The hunchback sank down on one of the benches and tossed his hat upon the table. Maria Escobar sat upon the second bench opposite him, letting the camellias she was carrying fall into her lap. Even at noon the glinting sunlight was far from unpleasant as it nimbly touched forehead and cheek and shoulder.

"Do not tell me that you live in this delightful spot alone," said the hunchback.

"Scarcely," she returned boldly. "I have my mother and a cousin, Rosa Ortega, who tends her, and an old cook in the kitchen."

"Four women! . . . Your mother is very old, is she not?"

"Old and ill. She scarcely ever leaves her room."

"We have not told each other our names. Mine is Flavio Minetti."

"And mine is Maria Escobar."

"Maria Escobar. Maria Escobar!" He took out a little leather book from his pocket, and a stub of pencil. "Maria Escobar," he said a third time as he wrote in the book.

"You are writing my name in your book," said Maria. "Why?"

He gave her an engaging smile. "I add it to the list of people who have laughed at me. People whom I have killed."

How very mad he was! She should not have let him into the garden. Still, he must be harmless. He was looking at her intently, as if in expectation of an answer. She decided to be bold. "I have laughed at you," she said gravely, "but you have not killed me."

"As if you could escape!" he said.

"I did not even laugh at *you*," she found herself saying as she stripped one of the camellia blossoms of its leaves. "I laughed at what you did, but not at you. Confess, it was ridiculous, ringing a garden bell when the gate stood open!"

"Everything in life is ridiculous!" he answered testily. "Moreover, I do not scratch for motives. Laughter is laughter. I make my own laws and my own penalties. That is my right as a free person. Your right as a free person is to outwit me."

She had an impulse to rise and flee. But she remembered hearing an old wives' tale about a child who ran from a savage dog and was torn to pieces. She looked at Flavio Minetti boldly as one by one she stripped the camellia stems of their superfluous leaves and laid them on the iron table.

"I know! You are trying to frighten me," she said.

He looked at his little book. "Maria Escobar!" he repeated caressingly as he added a flourish to what he already had written.

"As a matter of fact," Flavio Minetti continued, as he slipped the little book back into his pocket, "this is not the first time I have seen you. Do you remember that Sunday afternoon following the Easter mass which they said in the old Mission? I was passing by, very much as I was passing by this garden to-day, and I thought, 'Why not step inside and see what there is to see? The mass is over and it will be pleasantly empty and melancholy.' Not that a church means anything to me. But I like old buildings. Do you know why? Because there are ghosts in them." He dropped his glance and she crossed herself hurriedly. "I went in that Sunday looking for ghosts and I saw you, praying before a shrine. When you left I followed you to the garden gate. I would have rung the bell that morning but there were the figures of other people at the end of the cypress walk. A stooped woman, for one, with an attendant on either side—walking up and down, up and down."

"That was my mother!"

Flavio Minetti paid no attention to this remark. "A stooped woman with an attendant on either side—walking up and down, up and down," he repeated; "and just beyond the gate was the figure of a man lying face downward in the path." He stopped quite suddenly and stared into space.

Maria drew in a sharp breath. "Did he have on a black cloak with scarlet at the collar?"

"A black cloak with scarlet at the collar," he assented.

"And a hat with a wide brim?"

"The hat was in his hand."

"That was my uncle, Don Pedro. He died face downward in that path seven years ago."

"Naturally. I suspected that at once. You see, old gardens have ghosts in them also. I remember a garden in London, once. There was a beautiful woman in that garden, too. . . . I have often thought I should like to go back and see whether her ghost walks up and down its stone walks, between the primroses and hollyhocks."

"You mean she died?" inquired Maria, timidly. Her heart was fluttering.

"Naturally, since she laughed at me."

"You are ridiculous!" cried Maria Escobar, sharply. "If you really go about killing people you should find a better excuse than that!"

"All excuses for killing people are ridiculous," returned Flavio Minetti.

"There was that Englishman, Wainewright. The friend of Charles Lamb. He poisoned women who had thick ankles."

Maria Escobar laughed again. "Well, there is some point to that," she answered, as she looked down at her slender legs.

"Ah," said Flavio Minetti, "you are vain like all women. But you are very pretty, too. I forgive you!" And he gave her a warm, indulgent glance that made her think, "What rubbish he has been talking! He is just a harmless creature with a warped back. How is it possible for him to kill me? It is just a joke he has—a warped joke like his back!" Suddenly she felt sorry for him. "After all, he is one of God's creatures!" she thought and she asked him quite simply if he would not like a glass of sherry.

"Sherry!" he echoed, in a tone that left no question as to his delight.

She left him, walking slowly into the house, to show that she was not in the least hurried or afraid of him. When she came back she had two glasses with slender, twisted stems, upon a silver tray. A decanter was in the center, filled with wine the color of mahogany until the sun caught it and then it turned to fire. She poured one glass almost to the brim until it looked like a red tulip that had sprung up like magic. Flavio Minetti put out both hands to receive it.

She merely covered the bottom of the second glass, raised it to her lips, and set it down again. But Flavio Minetti sipped and sipped, drawing in his breath, as if the wine's fragrance was as precious as its taste.

"This wine must be very old," he said. "It has a rare perfume. It smells of summer."

"It is from a cask my great grandfather brought from Spain. Someone put it in a far corner of his cellar, and it stood there for years unnoticed."

Flavio Minetti nodded his head. "Most fools toss off wine as if its taste were its chief virtue. They think nothing of its bouquet." He passed the wine glass back and forth under his nose as he shivered with delight. "I cannot imagine wine without fragrance. Nothing that lacks perfume has any meaning for me. Take those flowers on the table. They are beautiful, they are exquisite, but they are as dead as a woman without a soul."

Maria Escobar picked up a single camellia and gazed at it sadly. "I have often wondered why such a beautiful flower is without perfume. . . . You are right, it has no soul."

Flavio Minetti leaned forward and laid his glass upon the silver tray. "Come, I will give it a soul," he said, as he put out his hand to her.

She gave him the blossom. He felt in an inner pocket and drew out a tiny leather case which he spread out on his lap. It contained a row of vials held in place by loops of leather. He slipped one of the vials from its security, uncorked it, and let a single drop of colorless liquid fall into the coral-pink center of the camellia. The drop glistened momentarily like a crystal jewel, then disappeared.

"There," he said as he passed the flower back to her, "the miracle is accomplished."

She held the blossom on a level with her full, ripe lips and drew in deep breaths. She had never smelled a perfume so exquisite. It gave her a strange ecstasy. She knew that she was sitting in her garden, yet her spirit seemed floating up, up. Suddenly she realized that time and space meant nothing. Would she sit in this garden forever with a hunchback opposite her, watching the leaves fall? . . . Yes, they were falling now, in spite of spring, harried to premature deaths by a cold wind from the sea. The figure of the hunchback, the leaves dancing in the sunlight, the shrine in the garden wall grew remote. . . . She came to her senses with a shiver. Fog was riding in on the wings of twilight. The seat in which Flavio Minetti had sat was empty. But the decanter of sherry

and two empty glasses stood on the table. A camellia was in her hand, its petals blackened and shriveled. Remembering, she raised it to her nostrils. Its perfume was gone.

All next day the memory of the perfumed camellia filled her with an exquisite longing. She kept the fading flower that had been ravished so quickly of its brief soul in a silver vase on a table beside her bed. She had a sad hope that some miracle would restore its lost fragrance. She wondered whether the hunchback would ever return to sit in the garden. If he came again would he bring the little leather case with its row of mysterious vials? Her heart beat quickly. A week went by and she lost hope, but one morning she heard the ridiculous tinkle of the bell at the garden gate. She flew down the path, cool under its cypress hood. Flavio Minetti was waiting for her.

"Confess," he said, "you thought I should never come again! You thought that you would escape me!"

In the tumult of his return she scarcely noticed the irony that he put into these simple words. Her one thought was, "Has he brought the little leather case?"

Presently they were sitting as before under the branch of elm tree, the table between them. The early morning mist had parted, the sun came out warmly, white butterflies twinkled from flower to flower.

He settled himself back in his garden seat as he threw his hat upon the table. A sigh of exquisite content fluttered from him. "This is the first time that I have sat in the sunshine since we parted," he said in explanation of his delight.

"And what have you been doing?" she asked.

"Reading an old book. It has all the secrets of the Borgias. . . . Ah, what wonderful people they were in that day! What magnificent murderers! Such skill! Such subtlety! Such finesse! There are moments when I think that I must have lived then. It comes over me like the fragment of a clouded dream that I must have been a jester in those days. In some ducal court. It was the service that they put twisted backs to, then. . . . I can see myself hopping nimbly from jest to jest, in cap and bells, making them laugh. Can you not see me—a misshapen thing capering grotesquely while they laughed! How I must have hated them and their laughter! How I must have envied my masters the power and skill to murder swiftly where they would. Have you never heard it said that all clowns shrink from the mob's laughter? . . . There was a famous clown in Paris who killed himself because he could not bear it! What a fool! What a fool, to kill himself and die unrevenged! . . . Still, if he comes back again to earth as I have . . . who knows! One has time to learn so many things in the silence of eternity!"

She sat there before him, tremulous with inarticulate longing. What did she care for the secrets of the Borgias? Or the broken heart of clowns? Had he brought the little leather case with its row of mysterious vials?

"I sometimes think," the hunchback went on, "that every person whom I kill must have laughed at me in that life when I had neither the skill nor the courage to undo them. I can see you—a slender princess, in the Florentine villa of your father, laughing as I made myself into a snug ball and, like a porcupine, rolled down the carpeted stairway leading to the throne. . . . Or were you the daughter of a French marquis newcome from Paris, or an Infanta of Seville with your black hair shrouded in a foam of lace? . . . No matter, you laughed at me! And your beauty stabbed me as harshly as your mirth."

Why could she not bring herself to ask him quite simply and naturally if he had with him the thing she desired? She was like a lover abashed at speaking the precious name. But she had a lover's slyness, too. "Did you provide souls, then, for the pink flowers in my hair?" she asked.

He shook his head. "In those days I had only the power to create laughter." He looked at her with a strange satisfaction. "Is the cask of sherry empty that your great-grandfather brought from Spain?"

She did not answer him but she rose at once to fetch a decanter of wine. It was as if he had said, "Give me my heart's desire and I will give you yours."

She came back with the decanter of wine and one slender glass upon its twisted stem. "One glass?" he inquired challengingly. Still she said nothing. He rose and poured himself a brimful drink, leaning forward to inhale its fragrance. He sipped at the glass's rim, then took it in his hands and held it out to her. "It is more wonderful today than last time," he half whispered. "Or has my ardor grown? . . . What a strange thing desire is! It feeds alike on bounty or impoverishment."

She knew, now, that he was worrying her, that he had the leather case tucked snugly away in his pocket. She gave the proffered glass a disdainful smile and shook her head. "It does not tempt me!" she said.

His eyes glittered. She could see that he had read her thoughts. He drank the wine with diabolical slowness. . . . At last, the glass was almost empty. Only a single drop glowed rubylike where stem and bowl met.

"There is a wine in Munich touched with the scent of flowers," he said. "The Germans drink it in May. It is too cloying for my taste, but you would like it. . . . I cannot give you May wine but I can give this drop within my glass a breath infinitely sweeter."

He reached in his pocket and brought out the little leather case. At the sight of it she trembled all over. "Is—is it the same perfume that gives dead flowers souls?"

"Not quite. I have worked all week to make this fragrance less fleeting. For hours, day and night, I have sought to imprison taste as well as smell within it." He uncorked a vial and let a crystal tear fall into the drop of wine. She snatched the glass from him, drawing great breaths from its shallowness. Presently she felt the wine upon her tongue. "It is tasteless!" she said accusingly.

He rubbed his hands together in glee. "Ah, what a greedy nose you have! It leaves nothing for your other senses!"

"Give me more!" she cried. "Do you understand, if I do not have more I shall die!"

"It will be the same in any case," she heard him say. . . . The vial was against her hand and its moisture at her finger tip.

This time the perfume did not bring her even a transient insensibility but she felt a murky content. All desire, all hope, all pain seemed fused into a dulled rapture. Flavio Minetti sat in the mottled sunshine drinking glass after glass of sherry. His lips moved and words escaped him, but she was not conscious that they had meaning; yet the cadence of his voice beguiled her like the drip of a fountain in the darkness. When he rose to leave she did not follow him through cypress shadows to the garden gate.

She saw that he had left the vial upon the table. She struggled to rise, to call him back. She felt terrified at the thought of so much vicious ecstasy within reach. She heard the crunch of receding boots on the graveled path, the sad groan of rusty hinges, the feeble clang of iron striking against an impotent lock. She sat trembling, covering her face with her hands. The sight of the vial filled her with a strange horror. Suddenly she determined to smash it into a thousand fragments. She came to her feet and dragged her leaden weight to the table.

But at the supreme moment her will failed. She drew away without so much as touching the object of her terror. Instead, with a supreme effort, she turned upon her heel and fled into the house.

That night Maria's mother said, "Something is amiss with my eyes. When I look at you, Maria, your face has a greenish color. I once had a duenna when I was a young woman who looked that way. She died soon after. They say an enemy poisoned her."

"God help me!" thought Maria, but she said nothing.

Before she went to bed she looked into her glass. Her mother was right! She fell upon her knees and prayed fervently. Her prayers gave her peace; she slept soundly until midnight. She awoke to the pain and rapture of longing. Her first thought was of the vial left upon the table in the garden. She had a sudden terror lest it should be gone. She rose, thrusting her feet into fleece-lined slippers. The jagged stones in the garden path cut through her thin soles but she scarcely felt them. The sharp relief of finding the tiny bottle where the hunchback had left it made her giddy. Hugging the treasure close to her breast, she floated back to her room again.

She lighted a candle and spread out a wisp of handkerchief upon which she let three drops of the precious extract fall. Then she threw herself upon her bed, covering her face with the fragment of linen steeped in this perfume of paradise. . . . The sun was shining in an east window when she awoke.

As the days went by and the vial was emptied drop by drop Maria Escobar felt a sick terror. What would she do when the perfume was gone? If only she had asked the hunchback where he lived! But it was too late now. There was nothing to do but wait and hope for his return. Daily her mirror gave out disquieting revelations; the note of green in her face deepened, her eyes sank deeper beneath her brows, her lips were flecked with black patches. She went about the house hugging the shadows, screening her face when either her cousin, Rosa Ortega, or the old cook came upon her. Every night at table her mother commented on the illusion of strange color that her failing eyesight gave to her daughter's face. Rosa Ortega, in attendance, said nothing. She was a timid soul well schooled in the repression that is the accepted lot of a poor relation and spinster in the bargain. But Maria knew from the frightened sadness of her glance that she suspected something was amiss.

Finally one day this submerged soul gathered the courage to speak. Maria was sitting in the full glare of noonday before the iron table in the garden. For the past week she had been sitting there for hours, steeped in an idleness that was a curious mixture of apathy and disquiet. She scarcely owned it to herself, but she was waiting for the tinkle of the bell at the garden gate. Her cousin fluttered past like a bedraggled black bird, went a few paces beyond, hesitated, and retraced her steps.

"Maria Escobar," she began with quivering respect, "you frighten me. For days I have been watching you. There is something unholy about you—there is something unholy in the way your eyes burn. I am a miserable creature, God knows, but I am not quite a fool. Nor am I old like your mother and given to blaming what I cannot explain on my infirmities. When I see the color of the tomb in a young girl's cheeks, I know that it is there and not in a trick of spent eyesight. . . . If your body is unsound let me send for a doctor. If it is your soul that is sick—there is a remedy for that, too."

At the mention of her soul Maria Escobar trembled. This disquiet made Rosa Ortega bold. For the first time in her life this timorous creature dared to speak freely what was in her mind. She came a step closer to Maria and she shook her upraised finger in her cousin's face as she said:

"I know the very day that this affliction came to you. I heard the garden bell tinkling and I saw you leading a twisted man up the path. An hour later he had gone, but I found you

sitting where you sit now. I called to you, and you did not speak."

"How dared you!" cried Maria Escobar, beside herself with rage. "How dared you spy on me!"

But Rosa Ortega stood there unabashed and unfrightened. "I called to you, and you did not speak!" she repeated. "And in your face was a dreadful look." She crossed herself piously. "A dreadful look such as people wear who have seen forbidden things."

Maria Escobar began to laugh. "Forbidden things! . . . How little you know! On that day I saw Paradise."

"Hush!" said her cousin. "You must not say such things! To sell yourself to the devil and talk of Paradise! For shame!"

"You lie!" cried Maria boldly, but inside she was quivering with fright.

"I tell only the truth," returned Rosa with the appalling calm of self-righteousness. "Your twisted friend came a second day. But this time he did not escape me. When he left this garden I followed him. I followed him for blocks and blocks, and finally he halted before the door of cheap lodgings, and the stairway swallowed him up. I stood in the street bewildered. I was afraid to go farther. While I hesitated a youth came down the stairs. I thought, 'He can tell me what I wish to know.' So I went up to him and said, 'Who is the hunchback that just went inside?' He shook his head. 'Only God knows. I lodge next to him and far into the night I can hear him moving about—making strange noises. Once I saw into his room. It was like the workshop of a chemist. But he is not a chemist. I think he brews charms. He is either the devil himself or he is in bondage to him. Have nothing to do with him if you value your soul. For myself, I am moving away to-night!' "

Rosa Ortega threw out a look of triumph. For the first time in her life circumstance had given her the center of the stage, and she was squeezing her moment dry.

As for Maria Escobar, she sat in a sly mask of silence. When she did speak her voice was shaken between apprehension and hope. "You—you mean you know where he lives?" she asked. "You could go to it?"

"Naturally. He lodges at the Hotel des Alpes Maritimes."

A strangled note of joy came from Maria Escobar. Her one thought was to be up and off in search of him. She made as if to rise, but a strange numbness was in her limbs. She fell back panting. "I am dying!" flashed through her mind. "I shall never leave this seat again!"

Rosa flew to her side. "Maria, Maria!" she screamed, shaking her.

"Hush!" commanded her cousin with sudden calm. "Hush! Or my mother will hear! . . . Listen to me, Rosa. You are a wicked woman. It is you who have sold yourself to the devil with your horrid thoughts. I have been dying for weeks—for weeks, do you hear! There is nothing that can save me. But there is one who can grant me a brief respite from my pain. It is the twisted man you followed. Go to him and beg him to come once more and see me. Tell him how I suffer!"

"Oh, Holy Mother of God!" cried Rosa, dropping to her knees.

"Do not wait! Go at once! See how my hand is burning. I am on fire, Rosa."

"Maria—Maria Escobar, why have you not told me before? Let me first go for a priest. Think, if you should die unshriven!"

"Later! when the pain is dulled, Rosa, my darling. . . . Go, I beg of you, or I shall die before even a priest can shrive me."

"Oh, Holy Mother of God!" cried Rosa Ortega again as she rose and fled down the avenue of married cypresses and past the garden gate.

Maria Escobar felt in her bosom and drew out the vial. It was almost empty. She lifted it slowly toward her face, as she threw her head back. She

could feel her nostrils quivering. But all else—her arms, her legs, even her lips were numb.

She sat there in a state of curious physical stupor but her mind glowed like an ember. Never had the colors in the garden seemed so poignant, and even its sounds were vibrant. She could hear the hurtle of falling leaves and the wings of white butterflies beating together. Within her, memory surged up in waves bathed in the silver of dead moons suddenly come to life—dead moons that were like lives she once had lived. She saw the splendors of courts in which she had moved, the brocades, the silks, the jewels she had worn. She listened again to the lutes of troubadours who had wooed her. From her balcony she threw garlands about the necks of returning conquerors. The hours she had suffered, the hours she had starved, the hours she had shivered in rags, the hours she had wept were wrapped in the glittering sheen of supreme moments of existence. And, yet, some superconsciousness told her that this ecstasy was as fragile as a crystal ball tossed into the air. It caught all the colors of the sun and sky, but one false move and it would lie shattered on the grass. Through all this gay fabric of the past ran one dull thread of apprehension. What if Rosa Ortega did not find the hunchback? What if he had quitted his lodgings—or worse still, the town?

To be won back to life now; to wake slowly from the dream, to return to the dullness and pain of living—the prospect made her heart stand still. Were minutes or hours or centuries slipping by? She could not have said. Rapture cannot measure time but it can hug it close. Maria Escobar let her two white hands flutter toward her breast as if to keep the flashing moments captive forever.

She did not hear the tread of the hunchback or the flutter of Rosa Ortega's skirts coming down the path. But, quite suddenly, they were before her like two enslaved apparitions. She turned her face toward Flavio Minetti:

"Send my cousin away!" she said.

He spoke to the frightened kinswoman. She hesitated but presently she moved toward the house, sobbing.

"Have you brought another vial?" asked Maria.

He opened a closed fist and she saw what she desired, warm within his grasp. They exchanged significant glances.

"Well!" she half sighed.

He put the vial upon the iron table and took a step toward her.

"Maria Escobar," he said gently. "You are upon the threshold of death. A dozen drops more of this perfume and everything will be over. . . . Does not life call out to you?"

She shook her head.

"You are ravaged, it is true, Maria Escobar," he went on. "But I can still save you!"

"Save me!" she echoed fretfully. "Must I laugh at you again?"

He shrugged. "I have a whim to reprieve you. It is my privilege. Think, you are young—a virgin. You have not yet lived!"

Waves of memory bathed in the silver of dead moons again swept her. "What is *one* life to me?" she answered.

"I cannot shake you?"

"No!"

"So be it then," he said.

She saw him step back toward the table, she saw him lift the vial in midair. It caught the colors of the sun and sky as the crystal ball of her happiness had. He seemed to be regarding it intently. What if it should drop from his hand and fall shattered on the hard surface of the table.

"Quickly!" she cried and she held out her cupped palm to him.

She felt the cool drops fall one by one on her parched skin. She shivered with delight. When he had finished he restrained the impatient gesture of her arm.

"I am going at once, Maria Escobar," he said. "By the time I reach the garden gate everything will be over. If you repent you have but to dash the perfume on the ground. Or hold it up for the sun to devour!"

"I shall not repent!" she answered in a whisper.

He took off his hat and made her a bow as twisted as his back. She felt like laughing for the last time as he turned upon his heel and left her.

Slowly she lifted her palm. Her head bent forward to meet it half way. . . . She heard the hurtle of falling leaves and the wings of white butterflies beating together.

A black cloak with scarlet at the collar came from the shadows of the married cypresses.

DIRGE OF THE SEASONS

BY DREWRY PUTNAM

ANOTHER year is lost to us;
Another season finds us spent
With laughter—that mad mask of pain;
Another spring we watch the vain
Birth agony—the bright buds lent
To deck the bier of love for us.

The summer hot upon us now—
Our summer songs have all been sung.
This year the season's palest blush
Seems bolder than our own; the rush
Of streams in pebble play too young
For two who have forgotten how.

Another fall we pluck the grape
And trade our time to making wine
For drink, though no one better knows
Than we—there is no grape that grows
In Omar's vineyard, yours, nor mine
That holds a wine for our escape.

The winter's teeth bite frozen sweets
Off every tree. The snowbound earth
Is not more shrouded than are we;
The ice-bound rivers yet more free;
The beggar feels no less of warmth
Barefooted on the windiest streets.

Each season on a season sings
Of sharper pain—no song at all,
So soft, but has a weary sound.
Bring not another season round;
Not one; no summer and no fall;
No winter and not any spring.

SCIENTIFIC CALVINISM

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

I LIKE philosophers, and I believe that they fulfil a function of great importance. There are a very large number of questions with regard to which there is no satisfactory evidence, and it is important that they should be considered as open. Now agnosticism is an intellectual tightrope which most people cannot tread for long. The majority of adults in all civilized countries seem to be fairly clear that socialism either would or would not increase human happiness. They do this on *a priori* grounds, quite regardless of the fact that socialism has nowhere been tried. Even in Russia, though industry has on the whole been socialized (and is working fairly successfully), the vast majority of the population is engaged in individualistic agriculture (which is not doing well). Until Russian agriculture has been socialized and the results noted there will be no conclusive evidence that socialism is practicable or impracticable, let alone desirable or undesirable.

When philosophical proof or disproof of any proposition is brought forward, we can be fairly sure that there is no cogent evidence as to its truth. We know a good deal more about iron than about God. It should be quite possible to bring forward *a priori* arguments showing that a lump of iron unsupported by anything but air is very likely to fall to the ground. But as far as I know, philosophers rarely do this, though they devote much attention to proving the precise nature of divine omnipotence. To my mind the most valuable function of philosophers is to be professional doubters. Except for philosophers no one would have thought of doubting all kinds of apparently obvious, but actually far from certain propositions, such as the independent reality of matter.

One of the real signs of human progress is that certain questions are from time to time taken out of the philosophers' hands and settled. In the Middle Ages the existence of antipodes was constantly being disproved. As these debates were not broadcast, the Maoris never learned of their nonexistence. The freedom of the will is still a question for philosophers, but I suspect that within the next generation it will be taken out of their hands. This doctrine has been a subject of vehement debate since Calvin adopted the Moslem doctrine of predestination in opposition to the Catholics and many Protestant Christians. The progress of science has added arguments on both sides. Determinism, until about ten years ago, had furnished extraordinarily satisfactory explanations of physical and biological phenomena and, as the will finds its expression in definite physical and biological occurrences, it was natural to extend the principle of determinism to cover willed as well as unwilled events. The naïve idea of the will is a force driving the body to action. One cannot disprove the existence of such a force, for it is generally very difficult to prove negative propositions by scientific methods. But it has been shown that a man produces the same amount of energy, within a fifth of one per cent, as would a machine using his food as fuel. I have no doubt that, with sufficient care, the

agreement could be made very much closer.

On the other hand the doctrine of evolution lent some support to the opposite point of view. If man has evolved from animals of a lower mental organization mainly as the result of natural selection it is difficult to see why his consciousness should have evolved if it is merely a looker-on in the game and cannot actively influence events. This, to be sure, is an argument against materialistic determinism, rather than against a determinism such as that of Calvin. In the last three years a far more important assault has been made on determinism by Heisenberg and other physicists. They claim that, while causality applies to large bodies, it does not apply to atoms. One cannot say that an atom in a given situation will behave in such and such a manner, merely that there is a certain probability that it will do so. But if we observe a body containing as few as a million million atoms (which requires a powerful microscope), these probabilities coalesce to a practical certainty.

In a million million bridge hands the odds against a one per cent excess of black cards is over ten thousand million million to one. The odds against a one per cent deviation from the ordinary laws of mechanics by a particle large enough to be seen with a microscope are about as large. Hence indeterminism for atoms involves practical determinism for large bodies if atomic events are really independent of one another, which seems to be the case. As the principle enables an accurate prediction of all sorts of previously incalculable events, it is being very widely adopted by physicists.

Eddington, in his Gifford lectures on "The Nature of the Physical World," has attempted to identify this atomic indeterminism with the freedom of the will. He regards the human body as a device, so to say, for magnifying its effects from the atomic to the visible scale of magnitude. There is, so far as one can see, nothing impossible in this point of view. It accords with our more primitive notions as to our own behavior, which may quite well contain an element of truth. But it is of no obvious help to the physiologist. His task is to explain how the organism obeys various laws which are not obviously obeyed by lifeless matter, and exhibits a kind of unity not shown by a machine. It is not clear how a certain laxity in obeying mechanical laws will help to explain implicit obedience to physiological laws.

Unfortunately Eddington goes on to arguments of a less scientific character. "The materialist," he says, ". . . must presumably hold the belief that his wife is a rather elaborate differential equation, but he is probably tactful enough not to obtrude this opinion in domestic life." I recently put this point to a happily married physicist of my acquaintance. He replied that he would not love his wife if he did not believe that she was a differential equation, or rather that her conduct obeyed one. He loves her because she has a definite character which renders her conduct intelligible even when it is surprising. And in this she certainly resembles a differential equation. There are dull differential equations just as there are dull wives. There are others, such as Schrödinger's wave equation, which is at the bottom of much of modern physics, that lead to the most odd and beautiful results. Men have fallen in love with statues and pictures. I find it far easier to imagine a man falling in love with a differential equation, and I am inclined to think that some mathematicians have done so. Even in a non-mathematician like myself some differential equations evoke fairly violent physical sensations similar to those described by Sappho and Catullus when viewing their lovers. Personally, however, I obtain an even greater "kick" from finite differential equations, which are perhaps more like those which an up-to-date materialist would use to describe human behavior.

II

I do not believe, then, that we are likely to arrive at any solution of the problem except by a scientific study of human behavior. If we wanted to disprove the existence of free-will in machines we could do one of two things. We could place the same machine in as nearly as possible the same environment twice over and compare its behavior. This method is inapplicable to men because they learn from experience in a way which most machines do not. I say most machines, because it would be possible to construct a machine which could learn. For example, there is a kind of toy clockwork beetle which can be made to run about a table. By means of its metal antennæ which project in front of it, its motion is altered just before it reaches the edge, and consequently it does not fall off. A further refinement could be added so that the safety mechanism did not work till the beetle had once or twice fallen off the table.

The second method of research would be to compare the behavior of two very similar machines in very similar circumstances. Of course we could not make two machines exactly identical, nor their environments. So perhaps once in ten thousand times the behavior of the two machines would diverge for no accertainable cause. The ghost of Samuel Butler, who thought very highly of the abilities of machines, could claim that they exhibited free-will once in ten thousand experiments. More ordinary minds would regard such divergences in behavior as unimportant. Now this method is applicable to human beings.

No two human beings are exactly alike, but some pairs are so nearly alike that, quite literally, their own mother cannot tell them apart. Twins are often of different sexes, and if so resemble each other no more than ordinary brothers and sisters. Most twins of the same sex are no more alike. But about one-quarter of twins of the same sex resemble each other to an extreme degree. This is most easily shown with regard to physical characters. Their stature and coloring are extremely alike. Their finger-prints are generally distinguishable, but those of the right hand of one of them are more like those of his brother's right hand than of his own left. It has been known since the time of Galton that when they were brought up in the same environment their moral and intellectual characters were extraordinarily similar. "Identical" twins (as these very similar twins are inaccurately called) appear to be derived from the same fertilized egg, and hence carry the same particular group of hereditary factors contributed by the parents. They resemble each other as do cuttings of the same plant, while ordinarily twins differ just as do seedlings from the same plant, provided that it does not belong to a pure race.

The differences between human beings can all be ascribed to four causes. The first cause is difference of ancestry. In most cases a black man is black and a white man white because they resemble their parents. The second is segregation, which causes congenital differences between children with the same ancestry. The third cause is difference of environment. This includes for example differences of education, injury, exposure to disease, divine grace, diabolical temptation, or any other supernatural interference, and so on. The fourth cause is freedom of the will, or any other events not determined by the past. It may turn out that the fourth cause is nonexistent, like the snakes of Ireland, but it would be unscientific to assume this, except as a provisional working hypothesis.

Now if we compare an ordinary pair of brothers brought up in the same family, we have eliminated the first of our four causes and a good deal of the third, but the second remains; and we know that as regards stature it accounts for about as much variation as the first. When we compare "identical" twins we have eliminated the first two causes com-

pletely. The investigation now takes two different paths. In the first place we can study identical twins who have been separated at birth. This is one of the most satisfactory methods available of estimating the relative importance of nature and nurture. Only four such pairs have yet received adequate study. They show already that nurture makes a good deal more difference than extreme eugenists suppose, a fact very favorable to those who base great hopes on the improvement of human environment. The emotional side of the mind seems to be somewhat more plastic than the intellectual, as I think might be expected from the results of modern psychology. But any deductions from such data must be entirely provisional until far more are available.

The other line of investigation is that of "identical" twins brought up in the same environment. Here we have eliminated our first and second causes of difference, and a good deal of the third. Differences between such "identical" twins are partly due to the accidental diversities which occur in their experience, partly, perhaps, to freedom of the will. Now the freedom of the will is supposed, by Catholic and other moralists, to operate particularly in the choice between good and bad actions. Our twins might resemble each other in intellectual habits, tricks of speech, and so on, and yet show independence in their moral decisions.

The first satisfactory data for deciding the possible importance of free-will in determining conduct are furnished in Professor Lange's book *Verbrechen als Schicksal* (*Crime as Destiny*) published this year. It is only ninety-six pages in length, but it is quite conceivable that posterity will regard it as the most important book of this century.

Professor Lange, with the help of the Bavarian Ministry of Justice, and the authorities of some of the South German states, investigated every available case in which a criminal was one of a pair of living twins of the same sex. Both members of the pair, where possible, were investigated by physical and psychological methods. In addition the criminality or otherwise of the adult non-twin brothers of 428 male criminals was summarily investigated. About one in twelve of these was a criminal.

The twins fall into two groups. Sixteen pairs are physically no more alike than ordinary brothers. In 15 such pairs one brother, and one only, is a criminal. In the sixteenth both are so, but one is an habitual criminal with an aggregate of over 18 years of sentences. The other had gone off the rails during a period of one year, and then kept straight for fifteen. One pair of twins, probably, but not certainly, "identical," and not closely examined, is classified with the unlike twins owing to this doubt. Both were criminals, but one was an habitual swindler, the other had once been imprisoned for three days for petty theft. Thus, at most, the unlike twins showed about the same resemblance in respect of crime as ordinary brothers. Two out of seventeen agreed in being criminals.

With the "identical" pairs the case is very different. Thirteen pairs were investigated. Ten of these pairs were both criminals. In the other three cases only one had been convicted. The stories of the ten concordant pairs are given in great detail. On the whole there is an extraordinary agreement between the behavior of these pairs. First come a pair of habitual burglars, then two weak-willed brothers who had occasionally been guilty of petty theft. Neither had ever collaborated in crime with his twin. Four pairs started life with juvenile crimes of petty violence or theft, generally under the influence of alcohol. Two of these pairs are still young. The other two are older, and in both cases have diverged. In each case one brother has married a woman with sufficient character to keep man and wife "straight," the other has been less fortunate, and has lived on his wife's immoral earnings in the intervals of

theft. Two pairs of twin brothers were swindlers. But one pair made large fortunes quite independently before they were found out, the other merely collaborated in a "business" which kept no accounts and ended in a fraudulent bankruptcy. Another pair of twin brothers were both guilty of the same type of sexual abnormality. The only pair of female twins were not serious criminals, but their sexual experience was so excessively variegated that it was inevitable that they should ultimately fall into the hands of the police, the one for refusing to disclose the address of a thief who had been her lover, the other (on rather slight grounds) for keeping a disorderly house. Except for their extreme promiscuity, the two sisters are blameless, being both honest and industrious.

Of the three criminal "identical" twins whose brothers are not criminal, one murdered his sweetheart in a quarrel, one embezzled (his brother's circumstances at the time of the crime were entirely different as the result of a severe wound during the War). The third case is more surprising. One twin is apparently normal sexually, the other is a homosexual, and certain of his physical characteristics are slightly feminine. This fact may be due to an injury received at birth, which caused, among other things, a slight facial paralysis.

To sum up, differences of environment and free-will together saved only three out of thirteen twins from imitating their criminal brother or sister. The differences were sometimes fairly considerable. Two of the criminal twins had been separated at eight years of age. Another pair, who parted somewhat later, both ran away from their jobs at the same moment when over one hundred miles apart, and later developed acute appendicitis on almost the same day when even farther separated. The one influence that appears to be important is that of women. Two criminals were reformed by their wives; the brother of a normal man murdered his clearly somewhat exasperating sweetheart.

These twins form only a sample. It may be a slightly misleading sample. The odds are many millions to one that it is not wholly misleading. We may take it that in the course of a century similar data will have accumulated for thousands of pairs of twins. It will then be possible to say with certainty that at least eighty per cent (or some such figure) of these moral decisions that land us in jail or otherwise are predetermined. A more scientific analysis, on the lines marked out by Freud, of the effects on character of infantile experience, will probably serve to whittle down still further the possible field of indeterminism. In fact, every educated person will be substantially a determinist in ethics as he now is in physics where individual atoms are not concerned. One may remark that Kant's loophole of escape from predestination will be barred. He admitted that the various events in a human life were determined, but allowed the soul a transcendental freedom which affected the character as a whole. But if two twins from the same egg are obliged to choose the same character little remains of such a freedom. The utmost latitude allowable for the will is, in the words of Mr. J. S. Dunne, who in *An Experiment with Time* has produced the most original theory of its freedom known to me, to assume that, in relation to the brain it is "analogous, not to a skilled musician composing with the aid of a piano, but to the amateur user of a pianola, whose interference with the complicated performances of that instrument is limited to the changing of one perforated roll for another."

III

What will be the effect on society of the acceptance of determinism as a practical belief, even if a small area is left for freedom, like the Indian reservations in the United States? Two great religions, Islam and Calvinism, have held

this belief. Both have produced extremely fine characters. The good Calvinist feels that God's grace will certainly keep him good, and this belief is an immense source of strength. The narrowness of both these religions is due to the fact that God, who created men with all kinds of characters, is supposed to approve of only one particular kind. Hence the unstable type of humanity which has produced so much great art has a far better chance under the other forms of Christianity than under Calvinism.

When the late William Bateson, the greatest geneticist whom England has so far produced, was lecturing during the War on the innate differences of mankind, a Scottish soldier said to him, "Sir, what you're telling us is nothing but scientific Calvinism." Will scientific Calvinism produce the same type of society and individual character as religious Calvinism? It is quite possible. Many eugenists devote a large part of their energies to disapproving of their fellow-creatures. Other calvinistically minded social reformers believe that society can be saved only by abolishing conditions, such as the sale of alcoholic drinks, which are stumbling-blocks to men of a certain constitution. Of the ten pairs of criminal twins, two or three would probably have escaped criminality in a society where alcohol and narcotic drugs were unobtainable.

There is, however, quite a different possibility, which appealed to Bateson. If innate human diversity is an ineradicable fact, the ideal society is one in which as many types as possible can develop in accordance with their possibilities. So far every society has tended to idealize one particular type. Some have been narrower than others. The immense strength of Catholicism lies largely in its doctrine of vocation, according to which a man or woman may be called by God to any of a large variety of careers, and please Him in any of them. Hinduism has a very similar doctrine. Unfortunately neither of these religions is wholehearted in the matter. Both place the calling of saint in a peculiar position; and in the Catholic Church all sorts of abnormal conduct, such as celibacy, have long been considered a prerequisite of sanctity.

A young civilization tends to be less tolerant of diversity than an old one. A violent and successful political or social change often standardizes admiration of a particular type. The Italian models himself on a certain strong though by no means silent man. The American borne aloft on an immense wave of commercial prosperity idealizes the capitalists and inventors who have organized that prosperity. In certain stable communities a more tolerant attitude prevails. Under the Third French Republic it is probable that more different human types are encouraged than in any other society. Let us take seven human beings who have achieved fame under it: Pasteur, Renan, Anatole France, Marshal Foch, Ste. Thérèse de l'Enfant Jesus, Sarah Bernhardt, and Suzanne Lenglen. I doubt whether any other state could produce a team quite so thoroughly representative of the different sides of human nature. In England, for example, certain of Anatole France's works would have been suppressed on the ground of indecency, and Ste. Thérèse would have found considerable difficulty in being saintly when alive, and almost insuperable obstacles to performing well-attested miracles after her death.

It is unnecessary to add that France, in spite of this immense diversity of human types, possesses as characteristic a culture and as high a degree of national unity in times of crisis as any other state.

There is, after all, something to be said for human diversity. If we believe that God created the world, He is very clearly responsible for the innate differences between men. Popular wisdom is sympathetic with the creator, realizing that "it takes all sorts to make a world." Religions other than Taoism appear to

agree in setting up a single ideal for all men. Perhaps, however, the man in the street is in this respect nearer to God than the clergyman. Incidentally, in so far as we succeed in loving our neighbor, we love him as he is, not as he ought to be. This extremely difficult feat engenders a healthy respect for human diversity. If we reject any supernatural standard of values we inevitably make Man the measure of all things. We clearly cannot take any particular man, such as Jesus, Mahommed, Newton, or Bach, for our only measure. At most we can reject a certain number of human types as unsuited for life in any possible community. Apart from this, the ideal society and the ideal system of ethics will allow the development of as many types as possible.

IV

It appears then that the acceptance of determinism may be expected to lead to either of two types of society. England has generally been a tolerant country. It made some of the earliest steps towards religious freedom after the tyranny of the Reformation and Counter-Reformation. As I come to the study of society from that of genetics, it is natural enough that I should be prejudiced in favor of human diversity and should hope that my country will not try to suppress it. But I should hesitate to brand those of the opposite opinion as unscientific, even if I think them inhuman.

It is fairly obvious that a belief in determinism (or shall we say ninety-nine per cent determinism) would profoundly modify our attitude to crime, but it would only speed up present tendencies. Already the attitude of most enlightened people to crime is that punishment should be a deterrent to the criminal and others rather than a retribution, and should where possible include an attempt to reform the criminal. Moral indignation is regarded as out-of-date. It has its uses, but it is the finest known excuse for cruelty, just as cruelty is the best excuse for moral indignation. This is well exemplified in the correspondence columns of our press, where dear old ladies who can no longer attend witch-burnings write to demand torture (usually flogging) as a punishment for cruelty to animals. It has had its uses in the past, before law began to supersede vengeance. It is now a dangerous vestige like the vermiform appendix. I have had the latter removed, but I regret to say that my bosom often swells with moral indignation against all kinds of people whom it would be more rational to pity for their conduct.

A certain fraction of human conduct is largely controllable by social pressure, and praise and blame are effective means of controlling it. They prevent a large number of bad actions. But they do not, as it seems to me, involve any particular view as to the freedom of the will. They are part of the environment which determines our actions. Every crime represents a failure of society to control a criminal, as well as a failure on the part of the criminal to respond to social control. We do not at present know enough of biology to alter the structure of the criminal's brain and mind; or to prevent potential criminals being born; we must take him as we find him, and attempt so to order society that he does not commit crime.

In some countries, such as the United States, much remains to be done to make the criminal law an effective deterrent. In England this end has been largely accomplished, and much is being done to reform criminals so that they do not repeat their offense. But we could still do much to diminish crime in two ways. In the first place, we could cease to punish various forms of abnormal conduct, especially sexual conduct, which are now criminal, and which, though inelegant, do no harm except perhaps to the criminals. The example of such countries as Denmark proves that a relaxation of the law in these matters would not be dangerous. Second, we

can alter the law so that crime is not the only practicable escape from an intolerable situation. To-day theft is often the only method available for supplying one's children with boots, and murder or suicide the only way of terminating a marriage with a habitual criminal or drunkard.

Britain is ripe to-day for a new attitude to crime based on scientific data and a scientific point of view. The great reforms of a century ago in our criminal law, which abolished capital punishment for minor offenses, resulted from the partial adoption of utilitarianism. A similar reform would be only one of the many benefits which would result from the general adoption of a more scientific point of view regarding human conduct.

SONNET

BY JAMES B. GITLITZ

HE MUST have felt an aweful confidence—
Or was it that His eyes were strangely blind
To all the pressing mob's mad vehemence—
There must have been yet hope within His mind
That He could stand there with indifference
When Pilate nodded—or was He resigned
Because He still believed His sacrifice
Would be the last demanded of mankind?

Moved by the same sharp fires of dreaming youth
To pit His single hand against the crowd,
I wonder if He realized the truth
Before His sight began to overcloud?
I wonder if before His breath expired
He suddenly felt useless, old—and tired?

THE BATH

AN AQUARELLE

BY HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON

IT was December and a scorching afternoon: a north wind blew; and the pale, wind-streaked sky, the little verandahed houses, the glaring roads, the very air itself, all were white with heat and dust. In comparison, the bathroom struck cool, being windowless, and lighted only by a raised skylight. A good-sized room, it was really made for bathing in, was made to get wet, a concrete floor sloping towards a drain in one corner. Except for a large hanging mirror and a wooden table, it held nothing but a huge old zinc bath, the sides of which were streaked rust-brown from the tidemarks of the many waters that had filled it. Over the broad end hung a shower-ring. This dripped without ceasing, drops forming continuously on its under-surface, gathering volume, depending perilously, then falling on the zinc with a toneless thud. The water that oozed out when the large old-fashioned cock was opened was not unlike muddied milk, and for the most part lukewarm. But it gushed freely, making up by abundance for its tepidness and want of clarity.

To-day it ran very red, for a storm overnight had churned up the mud bottom of the reservoir.

Four half-grown girls had come dancing into the room, and eight hands were busy; for all four had cried as one, "A bath! Let us have a bath!"

And while the water raced and sang, shoes were kicked off and clothes fell, a bit here, an oddment there, in their owners' haste to be rid of encumbrance.

First ready was a fattish little blonde, though, as the eldest of the party, she had set to work more sedately than the rest. But, in the hurry to reach the water, one of the four had pulled a knot, and a brown and a red head were bent over it.

Meanwhile Blonde sat on the side of the bath, swinging one leg. Her skin was of a delicate transparency, through which the veins showed blue as forget-me-nots. A wonderful prong, running down the chest, forked and lost itself in the whiteness of the barely hinted breasts. Round her throat were two lines that might have been scored by a thumb-nail in wet clay; and below the ribs were two more—the lines of sitting beauty—deeply indented and wavy, like the lines carved by ripples on the sea-shore.

The knot unravelled, Red Head was out of her clothes in a twinkling and now advanced, shoulders hunched, arms crossed and hugging their uppers. While she stood waiting for the tide to rise, rubbing the sole of one foot up and down the other leg, she made her brown-haired little companion, the youngest of the four, and still skinny and straight as a boy, look very dark; for, in Red Hair, the promise of a pale face powdered with freckles was fulfilled: her skin was white as milk from top to toe and velvety as rose-petals to the touch.

Last came the knot-puller—a tall, slim, brown-eyed creature with a sallow face, flushed pink at the moment from heat and flurry, and a head of short

golden curls. Against the others she stood out for the richness of her coloring; her skin was the shade of old, old ivory, tinting to amber, to a dusky gold, in all crevices: where her curls met her neck, and in the hollow of her armpits. Her young breasts—at this moment laid flat, for she was stretching with the abandon of a cat, both hands clasped behind her neck—ended in rings the color of blue grapes dashed with sepia.

By now the bath was full to the brim. And while the four still lingered, chattering, twittering, exulting in their freedom, there was the sound of a heavy foot in the passage outside. And the room had three doors, none of which locked! Whrr! Like a herd of startled wild things, all made for the water at once, a phalanx of cream, white, and dusky legs whisking over the side with incredible rapidity. Amber came off worst: she was too tall; crouching did not help her. So she lay at full length, the others half leaning, half sitting on her, to keep her down. But the threatened intrusion passed; and with a fresh run of giggles and trills the bathers rose to their feet. . . . The water that trickled down their skins left visible traces, like tears on a grimy face.

Then the shower was pulled. Amber and Brownie stood under it, holding their heads to the gush and hiss, Amber raising an arm to screen her eyes, the little one pressing her face against her companion's ribs. And, bristling and stinging, the shower flew off at right angles, squirting madly out into the room. Blonde and Red Head dodged and scuttled. Then it was their turn. Blonde would not wet her hair; she leaned her head and shoulders far back, stretching her lined throat, meeting the brunt of the water on her chest; or, stooping forward, let it hammer down the ridgeway of her spine.

Next, all tried to get under water at the same time. The result was wildest confusion; for the one below kicked and splashed and rolled over three slippery bodies, in her efforts to come to the surface. . . . Taking Blonde by the toes, the others floated her up and down.

An elderly woman looked in; the bathers gathered water in their joined palms and pelted her, in a perpendicular shower. Then they played at leaping. The game was to go to the end of the room and take a running jump over the side, to see who could splash highest. Red Head was awkward, slipped and fell face downwards, to be half-drowned by the one who came after. This led to a free fight. The weapons were a big and a little sponge; inflated to their fullest, they were hurled against any portion of a body that offered; and tireless hands, which scooped and flung, tweaked and slapped. The walls ran water, the concrete floor was a-swim with it.

In the midst of these gambols a clock struck five. Like ghosts surprised by the dawn, the four were out of the bath in a trice and a-scramble for the towels that hung behind a door. There was a hasty rubbing down of sides and fronts, towels seesawed over backs, knees bent, curly toes wriggled dry. Grasped in two hands, garments were poised for a moment high in air, then dropped into place, blotting out faces in the transit. And soon, of all that had lain bare no more was visible than four damp-ringed, motley-colored heads. . . . Though the long glass had given back in full the madcap riot of the bath, none had troubled to cast so much as a look at her naked self. Clothed, it was otherwise: here a sodden mass of curls was twitched and fingered, there the set of a frock stroked into place.

Now a voice was heard calling—an urgent voice that brooked no delay. Without a further backward glance each in turn followed the summons, vanishing swiftly. Four times the door opened and shut, till the room was empty. The splashed walls and swimming floor drained dry; the bath water gurgled off; and the mirror's surface lay blank, no conjurer being at hand to call to life the lovely shapes that slumbered in its depth.

NOISE: A SOCIAL PROBLEM

BY H. M. JOHNSON

Director of the Simmons Investigation of Sleep, Mellon Institute of Industrial Research

WE AMERICAN city-dwellers spend twenty-four hours of the day intimately surrounded by the activities of many people. We cannot escape these surroundings until more land can be rendered accessible and facilities for rapid transportation increased. Meanwhile our fellow-workers and our neighbors have not yet learned how to be active, productive, and happy and at the same time quiet. Thus a problem arises. None of us fits perfectly into such an environment, and yet few of us can leave it. Shall we then modify it as far as we can, and try to disregard those of its features that resist modification, or shall we continue to suffer?

Certain public-spirited people urge us to concentrate effort on modification. Every noise is to be classified, according to some legal standard, as "necessary" or else as "unnecessary." Through exercise of legal force, if other means should fail, the "unnecessary" noises are to be eliminated. But a difficulty is encountered. It is felt that action cannot be taken because there is a lack of governmental power. To me this seems due rather to a lack of public sentiment, or perhaps to a conflict between different sets of desires held by much the same people. The recognized limits of the police power of the state—*i.e.*, its power to abridge the rights of property in the supposed interest of the "safety, morals, health, prosperity, and comfort of the general population," have been so greatly expanded during the last half century as to leave little doubt that it is able to suppress almost any nuisance which its people definitely and persistently desire to be rid of. Any backwardness it may show is probably due to novelty or weakness or conflict in public desires, and not to constitutional restrictions or feebleness.

Such an instance of weakness and conflict is encountered in dealing with such nuisances as noise. If we are to suppress much of the clang and clatter that we dislike we shall certainly interfere with some people's efforts to make money. Considered from our present ethical point of view, this is a terrible thing to do unless the provocation is very great indeed. Of course, if the noise should interfere with our own money-making, by driving away our tenants or our customers, we are not ashamed to go before the city council or the legislature and demand a remedy. Should we resort to the courts with such a plea we may be sure that our claim will at least be considered. Courts can weigh one economic interest against another after a fashion; but they have no definite standards for weighing an æsthetic value against an economic value, for the two do not reduce to measurement in the same terms. So if we cannot put our protests on an economic basis our ingrained reverence for property-rights impedes our actions. We are not quite ready to say that we prefer peace and quietness for their own sake, and are, therefore, determined to have them whether we thereby restrict somebody in money-getting or not. We feel bound to protest that we yield

to nobody in our respect for property-rights, and that we would not even momentarily consider any arbitrary abridgment of them. Only, these nuisances shorten our lives, undermine our health, threaten our sanity, reduce the productivity of our employees, and so on. The more extravagant we can make our propaganda claims the more hopeful of their success we seem to become. Now, whatever the character of the nuisance may be, it is usually very difficult, if not impossible, to produce evidence which will satisfy a scientific standard of proof. Our reformers act as if they assumed that such proof is available, and as if it were necessary to the success of their cause. On both counts I believe them to be mistaken. Can it be proved, for example, that some particular noise is "harmful"?

II

In view of this question it is pertinent to recall a few elementary facts about the sense of hearing, through which physical noises are related to human behavior good and bad. In one important respect the ear behaves differently from other organs of special sense. The latter "adapt" themselves to the strength of the stimulation to which they are exposed, becoming more sensitive when the stimulation is made weak, and less sensitive when it is made strong. Suppose, *e.g.*, that the arm should be immersed in water several degrees warmer or cooler than the skin, some changes occur somewhere in the reactive apparatus, we think in the sense-organs. Consequently, we soon behave as if the water and the skin were about equally warm. Similarly, if we are exposed to high concentrations of odorous gases, a few minutes will render them ineffective until their concentration is changed. In the course of the Simmons Investigation at Mellon Institute, the U. S. Bureau of Mines asked whether certain odorous substances, if mixed with illuminating gas, could be counted upon to awaken the sleeper in case of a leak. A joint experiment was made, in which ethyl mercaptan—a gas that is somewhat like the odor of the skunk, only more powerful—was released in the experimental dormitory. For several minutes none of the sleepers awoke but by the time they did awake they had become adapted to the odor, and observed nothing wrong until they had got a few whiffs of fresh air. This destroyed their adaptation and made the gas very offensive. By reason of adaptation of the sense organs of smell, the owner of a persisting bodily odor becomes unable to detect it. This well-known fact has been commercialized. The sense of taste is subject to a similar effect; while vision is especially so. In passing between outdoors and indoors on a bright day we may vary the average illumination on the retina through a range of two hundred to one, but within a few minutes at most the eye adapts its sensitivity almost perfectly to the change.

The sense of hearing, however, is not much affected by adaptation. No matter how long a noise may be continued, we still hear it if only we lend it our ears. We may, of course, learn to disregard it—but that is an attentional adjustment: not a result of adaptation or fatigue of the sense organ; for the instant we attend to the noise again we hear it about as readily as before. Two boiler-makers, hammering away inside a huge steel shell and making a din that can be heard for many blocks, may readily carry on a conversation in "conversational tones." It is necessary, of course, that they talk in a different key from that of the clanging shell.

Manufacturers of certain building-materials advertise that a given thickness will reduce the intensity of transmitted and reflected noise by one-half. I question whether they base their statement on physical measurements, suspecting that if they did, they would either make a stronger claim or none at all. The human subject is not very

sensitive to changes in the mere physical intensity of sounds. A change of about thirty per cent in sound-intensity can be detected with about the same degree of certainty as a change of one per cent in the intensity of light. So we say that the differential sensitivity of hearing is only one-thirtieth as great as that of sight.

If physical sound (which is nothing but pulsation of the air or other medium at a rate which exceeds some twelve vibrations per second) works upon a normal eardrum at an adequate rate, and for an adequate time, the owner of the eardrum "responds." His response consists mainly in contraction, changes in tension, and changes in the physical state of the muscle cells. All response is a form of *work*, but it is most important to remember that the energy expended in the response is not proportional to the work performed by the sound upon the eardrum. Indeed, there is no constant relationship between the two. In general, as in this case, the stimulus operates to release energy stored in the sensory cells, the latter operate to release energy stored in nerve cells. They, in their turn, operate to release energy stored in muscle cells. The action of each of these agencies is to be compared to that of the spark in the combustion chamber of an automobile engine; for the spark operates to release energy stored in the mixture of fuel and air. The energy released in the explosion varies according to the quantity of fuel burned, and not according to the energy added to it by the spark, if only the latter exceeds a minimum. If our aim is to diminish the release of bodily energy by noises, we need not expect much of an effect by halving or quartering their intensities, as long as they can still be readily heard. It is not their intensities that count as much as their *significance* to the individual; and their significance is defined in terms of the individual's habit-system. We may consider a few illustrations.

Suppose we live in a house with a leaky roof, and have trained ourselves to run for pails and pans to catch the leakage whenever the rain falls. The noise of rain upon the roof is then a *significant* stimulus: it calls forth a *specific* response; and even if the noise is faint, it leads us to perform a great deal of work. But as soon as we have mended the roof and tested it for leaks the former significance vanishes. The falling of rain now demands no specific response; so, even if the noise is many times as intense as before, it need not interrupt the activities with which we are engaged at the time. On the contrary, it may intensify them.

There is a proverb that the sleeping doctor hears the telephone, and his wife hears the stirring of the baby. There is another, that the miller may read, play solitaire, or sleep as long as the mill is grinding, but is instantly aroused by the change in noise which occurs when the hopper is emptied of grain. A former soldier in the Austrian army recently gave me this story from his experience in the World War. He was fighting on the Italian front, among the mountains, and his command was driven from its position back over a crest of the range. Here they were ordered to entrench. The enemy opened up on them with heavy artillery, using many high-explosive shells, all of which, however, either fell short of their position, in front of the crest, or else carried over and well behind. The Austrian officers located the guns, and ordered the men to observe the discipline of a rest camp, assuring them that the enemy could not reach them from the position it then occupied. So the tremendous noises quickly became insignificant to the men: they disregarded them and even slept without disturbance from them. But one night, unknown to the Austrians, the Italians moved their guns within range. A high explosive shell struck one end of the hut in which this soldier was sleeping and demolished all of it but his end. He reports that he did not hear the explosion, but

that he was presently awakened by his captain calling his name.

To give a real appraisal of the effect of a given noise on a community, one must take some sort of census of its significance to the various members. A reliable census is exceedingly difficult to get. It might show that in a given respect some members of the community were benefited as much as others were injured—assuming, of course, that such effects can be evaluated. If the noise-maker received his legal rights, the burden of proof would be on the complainants; if scientific proof were demanded, the burden would be too heavy to be borne.

It is sometimes contended that noises should be abated as far as possible because they produce too rapid a wear and tear of the bodily tissues. For example, considerable publicity, accompanied by a very dubious interpretation, has been given to a report of an experiment at Colgate University in regard to the effects of the intensity of a group of noises on the rate at which the bodily fuels are burned by typists. Four subjects were required to spend two hours a day for four weeks copying the same letter over and over again. While they worked they were exposed to the noise generated by a machine that made "sounds like an electric motor; ball bearings rotated in a hexagonal sheet iron drum; an auto siren and a telephone bell went off intermittently and automatically." During the first and the last weeks this machine was left uncovered; during the second and third weeks it was faced with panels of a meritorious building material, which, according to the estimates of certain architects, *probably* reduced the sound-intensity in the room by about one-half. From analysis of the exhaled air it appears that on the average, the bodily fuels were burned about twelve per cent more rapidly* during work while the machine was uncovered than while it was covered. I do not question the facts reported. Can they be used in appraising a set of practical working conditions? I doubt it.

First, it must be noted that a grave danger attends overgeneralization—*i.e.*, from concluding that a relationship which holds under the conditions attending an experiment (which are never capable of complete statement) will hold in a practical situation in which some of these conditions are not met. We dare not argue from these findings that the abatement of any noise whatsoever will reduce the energy-expenditure of the worker, or that the increase of some particular noise will increase the rate of expenditure. We must take account of the kind of noise, and of the habit-system of the individual worker. Now, in this experiment, the experimental task did not constitute the regular occupation of the worker, with the incentives and variations and interests and drives that pertain to that occupation. For example, if the task had been more variable than the mechanical copying of one letter, a different effect might have been found, although it would have been somewhat harder to measure. Moreover, the subjects were exposed to these sounds during only two hours of the day. The effect of habituation may have been quite different if the exposure had lasted for eight hours a day. Then, too, if the characteristics of the noises had been varied in any particular some modification should have been expected in their "effect."

I come now to certain assumptions that are not likely to be mentioned in some people's appraisal of such a result as the above, but which have an enormous effect on the appraisal. (I do not know that the Colgate experimenters have entertained them, although certain commentators have done so.) First, it may be assumed that a higher rate of fuel-combustion in the body is necessarily injurious. Certainly, the more rapidly fuels are burned the more

* This value was *derived* from one given by the experimenters, and implies an assumption: namely, that the oxygen-consumption during rest was practically constant from day to day. The authors do not say whether this was so or not, but I assume that it was, for their comparisons would be meaningless otherwise.

rapidly the fuel-reserve is depleted. This matter might well become important in the case of a person who is very ill, or quite near to physical exhaustion or collapse. In such a case it is important that the reserve be built up, and the available supply be conserved. But for a vast number of people in good health this is not a problem. On the contrary, some of us are put to it to find a means of consuming bodily energy fast enough: for our reserve, in the form of fats, is inconveniently large, and tends to grow. We work from six to ten hours in the office or factory, but that is not enough: we are driven to find time for golf, or sand-lot baseball, or tennis or swimming or dancing to consume a part of the surplus. If what we desired were the lowest possible rate of metabolism, the way to get it would be to equip all beds and couches in the house with upright-coil springs and interior spring mattresses, and spend every available minute in lying still, like an alligator. But what healthy person with an ordinary sense of human values cares to spend much more than a third of his time in bed? What would life be worth to him if he did? Is "health" represented by a minimum of activity of the bodily cells? Or are they like the cells in an automobile battery, which perform best when they are constantly being discharged and recharged, rather than when they are charged up and left idle?

The interpretation which is often applied to such results as these rests upon another faulty assumption: namely, that the total quantity of energy expended (or of work performed) in a given time measures the damage done to the bodily mechanism regardless of the manner in which the work was *distributed* among its several parts. (The measurement of the *total* heat-output tells nothing about the latter point.) Now it is easy to imagine the same number of foot-pounds of work performed in two different ways: in one case, twenty different groups of muscles shared the work equally; and in the second case, a single group performed all of it. In the first case, none of the twenty groups need have been injured at all; in the second case, the single group may have been overworked. Are the two cases equivalent? We must say so if we use no criterion except that of total expenditure. Does such a comparison exhaust the facts? Common observation indicates that a change of task, or play, may seemingly produce as much benefit as repose. In play the work is performed largely by unfatigued mechanisms, and in the meantime the others get some rest; while in repose one attempts to rest all of them at once, whether all are fatigued or not.

Another tacit assumption that underlies an "isn't-it-awful" interpretation of such a result is that any bodily energy which is not dissipated in economically useless activity is left available for useful work! Is it? Not universally. Whether it is available in a given case depends on the conditions that prevail in that case, and usually those conditions are too intricate to be described.

III

Another argument made against unnecessary noise is that it reduces the "efficiency" of the worker. When Efficiency Experts talk about "efficiency" they usually mean nothing at all; but when they mean anything, it is apparently *economic* and not *physical* efficiency. The word generally suggests a ratio: one divides output by input, and calls the quotient "efficiency." *Physical efficiency* is calculated by finding the energy put into a machine and dividing it by the energy it expends in work that is classified as *useful*. When an Efficiency Expert or Human Engineer talks of a person working "efficiently" he usually thinks of nothing but *output*, for he is not concerned with the energy put into the worker: the latter attends to that if his wages permit him to eat. But if he talks of economic efficiency, he

does not consider energy-transformation at all, but dollar-transformation. The input is represented by wages paid and the overhead that is charged against him; the output by the increase in the value of the material that the worker creates. So, if wages and overhead are constant, the economic efficiency of a worker varies directly with his output, but not otherwise.

Now, noise in these circumstances would reduce economic efficiency if it actually reduced the worker's output. Whether it has such an effect or not depends again on the kind of noise, and the place it holds in the worker's habit-system. Some noises may actually serve to increase the output, others to diminish it. We cannot specify, without a good deal of specific knowledge of a particular case, what noises will have either effect; but we can lay down a sort of scheme that will serve to explain the effect. Let us recall a few details of the bodily mechanism that effects *attentional adjustments*.

One feature of attentional adjustment consists in *presenting the sense-organ* toward the disturbance that is attended to, so as to favor stimulation by it. The shell of the outer ear of many animals is provided with an elaborate system of muscles which enable its owner to move it back and forth, from side to side, and also to turn it through a wide angle. The mule, for example, makes all these adjustments, turning the shell so as to direct the sound from a particular source into the external canal. The human organism is provided with the same muscles, but ordinarily does not use them. It would accomplish little if he did, for his ear-shell is degenerate. The muscles that serve to direct our ears toward a given source of sound are in the neck and trunk.

Inside the head there are two muscles that serve to sensitize the receiver according to the intensity of the physical sound. One of them tightens and loosens the eardrum, while the other serves to permit and restrain the movement of the little bones that connect the eardrum to the window of the water-filled chamber that contains the sensory cells. Both of these mechanisms work without the owner's deliberation. We do not know just how effective they are, but undoubtedly they aid somewhat.

But the disposition of the sense-organ is only one part of the attentional adjustment. The other part is the *distribution of the nervous current* among competing systems of muscles and glands. Here we need to consider only the mechanism that is supposed to operate in imperfectly organized behavior. Connected with the sensory cells in the ear are a very numerous set of nerve-cells which are irritated by the sensory cells when the latter are excited by physical sound. The nerve-cells convey this irritation, one to another, through an intricate network of interconnections in the brain and other centers, which are best regarded as *places* where disturbances are transferred from collecting cells to distributing cells, and sometimes amplified. The distributing nerves carry the disturbance to muscles and glands, which respond in their characteristic way. The only function of nervous tissue of which we actually know anything is the production of responses of bodily organs remote from the point stimulated, by conducting irritation to them.

Lying against the cells of muscle, one finds another class of sense-organs, known as *spindle cells*. They are normally irritated only by the activity of the muscle cells beside them. Like the sensory cells in the ear, they connect with branches of collecting nerves, which they irritate when they themselves are excited. From such organs as the spindle-cells, therefore, there is a vast quantity of nervous current flowing into the distributing centers, from which it returns to muscles and glands and excites them to renewed response. Some of it may return to the very muscles whose activity released it a moment ago, and thus produce a repetition of the

original response. In fact, other conditions being equal, a disturbance conveyed to the distributing centers of the nervous system is more likely to be passed to groups of muscles that are already active than to groups that are quiet, unless a change in the pattern of the nervous connections should render this pathway harder to traverse than some other. A very strong or unusual stimulus may produce such a change, and thus interrupt a repetitive activity and start another kind.

This description is not strictly accurate, for I have made it as sketchy as I could, but it may serve our purpose. Let us now turn to a few illustrations.

Your dog is digging about a rat hole. He scratches furiously for some seconds, hesitates and relaxes for an instant, and begins again. If you should call him while he stands hesitant he might desist from his digging and start toward you. The noise that you have introduced into his environment has distracted him from his task. But if you should call him just as he starts a new spurt of digging, he probably will not obey you. On the contrary, he will probably dig somewhat faster and somewhat longer than if you had held your peace. For the moment all the stimuli that assailed him were tending to intensify the operation of digging: your noise only served to reinforce the action of the other stimuli, without otherwise changing its character. If you had fired a gun instead of calling him, or if a strange dog had barked, he might have desisted; or if you had waited until he paused he might have desisted; but this particular sound, presented while he was preoccupied, simply made him a more effective digger. The effect of the noise in changing behavior, in general, depends in part on the kind of noise and on what the organism is doing when it is applied. Ordinarily I should expect both of these conditions to be far more important than the intensity of the noise.

In the psychological laboratories numerous experiments have tended to show that noise renders the human organism more ready to respond to whatever stimuli are active, and that a given noise will tend, according to conditions that resist analysis, either to improve or to interfere with performance in a particular task. In everyday life we have abundant evidence that confirms these findings. For several months during my own adolescence I studied stenography and typewriting at a "business college" where some forty students spent several hours of the day in the same room, dictating to one another at the tops of their voices. We soon learned to lend our ears to nothing but our partners. The training was invaluable. Since then, upon occasion, I have had to share office and laboratory space with other busy people and, if I am intent on my own work, I may not hear a word of their conversation for half an hour at a time unless it is addressed to me or concerns me. If they should begin to talk in whispers, however, I could neither work nor stay. If one of them should begin to whistle softly, even though he followed the time and the tune of a favorite piece, it is as if he should thrust a sword among my bones. But if I work at home at night, it is usually with my radio-set in operation, at orchestral intensity, provided a good concert is to be found. During pauses in my labor I may attend to the music and enjoy it; but very often, if I have been intent on what I am reading, writing, or drawing, I could not recall a phrase of the selection that has just been played. In brief, the effect that any noise will have on my activities is highly *conditional*.

IV

We come now to the effects of noise on *sleep*. Medical writers sometimes emphasize its supposed effects; so, often, do their patients. I am beginning to suspect that the emphasis is excessive. In the course of the Simmons investigation, we have accumulated a mass of negative evidence. In the first place,

the time of the night when the patient stirs the least is not the time at which street-noises are at a minimum. Street-traffic is at its minimum from two to four-thirty in the morning. Nearly all our subjects find the time of greatest quiet between forty-five minutes and one and one-half hours after they go to bed. Unless they retire very late, their periods of deepest sleep do not fall within the periods when street-noises are abated. Moreover, if such noises were very effective, two or more patients who sleep in the same room should tend to awaken within five minutes of each other—more often than the laws of chance require—since they are exposed to much the same external noises. Actually, they show no such tendency. Whether a noise is effective depends on whether they are already awake, or nearly awake, as a result of heat and pressure stimuli, occasioned by the bedding and by the irritation set up in their bodily organs due to lying for some minutes in the same position. As I mentioned in a previous article, Doctor Kreidl and Doctor Herz, in their experiments in Vienna, found that deaf people as a class do not rest more quietly than normal people.

I often hear the milkman making his early morning delivery. But my motility-record shows that it probably is not he that awakens me. On about one-third of my nights I am astir during the five-minute interval in which he calls, and asleep during the five-minute intervals that precede and follow. On about one-third of my nights I am astir in the preceding five-minute interval, and asleep in the interval in which he calls and also in the one following. On about one-third of my nights I am asleep during the interval in which he calls and the one preceding, and awake in the one thereafter. I can find no effect that ought to be attributed to his clatter.

Another experimenter—an anti-noise enthusiast—has announced through the medium of a Sunday magazine supplement that he finds another effect of noise which lasts for a long time. He says that a momentary noise will often increase what he calls "muscular tension" for as much as two hours. There is no reliable method of measuring muscular tension; and it appears that he has not actually measured the thing itself, but something else, which bears no known relation to muscular tension, but which he calls by that name. What he has measured is the resistance which the body offers to an electric current applied to the skin. If you make a person's body a part of an electrical circuit, and use a very sensitive detector, you will find that *sometimes*, immediately after he is startled, his body becomes a better conductor. This effect is sometimes called a "psychogalvanic reflex"—"galvanic," to indicate the character of the current, and "psychogalvanic" to make the name impressive. We do not yet know just what causes it, but Dr. Chester W. Darrow of the University of Chicago has shown that it is apparently inseparable from increased activity of the sweat-glands in the skin. If you startle a person, he begins to sweat a little faster. For a moment or so while the sweat-glands are secreting, an electric current can be passed through the skin rather freely, but there is a smaller effect that persists: namely, the pores of the skin, which we may regard as tiny tubes, are now filled with salt water, which is a far better conductor than dry skin; the contact between the skin and the electrodes is now moist, so that the electric current meets with less resistance than it met when the skin was dry. This effect persists, [illegible]rt, until the sweat has been evapora[illegible]d absorbed and until the tubules ha[illegible]e become emptied or closed again. This is the most plausible explanation of these results that presents itself to me. If it is valid, the facts have been unduly exploited.

I am writing this article on a remote island, whither several city-dwellers have come for a rest. All through the night the breakers are pounding against

the beach, and the palm trees are rustling in the wind. I should guess that the sum-total of the physical noises is about fifty times as great as at my usual residence; nevertheless, I sleep. My neighbors here praise it as a place of rest—they say *because of* these very noises. They may be wrong, but they raise a most interesting question. *If* under certain conditions *the presence of noises may aid us in sleeping*, how can they bring about such effect? If you are willing to examine a little evidence from physiology, sketchily presented, an explanation may be suggested.

Muscular tissue of the kind which moves the bones shows two very different kinds of activity when it is irritated by nervous tissue. The first kind of activity consists in a *change of form*. Upon excitation by the nerve there is a very brief delay; whereupon each cell which participates in the movement contracts *suddenly* and, as far as it possibly can, remains in contraction for a few thousandths of a second, and then *gradually* relaxes until it is irritated again. The other kind of activity consists in a change of *physical state*. More specifically, under the action of a different sort of nervous current from the kind which produces contraction, the contents of a part of the cell change *gradually* from liquids into jellies, and when the current is removed they change *suddenly* into liquids again. The first kind of activity obviously produces movement; the second kind produces a postural "set," and tends to resist movement of the attachments of the muscle. Some anatomists believe that the structures which have to do with contraction and posture have been distinguished; and that both structures are to be found in a single cell, although some cells appear to specialize largely (though perhaps not exclusively) in contraction and others in the holding of postures. It is known, however, that the same muscle is irritated by branches of two distinct sets of nerves; one set leading directly from the brain and spinal cord, and the other from the so-called "sympathetic" system. The former set appears to act on the contractile structures and the latter on the posture-holding structures. These two sets of nerves are supposed to have the interesting property of acting *reciprocally*, as many other sets do: *i.e.*, at any instant that the one set is capable of collecting nervous current and carrying it to the muscle the other is not, and *vice versa*. Let us now imagine the arm lying straight and still. At the moment the muscles that could bend it are receiving current (in most regions) from the "sympathetic" nervous system, which acts to keep the posture-holding structures jellified. The corresponding contractile structures, since they can receive no current for the present, are relaxed. Suppose that we now stimulate the patient, in a manner that is to produce a bending of the arm. The contractile structures must first receive current from the "central" nervous system, but the instant these begin to carry it, the "sympathetic" nerves are thrown out of action. So, by the time the current has reached the contractile structures, the posture-holding structures have liquefied and thus can permit the movement to be made. When the movement has been completed, the "sympathetic" nerves begin to act while the others desist; the posture-holding structures jellify while the contractile structures relax; and the arm remains in the new position until the patient is again stimulated.

We have said enough to suggest that when contractile structures are relaxed and resting, the posture-holding structures are active, and that their activity is made possible by continuous nervous activity. So, *relaxation*, which is the most striking characteristic of sleep, and the one that is most nearly universal, *is a form of positive activity, and is in itself a response to stimulation*. As Professor Max Meyer has put it, sleep is a special form of "preoccupation": the sleeper is busied with the task of

keeping still and relaxed. While it lasts all the stimuli that assail him tend to intensify his relaxation, just as your call intensified your dog's activity in digging. To be sure, this preoccupation may be broken up by any strong or any significant stimulus, such as a sound; but we cannot predict the effects of any noise on sleep unless we know something about the habit-system of the sleeper, as well as the physical character of the noise. A noise that disturbs the sleep of one person at a given time may actually enhance the sleep of another; and even the first person, by changing his attentional habits, may come to use it as a means of intensifying his sleep. He may complain that it is impossible for him to modify his habits; but it may be answered that nobody, at the present time, can set a limit to his own learning-capacity or that of anyone else. The counter-claims of the Mental Tester may be dismissed with a smile.

V

Whether we shall allow a present source of noise to interfere with our work and sleep or make it further our work and sleep depends largely on our willingness to form a set of attentional habits that will carry us through. We resist such learning largely through laziness or a perverse pride in our irritability. For example: when the golfer is about to make a shot he expects all bystanders to stand stock-still and keep silence. During some wartime studies of the merits of field-glasses, conducted near a golf course, I learned that some of the players were greatly distracted by the experimenters' looking past them through field glasses from a distance and at a distant target, while they were taking their stances. The doctrine that stimuli which compete for one's attention are necessarily distracting is fashionable in golfing circles, but it is a fancy. Some of these very golfers are good billiard-players, and in that game they make co-ordinated adjustments whose intricacy and delicacy is hardly approached by those of golf. Nevertheless, they make these adjustments in a smoke-laden room, surrounded by clattering tables and exclamatory men, and they never consider asking for quiet. Much depends on the way they have been trained.

To be sure, annoying stimuli sometimes distract. Years ago, in an experiment in which the subject had to react as quickly as possible to a stimulus, which was preceded by a preparatory signal, an experimenter found that a distracting noise, introduced during the period of expectation, might either accelerate or retard the reaction, the effect depending on the character of the sound (whether continuous or intermittent), on its intensity, and also on the length of the period of waiting. If the latter was short, a given noise would quicken the reaction; if long, it would retard the reaction.

Similarly, I found that a subject could react more quickly to a change in a visual field if I made the surroundings disturbingly brighter than the field; but if I made the surroundings still brighter, thereby rendering observation still more difficult, I slowed the reaction. Neither effect could have occurred by chance more than once in several thousand repetitions of the experiment. In general, slightly annoying stimuli may be made to serve a useful purpose, like the "reasonable amount" of fleas on David Harum's dog. They serve to intensify activities aroused by other agencies, without changing the character of those activities. Many kinds of work can hardly go on at all if the worker is freed from too many distractions.

Undoubtedly, there are noises whose distracting effects cannot be overcome without great effort; and there may be some that are too intense to be overcome at all. But if their production is an incident of a profitable enterprise, and their abatement expensive, a strict regard for our present forms of law would

place a heavy burden of proof on the complainants.

VI

In pointing out that it is virtually impossible to produce scientific proof that particular noises are injurious, I may have seemed to argue against their elimination. Not at all. I am simply protesting against counterfeit experimentation and against the kind of propaganda which makes for social paranoia as an incident of gaining an end. Such a means of cure is worse than most disease. There is, moreover, a better way. There is often a vast difference between scientific proof and legal proof; and in cases that properly come within the police power of the state both legislature and courts have shown a slow but surprising degree of response to public sentiment in *creating facts* by what might be called the Method of Proclamation. That is to say, they go through a *form* of inquiry, which really transcends scientific evidence, and then *declare* a practice to be unnecessary and injurious. Some of the facts which are thus created are really marvelous. In law, for a sixteen-year-old boy to work nine hours a day in a factory injures his health and his morals; but it does not injure a fourteen-year-old boy to work fifteen hours a day at the plow or in the harvest field. In law, it injures the health and morals of a fifteen-year-old boy to work at all (except in agricultural pursuits) but it does not injure an eighteen-year-old boy to loaf. In law, $^{51}/_{100}$ per cent beer is intoxicating no matter where it was made, but apple cider, fourteen times as strong, is not intoxicating if made in the home—unless it should make a person drunk. But such cider instantly becomes intoxicating if it is carried across a public road, unless it is carried inside the drinker's skin. In law, a drunken automobile driver is criminal and careless, while an overtired and sleepy driver (who may be as great a menace) is careless but not criminal. In law, a book becomes obscene and a menace to *public* morals if some official censor, obsessed by a mild sex-mania, should find it stimulating to his own perverted imagination. In New York law, a bathing suit, though completely concealed by a cloak, inflames human passions if it is worn across a street, but not if it is worn upon the beach—provided it was put on within a hired bathhouse.

If the public should definitely agree to specify a measure of comfort, quietude, and beauty as one of the things which it is determined to have, the machinery of the law will eventually manufacture all the facts that are necessary to make that claim legal. All that we need to do is to gain control of that machinery and loosen its bearings a little.

PORTRAIT OF AN HOSPITABLE LADY

BY LLOYD MORRIS

WE IN America believe that His Honor Mayor Walker confers the freedom of the city of New York upon distinguished visitors. But in Europe they know better. In London, in Paris, or in Rome they speak less of our genial Mayor than of Mrs. Cortland Partridge. She is, they will tell you, the most aristocratic hostess in New York, the leader of its society; and, so they assure you, her approbation constitutes a veritable accolade. What Lady Bletherstowe is to the social world of London, and the Duchesse de Courcelles to that of Paris, Mrs. Partridge is to the society of New York and Newport. In the foreign conception of our civilization she emerges with the arrogant superiority of a public monument; she is as eminent, as dominating, as the Woolworth Building. A few years ago a young French diplomat assigned to a post in the Far East arranged his voyage to include a visit of three days to New York. "I want especially to see four of your institutions," he told me. "I want to go to Coney Island, to Harlem, to night clubs, and I want to be invited to Mrs. Cortland Partridge's."

In the thirty-five years since her marriage to Cortland Partridge the younger his wife has acquired an undisputed preëminence in America, a notable prestige in Europe. When the younger Cortland Partridge married Alice Strong, daughter of a California railway magnate, unkind people remarked that their union was a necessary step in the combination of two great systems of transportation. After the death of Cortland Partridge the elder people spoke only of the marital felicity of his son. And when, upon the death of the elder Mrs. Astor, skeptical folk prophesied the disintegration of New York society, the initiated reminded them that there existed no cause for apprehension, for the mantle of Elijah had descended upon the proud, capable shoulders of Alice Partridge. Time has proven her worthy of that inheritance. She has wielded her authority to conserve and enforce the aristocratic traditions of our republican society. If in the social life of New York and Newport there exists a remnant of exclusiveness, an implication of barriers not lightly to be set aside, it is due chiefly to the efforts of Mrs. Partridge. And if in London and Paris American society has achieved European recognition, that, likewise, must be credited to her.

Ten years after her marriage Mrs. Partridge began that extension of her conquests which culminated, after the war, in the capitulation of London. Three years ago her annual ball in Curzon Street was graced by the presence of the Prince of Wales, the King of Spain, and the ex-King of Portugal. That left her, like Alexander, without worlds to conquer. Unlike him, she did not regret it. She had reason to feel satisfaction with the remarkable strategy that had carried her, by a circuitous route, from Fifth Avenue to Mayfair. A quarter of a century ago Colonel (then Commodore) Partridge and his wife entertained Kaiser Wilhelm on board their yacht at Kiel. Two years ago, in final symbol of Mrs. Partridge's achievement, they entertained King George on

board their yacht at Cowes. What the German admiralty had failed to accomplish, that Mrs. Partridge had achieved. She had taken her ship from Kiel to Cowes, and had captured the King. This exploit had consumed more than twenty years—years of unflagging vigilance and unremitting effort, of patience and perseverance and single-minded devotion to a cause. Who, then, shall say that Mrs. Partridge is less enterprising than Lindbergh, less courageous than the first man who ever ate a lobster?

II

Thanks to the Sunday supplements and the magazines, the American public is familiar with the exteriors and interiors of the various residences occupied by the Partridges. There is the old brownstone mansion on Fifth Avenue, strong as Gibraltar in the swirling tide of trade. There is the palatial villa at Newport, justly famous for its lovely gardens. There is Byewater House in Curzon Street, which for many years the Partridges have always leased for the London season. There is La Folie, the charming villa at Cannes which Colonel Partridge purchased when the franc seemed destined to inevitable disappearance. There is the ancestral estate at Rhinecliff-on-Hudson, which the Partridges rarely occupy, but which furnishes them with costly flowers from its greenhouses. There is, likewise, the *Penthesilea*, Colonel (still Commodore) Partridge's luxurious flagship. And there is Abercroftie Castle on the Scottish moors which every few years the Partridges lease for the August shooting season. It is unnecessary to describe these establishments, so frequently have they been pictured.

For its indispensable familiarity with the appearance of the Partridge residences, the American public is indebted to a modest, efficient young woman, Susan Adams. Before becoming assistant social secretary to Mrs. Partridge Miss Adams was associated with a public relations counsellor, which is the title adopted by fastidious publicity experts. In that capacity she acquired the technic of publicity, and now it is her special function to control the appearance of Mrs. Partridge's name in the American press. It is a less difficult task than popularizing an actress, a more difficult task than popularizing a new brand of biscuits. It is due to Miss Adams's efforts that the American public has become aware of Mrs. Partridge's pronounced distaste for publicity, which she considers vulgar and seeks to avoid. It is likewise due to Miss Adams that the American public is constantly favored with accounts of Mrs. Partridge's hospitalities, peregrinations, philanthropies; with intimate, exclusive photographs of herself, her residences, her festivities. To those whose acquaintance with Mrs. Partridge's existence is restricted to the published accounts of it, that existence seems an incessant round of pleasures and distractions. Only her intimates and her personal attendants are aware that Mrs. Partridge leads a laborious and exacting life. No magnate of the industrial world is more acutely conscious of his responsibilities than is Mrs. Partridge of hers. No emperor of international finance is more completely in bondage to his far-flung interests than is Mrs. Partridge to hers. And neither magnate nor financier devotes to his work more mental effort or physical energy than does Mrs. Partridge to her task of social leadership. *Noblesse oblige*, she reflects, and faces her onerous routine with fortitude, determined, like royalty, to fulfill the obligations of her position.

Like royalty, Mrs. Partridge follows a program that permits few deviations and almost no personal preferences. Early every November the Fifth Avenue mansion is refurbished and prepared for occupancy. On the first night of the opera season, Mrs. Partridge appears in her parterre box for the second act and leaves it before the last act begins. She

returns home to receive the guests at the first of her two annual balls, a function which for the past thirty years has proclaimed the opening of the New York season. By Christmas the yacht is put in commission, and Mrs. Partridge, accompanied by the Colonel and their guests, departs for a fortnight's cruise in southern waters. In mid-February she deserts New York once more, going abroad until the last week in March, either to Cannes or to Egypt. From the last week in March until the middle of May she resumes her social activities in New York. In May she sails for a fortnight of shopping in Paris before taking possession of Byewater House for the London season. London holds her until the end of July, when, if she has not taken Abercroftie for the August shooting, she returns to America. August and September find her in residence at Newport. Essentially conservative, she is entirely loyal to Newport, and considers Southampton a trifle parvenu and ambitious. But Colonel Partridge likes to make visits to Southampton on the yacht, and occasionally she accompanies him, indulging what she terms his taste for the simple life. The month of October, while the Colonel is away cruising, she employs for a flying trip to Paris on behalf of her wardrobe. And in November the round begins again. Miss Adams could tell you that Mrs. Partridge is indefatigable, unsparing of her energy. "Madame, she nevaire rrrest; she always busy; she work verrry hard," remarks Lucille, her personal maid, with an eloquent shrug of shoulders and lift of eyebrows. "What would you? She must do so much. Assuredly she work!" Work? When you read about it in the society columns, it doesn't seem like work. But it is. At fifty-eight Mrs. Cortland Partridge is working as hard as ever.

Work? She doesn't flinch at work! It is essential to the maintenance of her position; perpetual activity is the price that she pays for the security of leadership. To relax that activity would be to abandon the field to any of a half-dozen aspiring rivals. Or, even more reprehensibly, since she is certain that none of her rivals is capable of carrying on the tradition, to abandon her post would be to surrender society in New York and Newport to the barbarian invaders. Observe her as she moves among her guests at one of her balls, ropes of pearls at her throat, an emerald-and-diamond tiara confining her graying hair. Her expression is that of carefree assurance, and well it may be! A thousand invitations to the function have been sent out. Mrs. Partridge is not personally acquainted with all of her guests, nor are they with one another. But the lists have been prepared by her exceedingly competent secretaries, and it is their duty to make certain that no ineligibles are included. For inclusion in the list of guests is equivalent to membership in the socially elect of New York and Newport. Whatever may occur in other homes no less magnificent, at Mrs. Partridge's you will meet no parvenus, no war-profiteers, no questionable young men or girls of uncertain status, and no Jews. Mrs. Partridge has chosen to forget, and nobody would be rude enough to remind her, that her paternal grandmother was a barmaid in San Francisco whose virtue old Caleb Strong was neither the first to enjoy nor the last to appreciate. (But he made amends by marrying her, and she was a good mother to his sons.) Lizzie Strong's granddaughter may be lacking in piety toward her ancestry, but nobody can accuse her of making concessions to undesirable, unsuitable associations. To her infinite chagrin, her only son takes after old Caleb; she married him to Elspeth Bleekman who, after two years, divorced him; he promptly married a young waitress in a Florida tearoom. Neither Mrs. Partridge nor the Colonel has seen young Cortland since his disgrace. They do not communicate with him and they never mention him, even to each other. To them he is as dead as old Lizzie Strong. But some-

times, as she watches the young folks dance at her parties, Alice Partridge sees a flashing smile, or hears an agreeable voice, that reminds her of Cortland's. At such times you will see her frown even though she may be smiling. Her parties are immaculate; and, as an added precaution, private detectives scrutinize every guest with orders to procure the immediate departure of anyone so ill-advised as to attempt the offensive practice of "crashing in."

Every year Mrs. Partridge sends out invitations to six large dances; two in New York, two in London, and two in Newport. She does not enjoy these functions. Rather, she considers them a nuisance and a bore; and in this she is not far from right. It has never occurred to her, however, to discontinue dispensing hospitality upon the grand scale. She is aware that the thousand guests who dance in her ballrooms, consume her champagne, and nibble at her excellent refections enjoy these parties little more than herself. She knows, and they know, that they would have a far more amusing time in any night-club. But she continues to invite them, and they continue to accept. For these parties have become fixed institutions in the social calendar. They provide an occasion for other hostesses to give dinner parties, taking their guests on to Mrs. Partridge's. They provide periodic opportunities for everyone to see everyone else, of which, in these days, there are too few. They constitute almost the sole permanent rendez-vous of society in a period when magnificence has gone out of fashion and hostesses have become lazy or irresponsible. The continuance of these balls is of a piece with Mrs. Partridge's refusal to abandon the brownstone mansion on Fifth Avenue, although the site is worth a king's ransom and trade surrounds it; with her refusal to abandon the mansion in favor of a more modern house in Sutton Place or an apartment on Park Avenue. Mrs. Partridge considers retention of the old-fashioned mansion, continuance of the great balls, as obligations inseparable from her position. In our republican society, she reflects, her annual balls are the equivalent of the annual courts at Buckingham Palace.

But Mrs. Partridge greatly prefers the smaller gatherings at which she reunites her friends. She enjoys the intimate dinner parties to which fifty guests are invited. On these occasions the head gardener at Rhinecliff sends down five hundred choice flowers from the conservatories, and the lower floor of the mansion looks precisely as it did when prepared for the stately funeral of the elder Cortland Partridge; only the bier is lacking. Times have changed since Mrs. Partridge first entertained in the old walnut-and-damask rooms. When she was a young matron she offered her guests perfect viands and vintage wines; they expected no more. But to-day, as she has learned, guests will not come, even to her house, merely to partake of her dinners and one another's society. In addition to these pleasures, she is forced to offer them some diversion and, as if this were not bad enough, they are apt to be critical of her entertainment. So, on the evenings of her dinner parties she usually contrives an occasion for her hospitality, and invites another fifty friends to arrive at ten and share it. It may be the appearance of a singer from the Metropolitan or of a celebrated violinist or pianist. She knows that most of her guests have no ear and less taste for music (she, herself, never attends a concert!); but she is positive that, whatever the status of their musical culture, they will not admit being bored by soloists whose fees for private appearances run to two thousand dollars. If her guests are chiefly of the younger generation, she hires the most expensive, most fashionable dance orchestra of the moment. And last year, when all New York was talking of a handsome Russian who drew music from the air by waving his slim hands above a device resembling a radio set, Mrs. Partridge engaged his services to regale her guests with an un-

certain, but miraculous, rendition of "Home Sweet Home" as it might be performed on a saw.

Mrs. Partridge's luncheons are justly celebrated. They are what the French would describe as restrained, meaning exclusive. No more than thirty guests are invited. The origin of these luncheons is to be attributed to Mrs. Partridge's experience of English society. In London there are hostesses renowned for their political influence, whose luncheons bring together the parliamentary leaders, the principal political journalists, and the administrative heads of His Majesty's government. Mrs. Partridge has always desired to develop in New York a similarly significant hospitality. But this aspiration has been impeded by two obstacles. Politics, in America, is not a gentleman's profession: the gentlemen whom Mrs. Partridge would entertain are not politicians, and the only available politicians are not gentlemen. Besides, she knows nothing whatever about politics. Under these circumstances Mrs. Partridge has been very resourceful. It occurred to her that finance in America is the approximate equivalent to politics in England. She determined to inaugurate a series of luncheons to which she would invite, in addition to the most fashionable women of her acquaintance, the most prominent American bankers and lawyers, as well as members of the foreign diplomatic corps at Washington. By thus giving an international flavor to these functions, she hoped to rival Lady Bletherstowe's Thursday luncheons in London. In certain ways her project succeeded; in others it proved a failure. All of her invited guests accepted with alacrity, but international affairs never developed as a topic of conversation. Instead, to her serious disappointment, her guests conversed frivolously for two hours, consulted their watches, pleaded pressing engagements elsewhere, and departed after expressing their fervent appreciation of her hospitality.

It was the capable Miss Adams who suggested the scheme that assured the luncheons their present celebrity. Said Miss Adams, "Do you not think that it would be an excellent plan to have a distinguished guest of honor for every luncheon? We must have for each one somebody whom everybody wants to meet, and we must be the first to have him. Now, I hear that Roger Farquhar, the author of *Nineteen-and-a-Half* is due in New York next month. So is Philippe Couteau, whose *Orpheus Gone Gaga* is the current rage of Paris, not to mention Ernst Wohlgemuth, whose lives of Schiller and Robespierre are best sellers. And Von Eckendorf, who wrote *Excursions of a Psychologist* . . ."

"What's the idea?" queried Mrs. Partridge, doubtfully. "I don't know them. I haven't read their books, and I don't want to read them. Literary people are impossible socially."

"But you don't have to read their books, Mrs. Partridge," the secretary interposed smoothly. "I'll tell you enough about them to get you out of the rough. And, I assure you, these celebrities will be the making of your luncheons. I'll arrange one for you. We'll have Roger Farquhar. Leave it all to me!"

Reluctantly, Mrs. Partridge gave her consent; she dislikes social innovations. Miss Adams proceeded rapidly with the arrangements. In Mrs. Partridge's name she secured the presence of four prominent critics, five influential editors, and two columnists, with whom the hostess was previously unacquainted. On the appointed day intellect, fashion, finance, and a sprinkling of beauty awaited the arrival of Roger Farquhar. "I hear," Mrs. Partridge observed to a friend, "that he's one of those shy, attractive young Englishmen. You know the kind, my dear." Roger Farquhar entered, attired in disreputable tweeds. He was one of those young Englishmen whose shyness is so excessive that their first impulse is to annihilate you, lest you embarrass them by your courtesy. He was studiously arrogant, impeccably rude. He was acquainted with none of

Mrs. Partridge's London friends. When she mentioned Lady Bletherstowe he laughed. "That senile dodo? Why, she's very old hat, now. Nobody goes near the old thing, any more. Pull yourself together, Mrs. Partridge!" Mrs. Partridge thought him an insufferable bounder, but her guests were charmed by him. And when, a few days later, one of her rivals expressed envy of Mrs. Partridge's good fortune in having been the first to entertain him, Mrs. Partridge murmured, "Yes, Roger is an adorable lad. And we agree so well about people in London. Fancy, my dear, he thinks Lady Bletherstowe very old hat; quite a senile dodo, in fact. And I must say that I've always thought her just that, myself. But you must come to luncheon on Thursday, for I'm having Ernst Wohlgemuth and Philippe Couteau. Of course, I needn't tell you who they are!"

So, under the skilful guidance of Miss Adams, Mrs. Partridge has made it fashionable for society to meet the distinguished foreign artists who annually visit our shores. She is informed about their books, or their paintings, or their symphonies, although she never reads, or attends an exhibition or a concert. She is informed about their private lives and their tastes, and sets them at ease immediately by some tactful remark that displays her interest in all which concerns them. They are invariably flattered by her hospitality, though often bewildered by her interest in them. In her home they are certain to meet precisely the right people, the useful people. And they repay her by carrying back to Europe the tale of her superb, her incomprehensible hospitality.

Thus has she acquired the reputation of a *salonnière*, a patron of the arts. And in the capitals of Europe there is a legend that to be entertained by Mrs. Partridge is an indispensable prerequisite to success in that quaint, barbarous, but fantastically wealthy hunting ground of lecturers across the Atlantic.

III

Once in a very great while Mrs. Partridge succumbs to the normal weariness of her fifty-eight years. When that occurs she cancels her evening engagement, takes to her bed, and has dinner brought to her on a tray. After dinner she tries to read, but usually fails. She suffers from a slight insomnia, and sleep is out of the question. So she is apt to fall into a soothing revery, restful and aimless. Her retrospect of her life is sunny, almost without shadow. Her marriage, as marriages go, has been conspicuously successful. If the Colonel has been unfaithful to her, he has at least been tactful enough to conceal his escapades. If it were not for young Cortland, she might claim complete happiness. Of course Isabel, her only daughter, for whose sake she undertook to conquer London, has been a disappointment. During Isabel's childhood she planned for her a brilliant alliance; in London her persistence earned her the sobriquet of "the Grouse." "The grouse, who sits waiting for His Majesty to shoot her," was the disrespectful description of her early seasons in London. She had hoped to marry Isabel to a duke; perhaps to a prince, even *the* prince, but failing that, a duke at the least. But Isabel had returned home from a Long Island weekend to announce her marriage to a nice, but absolutely unimportant young man, the son of simple middle-class folk! In her disappointment she had wanted to forbid Isabel the house, but the Colonel had refused to permit it; to break off relations with both their children would give rise to scandal. One was enough; besides, he was genuinely fond of Isabel. So she accepted the marriage, though she has never forgiven Isabel her disappointment. . . .

Sometimes, when she is thus reviewing her life, Mrs. Partridge remembers two classmates at Miss Rendall's school whose subsequent careers have been so unlike her own. One of these is Gladys

Reynolds, who married Lord Burnham-Cliffe. The other is Marion Austin, who married Peter Scaleford. Gladys Burnham-Cliffe has become a typical Englishwoman. She loves her adopted country; she has a greater affection for her husband's ancestral estates than he has. She is the chief Conservative hostess in Dorset, her husband's home county, and campaigns for the party candidate whenever the seat is contested. She manages, and makes a considerable profit from, a stud-farm. She exercises a benevolent influence in behalf of her husband's tenantry. She is expert in scientific agriculture, and her co-operation is often requested by Parliamentary committees. She has never ceased to be fashionable, and her invitations are among the most sought of the London season.

Poor Marion Scaleford has not been so fortunate. Ten years after her marriage Peter Scaleford's bank collapsed in the panic of 1907, and Peter blew out his brains with a shotgun. Marion, with two small children, was left almost penniless. But one of Peter's friends offered to back her in a real-estate office, and Marion promptly accepted. She dropped out of society, as Mrs. Partridge understands it, became engrossed in her expanding business, and devoted most of her evenings to her children. She put both of them through college. The son is a splendid chap, and an excellent admiralty lawyer. The daughter married Ralph Van Alstyne, heir to the sugar millions. But Marion has refused to abandon her business, saying that she would not know what to do with leisure. She is youthful in manner and carriage, is bright-eyed and merry, and looks thirty-eight, though she is twenty years older than that. Mrs. Partridge envies Marion's figure, her zest for life, and, somewhat wistfully, is jealous of the astonishing affection that Marion's children display for their mother.

Mrs. Partridge, although she seeks to deny it even to herself, is getting on in years, and with the years she is becoming increasingly weary. Sometimes she wonders what lies ahead of her before the last flowers are sent down for her from Rhinecliff and she is taken to the family vault in Woodlawn. She remembers the Colonel's mother in her last years, a frightening, domineering old woman with a white wig, sitting alone and bitter in an upper room of the mansion that is now hers. The old lady's sons were afraid of her and saw her as rarely as possible; her daughters had married abroad and seldom came home. Society had forgotten her, though she had been its acknowledged ruler in the seventies and eighties, the great predecessor of old Mrs. Astor. Everybody had forgotten her except the family physician and the family lawyers; small comfort she had from them! Her grandchildren called upon her dutifully once every week, and whimpered until their governesses took them away. Mrs. Partridge has no grandchildren, though Cortland's wife, the former waitress, is said to be in an "interesting condition." Will the waitress's child be brought to call upon her? Well, it will be Cortland's child, likewise. . . . An old, lonely, frightening woman, such was her mother-in-law; reduced at the last to bribing her butler to serve a little of the pâté-de-foie-gras she loved which the physician forbade. A white wig, an embittered disposition, and an appetite —that had been all which remained of the reigning queen of society. Her children had been relieved by her death, for it released to them her life interest in their father's fortune.

Mrs. Partridge shudders when she thinks of her mother-in-law's last years. She is lonely now, despite her crowded calendar, though she won't acknowledge it. If she were to abandon all her innumerable social activities—most of which by their very repetition have become tedious—she would have nothing wherewith to replace them, to fill up the otherwise empty years. If she were gracefully to retire from social leadership,

relinquishing command to a younger woman, she would become merely another superannuated dowager, invited by a tolerant younger generation for a few years, and then forgotten. There is nothing to do but to go on. It is pleasant to cling to the symbols of power, though the power itself may not be eternally sweet, may not, in the end, be worth the effort expended in securing it. Mrs. Partridge wonders whether Gladys Burnham-Cliffe, or Marion Scaleford, or she herself has had the better life.

When this question occurs to her, she knows that it is time for her to have a sleeping-tablet. It is an indulgence which she permits herself only when she realizes that she is unreasonably depressed. Then she sleeps well and always enjoys the next day.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SUNDIAL

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

SENSELESS with beauty pressing like a flame
Around me in this sunlit garden-close—
Blue of the larkspur, yellow of the rose,
White lilies holier than any name—
What can I be that I have earned a place
Where tulips ring their gold cathedral bell,
Where poppies lean upon the air and tell
Their scarlet secrets with an upturned face?
What right have I to know the touch of things
Intangible as wind and shadows' wings,
Things that can never know there is an hour,
A day, a year, only eternity;
Oh, what am I to stand here patiently
And count away the heartbeats of a flower?

NINETEEN YEARS IN THE POISONOUS TRADES

BY ALICE HAMILTON, M.D.

IT was in April 1910, while I was living in Hull-House, that I left the laboratory of bacteriological research in which I had worked on agglutinins and bactericidins and opsonins with great contentment of spirit for some seven years, and took a year's leave of absence in order to assume charge of a survey of the poisonous trades of Illinois for a commission just appointed by Governor Deneen. Taking charge proved to mean doing much of the survey myself, and so interesting did I find it that I never went back to the laboratory, and ever since then I have been following the trail of lead, mercury, nitric acid, carbon disulphide, carbon monoxide, explosives, aniline dyes, benzol, and a long list of chemicals with complicated names which would suggest little to most readers but which are interestingly varied in their uses and in their effects on that more or less unconscious victim, the worker. Now, nineteen years later, I find myself looking back to the early days and meditating on the great changes that have taken place.

It is almost impossible to believe that only so short a time ago American physicians could have been as ignorant about the whole subject of diseases of occupation as we actually were. We knew little and cared less. Indeed, the subject was not quite respectable in the eyes of the profession; it was felt to carry a flavor of sentimentality if not of socialism—Bolshevism had not yet been discovered; and usually if a physician were questioned about sickness in a dangerous trade he would answer that the men were suffering only from drink and their wives' poor cooking. Lead poisoning was hardly ever recognized unless palsy or colic was present, which is as if alcoholism were never admitted unless accompanied by an attack of delirium tremens.

The Illinois survey was the first one to be initiated by a State, but already there had been an important and very successful Federal investigation of an industrial poison, white phosphorus as used in making matches. This form of poisoning, which is slow and painful and very disfiguring, had given rise to so much public protest in Europe that finally in 1906, after many unsuccessful efforts to prevent it by all sorts of hygienic measures, the important industrial countries came to an international agreement —the "Berne Convention"—not to manufacture or import any white-phosphorus matches, but to use instead the non-poisonous sesquisulphide. American adherence to this convention was one of the many things forbidden by our Constitution, but we did not care particularly at that time, for we were serenely convinced that our match factories were much better than any foreign ones and nobody knew of any cases of phossy jaw over there. But shortly after, in the course of a study of the work and wages of women and children, the Federal Bureau of Labor discovered some sixteen cases of this unmistakable form of poisoning in

match factories and commissioned John M. Andrews, now of the American Association for Labor Legislation, to make a country-wide survey of the industry. He found that over one hundred and fifty cases had occurred, some very severe, requiring the removal of a lower jawbone, or an upper, or both, or the loss of an eye, and resulting in terribly disfiguring scars, sometimes in death from blood poisoning. This discovery was so startling that it was possible to enlist public support at once and the help of the largest match company, so that the Esch Law could be passed and white phosphorus banished from this country. We are told now that this law is also quite unconstitutional, but fortunately nobody knew it at the time. This was a great reform, but never again has so simple a situation faced us: a poison of known action used in one trade only; a safe substitute available; a form of poisoning so characteristic as to be recognized easily and so disfiguring that the victims arouse pity wherever they appear. I have often thought that if other poisons registered their effect on the human face, the work of the industrial sanitarian would be much easier.

In spite of the revelation made by Andrews that very severe poisoning might be going on in a large industry with neither public nor physicians knowing anything about it, the spirit of ignorant optimism still prevailed when we began our Illinois study. It was pioneer work. There was practically no information to be had even with regard to the use in different trades of lead, mercury, arsenic, coal tar benzol, wood alcohol. The factories had to be sought out, and after that came the problem of discovering whether any poisoning had resulted among the workers. In the other important industrial countries wage earners have insurance against sickness; and the records obtained in this way form a body of statistical data about the diseases of occupation and their increase under bad conditions, their decrease under stricter regulations, which is of the greatest value to the student. But in this country nothing of the sort exists. The student must pick up what information he can from all possible sources, knowing always that his facts fall far short of the truth. As I remember it, the most nearly complete figures I secured in those days were obtained by examining about one hundred and fifty sanitary-ware enamellers who, luckily for me, were on strike at the time. Most of them met me in the rear room of a Polish saloon, the rest in a shack which they had turned into temporary headquarters. There, without any fear of losing their jobs, they were quite ready to let me find out whether or not they were "leaded." But usually the cases were picked up here and there from doctors, hospitals, priests, apothecaries, and by following clues through city tenements and workers' cottages.

The most important poison our survey dealt with was lead, and before many months had passed we were able to declare that seventy-seven different occupations in Illinois had given rise to lead poisoning during the two previous years. Our visits to workshops convinced us that much of this was preventable; but we had seen no other methods of manufacture and did not know what were the practical ways to prevent it. That summer there was a meeting of the International Congress of Occupational Disease in Brussels, and the Illinois Commission sent me over to attend it and to make visits to English and German lead works to see if their methods were better than ours. At that time I still believed, as did all Americans, that we had much less trade poisoning than foreign countries, and that our superiority was due to better methods of manufacture, larger and more excellent factories, and the better health of our working classes, which last depended on higher wages, better housing, and better food. But none of these assumptions survived the actual sight of English and German

plants and workmen's dwellings, nor the study of their sickness records. With all the incompleteness of our figures, I had actually collected a far larger number of cases of lead poisoning in all these trades than were recorded in the foreign reports, though the latter were based on a physical examination once a week or once a fortnight of every man employed.

Here are some of the figures which came out from a comparative study of the same lead industry in this country, in England, and in Germany. A factory in England employing 182 men had no case of poisoning in 1910; a German factory employing 150 had two cases; an American, employing 142 had 25 cases and another with only 70–80 men had no less than 11 cases in two months, or a rate of 66 a year. The English statistics for 1910 showed 1,320 persons employed in white lead in Newcastle-on-Tyne with 5 cases of lead poisoning, one for every 264. In Illinois that year there were about 430 men in white lead work, and 63 cases (three fatal) or a rate of one for every seven.

The form of lead poisoning was often severe and rapid in those days, in fact, we saw extreme cases of anæmia, wasting, premature hardening of the arteries, palsies, and early senility such as foreign authorities were then describing as a picture out of the past, something no modern medical man could hope to see. We could even match the descriptions drawn by the great French authority in the early nineteenth century, Tanquerel des Planches. Lead convulsions, lead delirium, lead insanity were all rarities abroad; but by the end of 1911 we had brought to light no less than fifty-two cases of these severe forms of lead poisoning in spite of our crude and incomplete ways of gathering data.

II

The Illinois study came to an end in 1911 but, instead of returning to bacteriology, I began to do similar work for the Federal Bureau of Labor which, shortly after, became the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the newly formed Department of Labor. The surveys were made now not state by state but trade by trade, following one lead trade after the other all over the country. Everywhere conditions were much the same; occupational poisoning was almost unknown over the greater part of each State, and then, suddenly, one would come upon what the epidemiologist would call an "endemic focus," a region in which it was so common that everyone was familiar with it in all its manifestations, perhaps a village around a lead smelter, or a pottery town making "art pottery" with colored glazes rich in lead, or an enamelled-ware works in a crowded foreign quarter of the city.

Perhaps you will wonder whether it was not a money loss to an employer to have so much sickness among his employees. Not necessarily, if there were no compulsory compensation for such disease; and at that time there was none. An actual money loss may be hard to prove. Changes in machinery and exhausts to carry off fumes and dust cost money, so does an adequate medical service and, if the work is largely unskilled and there are plenty of unemployed, it may easily be more economical to let things alone and trust to the community to look after the disabled workers.

There were of course humane employers who were anxious to lessen the sickness among their lead workers and they would appeal to physicians for advice; but so great was the ignorance on the subject among physicians at that time that the advice was often worse than useless. I found rubber gloves introduced in one dusty white lead works on the advice of a doctor as the best way to protect men who were obliged in their work to breathe poisonous white lead powder all through the working day. Another physician was responsible for an elaborately equipped bath house for furnace men who worked on open smelting hearths, breathing thick fumes of

lead oxide from the red-hot ore. The physician attached to a large lead smelter (he had, however, never been inside it) told me that he always advised the men to scrub their finger nails so as to avoid lead poisoning. I had just been over the plant and had seen the lifting and dumping of a huge roasting pot, the red-hot ore falling with a crash to a grating, and the men running up into the cloud of dust and fumes to break with hoes the larger pieces and push them through the grating. These were the men who were to escape poisoning by brushing their nails.

With so little expert advice to follow, well-meaning employers and foremen tried to protect the men in the only way they knew, by exposing them to the poison for as short a time as possible. If there were a very bad job on hand, such as emptying white lead from drying pans with shovels, cleaning out the flues of lead furnaces, the foreman would not put his regular force on but would hire a gang for a short time, rush the work through, and discharge them, hoping that they would not have had time to get very sick. In those days a large labor turnover was considered a proper precaution, and many a foreman told me that he relied on it to prevent serious plumbism; indeed, it was practically the only protective measure used in some plants. Labor was abundant and cheap; sick men simply disappeared; their places were taken by others, and the charities paid the bill if it ever was paid. Some great lead smelters expected to lose as much as thirty per cent of their force each monthly pay day. We know now, as foreigners had long known, that the greater the number of casual laborers in lead work the higher will be the rate of lead poisoning.

It is hard to believe that this situation existed in plants which I know to-day as models in management. Back in those days I was discussing with the head of a large white-lead works a proposed law for Illinois which would provide compensation for lead poisoning. The man was amazed at my suggestion. "Do you mean to say," he demanded, "that if a man gets poisoned in my place I am to be held responsible?" That law has been in effect now some eighteen years, and I am sure my friend the manager has long ago forgotten that he ever opposed it, for certainly everything possible is done in his plant to prevent harm to the men and, if a case of poisoning develops, compensation is paid without question.

An agent of the Federal Board of Labor has no authority at all to interfere with a workplace, no matter how bad it may be, nor even to enter it against the owners' wish; but in some way the impression obtained among manufacturers that a visit from a Washington official was a serious matter and a good impression must be made. It is pleasant to record the fact that I can remember only two large factories which refused to let me enter for fear I might find out damaging things. The others all threw open their doors, but sometimes did try to cover up what they knew was bad. One such experience is still vivid in my memory. This was an enormous lead works in the Middle West where very hazardous work went on, and the men in charge were young and in a desperate hurry to make money; yet they had a pride in their plant and wanted to defend it against Government critics. The day I reached the town, instead of going at once to the plant, I decided to visit the workmen's homes and talk things over with them and their wives; for often such talk would call my attention to details which, otherwise, I might miss when I was shown over the working places. It was, I think, the most depressing industrial community I have ever seen. The people were full of malaria, hookworm, and lead; the town was nothing but a group of unpainted wooden shacks, and the only sign of community organization was a water cart which made the rounds peddling water from barrels by the pail, and a drugstore with patent medicines. But the most surprising thing about my

visits in the village was the fact that everybody knew I was expected. The first woman who came to the door said, "Oh, you're the lady from Washington," and when I asked her how she knew about me, she said, "We all knew you was coming. They've been cleaning up for you something fierce. Why in the room where my husband works they tore out the ceiling, because they couldn't cover up the red lead. And a doctor came and looked at all the men and them that's got lead, forty of them, has got to keep to home the day you're there." Well, it was both irritating and amusing. Of course I knew that I had no power to cause the managers the slightest discomfort, but I was thankful they thought I had; on the other hand, I was provoked to know that I should not see the real state of things but a hastily arranged special show. The most amusing part came when I had been over the plant and sat down in the office to face four pleased and proud young men and then watched their jaws drop when I told them what I had learned in the village. There was an awful silence, but, of course, we could not help laughing, and they gaily admitted the fraud, promised to let me see the doctor's report, and to do everything they could to make the temporary reforms permanent, including a regular medical examination of the lead men.

III

The lead trades continued to absorb me up to the spring of 1916, for this is by far the most widespread of the poisonous substances used in industry. Then came a new problem—munition poisons in the making of explosives; for by that time we were producing large quantities for the Allies and handling unfamiliar poisons in a pretty reckless way. High explosives are all nitrated compounds, so that quantities of nitric acid had to be produced; picric acid for the French, and trinitrotoluene for the British and the Russians, called for benzol and toluol; so coke by-products plants sprang up and plants for the nitration of these compounds and for the production of gun cotton. All this involved new and serious dangers to the workers.

Up to the Armistice it was my duty to investigate the making and loading of these explosives (loading means filling shells and mines), and it was a profoundly depressing work. It was not only the sight of men sickening and dying in the effort to produce something that would wound or kill other men like themselves (that was bad enough and certainly shook my belief in the intelligence of the human race), but it was also my helplessness to protect them against quite unnecessary dangers. After the first year we were ourselves at war, and the industrial world seemed to be given over to a sort of joyous ruthlessness, which, I think, came not so much from greed for profits as from the intoxication of bigness, big plants, reckless spending (the "cost-plus" system made economy absurd), sudden rise to importance of mediocre people, and, of course, with it went impatience of interference and criticism. There was a small committee of physicians appointed by the War Labor Board who worked hard for the adoption of protective measures, such as England had formulated and enforced in her munition plants; but they could not prevail against the arrogance of the manufacturers, the indifference of those higher up, and the contempt of the trades unions for non-union labor. England and France, facing an emergency infinitely greater than ours, took thought to protect their munition workers, but we did not. Our physicians' committee could never get the authorities to adopt its instructions for the protection of workers against TNT, picric acid, nitrous fumes, and the rest; all it got, after months of effort, was a hygienic code, not as strict as the English, and not compulsory, which was first published some five months after the Armistice.

The War over, I was sent to make a short excursion into the steel industry to discover something about "gassing"

—carbon monoxide poisoning—especially whether industrial cases were followed by paralyses or psychoses, as has been true of cases caused by exhaust gas from motor cars in private life. It was an unfortunate moment to choose. The great steel strike of 1919 had just been broken, with the help of martial law and of men from the Department of Justice who were believed by the strikers—rightly or wrongly does not matter—to have acted as agents provocateurs. The result was a bitter, sullen, suspicious atmosphere in which it was impossible to secure the simplest information. For the first time I found that my connection with the Federal Government, instead of opening all doors as it always had before, now only made me an object of resentment and distrust. Gary, South Bethlehem, and the satellite towns around Pittsburgh were secretive and hostile, and no efforts of mine could break down the wall, so the investigation yielded little of value.

It was not a situation to make an American proud. I can think back and see a hideous town filled with a defeated army, the great mills more formidable than a fortress, stretched out for seven miles along the river, the rows of unpainted sooty houses facing them, with grassless yards, devoid not only of all beauty and cleanliness but even of a decent drainage system. In 1919 one was not supposed to think of Germany except with contempt; but as I looked down on those wretched streets, I thought of the Krupps' Essen, with its charming houses and its admirable sanitation, and I wondered at the American fear of "paternalism," which can make a steel company refuse to surround its workers with health, comfort, and beauty, while permitting it to crush out all trace of independent unionism among its workers and reduce them to the helplessness of single individuals face to face with a great corporation. The German workman has freedom to combine with his fellows but not to live in sewerless streets; the American has just the reverse.

IV

As I look back over these nineteen years, especially the last ten, the changes which appear are very great and almost all are to the good. While these years have seen some of the dangers in industry grow worse (speeding up, monotony, increase in dangerous dusts in such work as sand blasting and granite cutting, and the introduction of many new poisons), yet the improvements more than overbalance them. The twelve-hour day and seven-day week are almost things of the past. Fatigue from monotony and speeding is recognized as an evil, and there are many efforts to lessen it. Poisons, dangerous dusts, heat, and humidity are acknowledged to be the responsibility of the employers, and they are rarely entirely neglected. Indeed, it can be said that now not only the health but the contentment of the worker is a matter of real solicitude to his master. An elderly man, who is superintendent of one of the plants which belongs to a large company, was talking to me not long ago about this very change in attitude. The president of the company had asked whether this man was liked by the employees and expressed pleasure on hearing that he was. "Twenty years ago," the superintendent told me, "if anyone had told the old president that I was popular with the men, he would have fired me because he would have been sure that I was not getting enough work out of them."

Many factors have contributed to this new spirit in the industrial world. One is the greater scarcity of labor and the knowledge, gained during the War, that it is wasteful to have a large turnover, even of unskilled labor; so that now a foreman must be able to hold his men or he will lose his place. Another is the pressure of insurance companies which write industrial insurance and which have a distinct interest in keeping down the death rate. A third is the influence of the National Safety Council, which is made up of industrialists and insurance

companies, and is devoted to the prevention of accidents and sickness in industry. The chief factor, however, is the passing of laws for the compensation of accidental injuries in industry.

Up to very recent years if men were crippled or even killed in the course of their work in most States their employers suffered no loss unless the men or their survivors could win an expensive lawsuit. Then laws were passed in most of the more important industrial States providing compensation for accidents, later on in some States for the diseases caused by occupation. It is not accusing the employer of heartlessness or of wilful neglect in saying that a law was needed to bring about these reforms. It was only after the passage of such a law that many an employer discovered what was actually happening in his plant.

For instance, when the Illinois law was passed in 1911 a large company was approached by an insurance agent who offered to insure it against accidents but at a very high rate. "Why do you ask a rate like that?" demanded the officials. The agent answered, "Look at your yearly accident record." Well, of course, they never had looked at it and they refused to consider the offer, saying that they would carry their own insurance. At the end of the first year they were so sobered by their experience that they went to work to eliminate accidents, and so fascinating did they find it, that they kept on, taking more and more pride in their now model plant, till at last they could boast not only that they had attained a minimum accident rate, but that they could place almost any handicapped man who wanted work and make him self-supporting. But it all started in the workmen's compensation law.

Along with the changed attitude of the employer went an almost equally great change in the attitude of the medical profession. I think this was distinctly a war product and began with the appointment of a committee of experts to study the action of munition poisons. Ever since then research into industrial poisons, especially lead, manganese, benzol, has gone forward in all the great medical centers, and the same thing is true of the other factors affecting the health of the worker—heat, and humidity, dusts, fatigue. No country now is contributing more to this field of research than is the United States, which less than twenty years ago made so poor a showing. Much of the cost of this work has been borne by industry itself, but the results have been given to the public, regardless of what they showed.

It is, of course, far harder to cope with these problems under our Federal system than it is in centralized Britain, or even in Germany where the different states have the same labor laws. Our forty-eight States have their own labor laws and labor departments which differ much in efficiency, some eight, perhaps, being good, but even these not up to the English standard. The English factory inspector, as I know him, is an educated man with expert knowledge in his own field, and politics has played no part in his appointment; the American is usually not that sort of man; even if he is able to undertake accident prevention, he is likely to be quite ignorant of the prevention of disease. But the Federal Public Health Service has no control over this situation; it cannot even impose a minimum standard, nor can the Department of Labor, and it is easy to imagine the outcry that such a suggestion would arouse. The sovereign States must maintain their right to neglect the safety and health of their wage workers if they wish to.

There is, however, one function which is permitted to the Public Health Service. It may investigate and give advice, and of late it has gone more and more frequently into the industrial field. Everyone will remember the sensation caused in 1924 by the reports of men dying in delirium because of poisoning by tetraethyl lead. Not only was there indigna-

tion over the fate of the workers but fear lest the new poison be a danger for the public if the use of tetraethyl lead gasoline for motor car fuel should become general. After months of controversy Surgeon General Cumming summoned a number of industrialists, chemists, and physicians to Washington to deliberate and decide on what should be done. He had no authority, only the prestige of his office, which was, however, quite sufficient to make his call heeded and, as a result of the conference, a committee of experts was appointed to pronounce on the question of the danger to the public from the use of ethyl gasoline, the companies promising, meantime, to suspend all sale of this gas. They had already rebuilt their plants in order to protect the workers against any repetition of acute poisoning. A year later the committee reported that no evidence had been found of danger to the public and the sale of ethyl gasoline was resumed.

Again in December, 1928 Doctor Cumming summoned another conference, this time on radium poisoning, because of the discovery of this new occupational disease among women employed in painting luminous figures on watches and clocks. Here, too, we are dealing with a new poison whose action is only partly understood and again we do not know whether it is too dangerous to be used or, if not, how we are to protect the users. The representatives of the watch companies have declared that they are willing to do anything that the experts advise, but no expert is as yet in a position to give a final opinion. Again the industry awaits the decision of a committee appointed by the Surgeon General.

Now I doubt if any method of dealing with a new poison in industry would work more promptly and efficiently than does this entirely informal and extra-legal method that we Americans have devised, given a new and striking danger which lends itself to newspaper publicity. But it cannot be used to combat old and familiar dangers, lead, silica dust, mercury, benzol. Nor can it be used for the newer poisons which do not produce spectacular effects; and these are much more numerous. We are introducing new chemicals into industry all the time, chiefly as solvents; and everyone who knows anything about poisons is besieged by anxious manufacturers who do not want to use a new substance which may prove to be dangerous. More often than not we can give them no positive answer, and this usually means that the new chemical will be introduced cautiously and tried out, that is, the workers will serve as experimental laboratory animals, and everyone will hope that the danger, if there is any, will be discovered before it has had time to do much harm. This is, of course, all wrong. Before the War we could trust to the Germans to test on animals every new compound used in industry, and we could follow their results; but German universities no longer have the money for such researches and it does seem that the time has arrived for us to spend our own money on it. The Public Health Service could do it perfectly well if the department of industrial hygiene were given funds to equip a laboratory and employ research workers, and it would not need nearly as much as is given to the Bureau of Standards to enable it to do the same sort of service in the field of industrial production. If a new rubber accelerator is introduced, the Bureau of Standards will test it and inform the manufacturer whether or not it will do the work; but nobody in the Governmental service is in a position to discover for him what effect the compound will have on his employees. It is true that the action of tetraethyl lead was studied by Federal scientists, but only because the Chemical Warfare Service thought it might be useful as a war gas. There is money enough for research into the best way of carrying on an imaginary future war but not for research into dangers facing the wage workers of to-day.

V

In the last three years I have been revisiting the industries I studied in 1910 to 1914 and I have been deeply impressed, not only by the improved methods which have done away with so many dangerous sources of poisonous dusts and vapors, but also by the improved relations between management and working force. Some of the dangerous trades, such as the making of white lead and the roasting of oxides, have been really revolutionized; so has the use of mercury in making felt hats, while the rubber industry and the making of storage batteries have undergone great improvements. It is true that the painters' trade has developed new dangers, as modern speeding up has displaced the brush by the spray gun and brought in cheap and poisonous substitutes for linseed oil; but painters now are alive to these dangers and are trying to protect themselves by legislation or by agreements with master painters. It is true, also, that the granite stone cutters, especially the makers of tombstones, face a greater danger from silica dust than ever before; but here, too, efforts are being made to protect them, while less than ten years ago the trade was energetically denying the existence of any danger at all.

The change in mental attitude on the part of the employers is perhaps even greater than the physical changes. It is seen in almost all the establishments which I revisited. Where once there were hordes of poor immigrants moving in and out of a plant with nobody heeding, in that same plant one finds now a close personal supervision, an effort to hold the men on the job, and to keep them healthy and contented. The doctors who act as consultants or as plant physicians are now experienced men; ignorance and indifference are rare where formerly they were only too common. Take one striking instance. In the old days, which means before the War, it was the rule in a large company employing thousands of men in hazardous and poisonous work to employ physician-surgeons whose salaries were paid by money deducted from the men's pay envelopes, but in whose selection the men had no voice and over whom they had no control. The physician might, and he sometimes did, treat them with neglect and insolence which drove them to seek out doctors whom they could trust, although they were thus forced to pay twice for the care they needed. Now in these same plants the medical service is paid for by the Company, and the doctor must gain the confidence and liking of the men or he cannot hold his place.

This contrast between the old days and the present does warm one's heart and yet it leaves one not quite at rest, still somewhat doubting, not so much because the improvement is as yet incomplete—time may change that—but because its foundations do not seem quite firm. Our country is politically a democracy, and we are in theory opposed to any other form of government; but in industry, which all will admit is much more important, we have instituted a form of feudalism, benevolent often, but controlled by the barons and accepted for good or bad by the peasants. Many examples come to my mind as I write this, but I will choose one, an experience I had in a white-lead works.

This was a truly terrible place, white lead was scattered all over, the men breathed the poisonous dust all through their ten-hour day, sat down to eat their lunch with unwashed hands at benches covered with it, and went home with dust in their hair and on their hands, if they did not actually wear their dusty overalls home. It was easy enough to collect records of lead poisoning from the hospitals near by, but what was one to do next? There was no factory inspection department worthy of the name, no public authority to which the responsibility could be passed. I thought of writing a "muck-raking" article in one of the magazines, but rejected it. This

one plant might be reformed by such an attack, but the result would be to shut me out of most of the others. So I went to see the owner, full of my tale, and then found that I could not tell it. He was an old gentleman, courteous and kind and delighted to hear that I had visited his beloved factory. He told me the history of the business through three generations, showed me old woodcuts of former days, beamed with pride over its phenomenal growth. I could as soon have told him that a beloved child of his was a criminal as to tell him that his plant was unfit to work in. I gave it up, but as I left he said that his son was now in charge, and I caught at that. The son gave me an interview, listened without comment to all my strictures, then said, "Will you please submit that to me in writing and I will see that those matters are attended to." This was no idle promise; he did just that, carried out far-reaching changes in equipment and method so that the place was unrecognizable.

Now that is a pleasant story with a good ending, because, in this case, the factory was under a benevolent despot; but there are despots who are not benevolent, and they cannot be omitted in any description of industrial conditions in this country of ours. For instance there is a large plant doing very hazardous work with lead compounds, work of a kind that will inevitably poison some men unless the greatest precautions are taken. I have known about this plant for fourteen years and it has always been bad but though repeated efforts have been made to bring the management to a realization of the danger and of the need of changes, very little has been changed, and lead poisoning is still largely uncontrolled. Another plant doing the same sort of work is a model, the best in the world, I thought, when I visited it three years ago. What was my dismay to learn shortly after that the former company with its low standards had acquired this excellent plant. It is situated in a State where factory inspection hardly exists; its excellence depended simply and solely on the intelligence and conscientiousness of the manager, who is now no longer in charge. There is literally nothing to prevent its sinking rapidly to the level of the bad plant.

The weakness of our feudal system comes to light again in the cases of absentee landlordism in backward States. I remember a shockingly bad plant, employing youthful labor, too, which was under the charge of two fine young engineers. They assented to all my criticisms; they would gladly have done what was needed, but they were helpless because they could not spend money on the protection of workers. The owner was down in Florida, building a palace, and all he cared about was that they should "produce results." Nothing could be done there until a few years later when, mercifully, the plant changed hands.

Our American method is to oppose as long as possible all kinds of labor legislation, to oppose as much as possible appropriations for labor departments, which means that expert service cannot be secured, to prevent as far as possible all organized control of conditions by the workers, and then to urge with real vigor and sincerity that the individual employer do his best for the protection of his men. And to this appeal the employer usually responds. With characteristic boyishness, he is willing to do many things if he can say that he is doing them because he wants to. If he sees a law looming up he likes to forestall it, to "beat them to it," as he tells me, putting in the changes at once so that he can say later on, "I did that myself long ago; you needn't talk to me." There are also employers' associations whose object is to study the dangers in industry and tell the manager how to avoid them; and I could give instance after instance of the response of manufacturers to the appeals of the National Safety Council. Many a manufacturer is now using some substitute for poison-

ous coal tar benzol, although it costs him more and is less satisfactory, simply because the Council has told him to stop using benzol or he may poison his girls.

But however satisfactory the results may be in individual cases, this is not a dependable system. The National Safety Council is a voluntary organization to whose decisions the employer may yield or not as he pleases. The insurance companies also may bring pressure to bear on him in some States, through his pocket book, but it is for him to decide if he will submit. The system remains, in spite of recent improvements in its workings, essentially an industrial feudalism, wise and kindly for the most part, but surely an anomaly in a modern democratic country, the greatest industrial center in the world.

I suppose an intelligent dictatorship always presents an appearance of great efficiency and beneficence to the general run of observers and that explains why our pride in the working of the so-called "American plan" in industry is sustained by the flattering comments of visiting foreigners, who are naturally shown only our best side, the front door and the entrance hall and the parlor and guest room. But there is another side which they never see—there is a back door and a cellar and a garbage pail and cesspool. For so long as the health, safety, and contentment of the working class are left largely to the good will and intelligence of the employing class, there will always be dark spots of neglect and ignorance and callousness. The "American plan" strikes foreigners as much more efficient than the cumbrous methods of agreement between employers and trades unions, and this is true in the best of our industrial establishments. But foreigners do not see the other side of the so-called open shop, the shops that are open only to non-union men, where an elaborate network of espionage and blacklisting must be maintained to prevent organization among the men, nor do they see how helpless is the open-shop employee when the employer happens not to be a wise, far-seeing, and kindly man. The foreigner sees the model factories, built and maintained with what he considers lavish generosity; but he is never shown the dirty, ill-ventilated, hot, and poisonous plants which would be closed down promptly if they tried to operate in those backward lands from which our guests come.

Let me describe a striking contrast which came to my attention some three years ago, when I was making a survey of the storage battery industry here and abroad. This is notoriously one of the most dangerous of the lead trades, for a battery is a collection of molded leaden grids into which is rubbed a paste of lead oxides. In making the paste and applying it there is much danger from the lead dust; indeed, when I made my first survey in 1914 the rate of poisoning in these departments might run up to 40 per 100 employed. In my second survey in 1917 I found great improvement in most of the plants but there were two that were far from satisfactory, one of them was really very bad, yet it seemed impossible to do anything about them. A little later I was in England and saw the four largest plants there. It so happened that the new hygienic rules issued from the Home Office were just being put into effect, and I was told that these rules had been formulated by a joint committee of manufacturers, trades unionists, and experts from the Home Office. It was a little depressing to reflect how impossible would be such a democratic way of regulating work over here. We have almost no expert factory inspectors; our workers in this and in most of the poisonous trades are quite unorganized; there remains only the manufacturer; and to bring about reforms such as were being introduced in the English factories one must appeal to his good sense and good will, failing which, nothing much remains to be done.

In other countries industry is forced to bear the cost of all its own wastage in human material, a sick workman draws compensation if his sickness was

caused by anything in his work, but here, even now, that is true in only a few States. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Wisconsin, North Dakota, California have laws which cover all the injuries that may be caused by the job. Five more provide for some but not all, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Minnesota, the other 38 wash their hands of all responsibility for industrial diseases. Among them are important States, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Maryland, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado. It is strange to think that a great industrial State like Pennsylvania should permit men to suffer and die of poisons against which they were helpless to protect themselves and not even give them or their survivors what we call, rather curiously, "compensation." One wonders what would "compensate" most of us for a ruined digestion, or for consumption, or paralysis, or pernicious anæmia, or insanity, to say nothing of the loss of a husband or son.

The test of the Fascist regime is not the prompt despatch and arrival of trains, nor is the test of the American industrial regime the apparent efficiency with which it functions. The real test lies in the way it works under ignorant and indifferent and narrow-minded employers, and perhaps also we must ask—though here I am venturing outside my own field—whether or not it encourages independence, resourcefulness, initiative, and the capacity for co-operation in the working class; for on those qualities in that class depends the future of democracy in the United States.

THE MEETING

A STORY

BY DON MARQUIS

CLARK ANDREWS was troubled and perplexed. And well he might be. For three troubling things had seized him all at once. He was nineteen, and manhood was taking a firmer hold upon him. A poet was waking up in the man. And, as if this were not enough, a new love affair had dawned upon the poet—had risen in his consciousness with the suddenness of a tropical daybreak. Or, to fit the figure more to Clark's environment, which was that of a Mid-Western country town, this infatuation had flared up as if a match had been tossed into a straw-stack.

There were two minor matters that might have worried him a trifle if he had not been nineteen and a poet: first, that for two months previously, and up until forty-eight hours ago, he had been in love with a different girl; second, that the New Love was a lady some twelve or fourteen years his senior. But a poet of nineteen takes such things in the stride of his verse.

He was making verse now; composing it rather than writing it, for Clark's poems often went directly from his mind into type, without any intermediate stage of pen and ink. He was employed on the Hazelton *Weekly Banner*, as the chief assistant of the owner and editor; which meant that he sometimes operated the linotype machine as well as collected local news items, wrote editorials and solicited advertisements. He was at the linotype now, casting little strips of his burning soul into hot metal, making a *vers libre* chant in praise of his New Love. He did not intend to print it in the *Banner;* but he did yearn to see the lines marching in the authority and dignity of print as soon as might be—as what poet does not! He thought he would take a few proofs on fine paper and then destroy the metal.

But after he had finished Clark frowned and smiled upon his work, and crumpled up the paper as well as scrapped the type. He had caught himself at a trick that some more celebrated bards have occasionally been guilty of. Several of the sentiments and a number of the lines in this poem to the New Love were very, very like lines and sentiments in a poem he had written to the Old Love only a week before.

"As bad as Romeo!" he gibed at himself, remembering how Romeo had been still babbling to his friends of Rosaline when he was stricken by the sight of Juliet. He looked out the window at the Main Street of Hazelton, with his hands in his pockets, and alternately whistled and grinned at himself for a few minutes, as embarrassed as if the whole world had detected him in the deception.

And yet, no poet likes to waste verse! He picked the crumpled proof from the floor, smoothed it out, and read his lines again, wondering if they were good enough to send to one of the Eastern magazines. He had already sold three or four of his things—he remembered how flattered and excited Charlotte Henry, the Old Love, had been when she saw them published—and he was beginning to take himself somewhat seri-

ously as a poet. He could laugh, he was athletic and sentimental and popular, but lately he had begun to take life generally rather more seriously. So many things were waking up in him all at once, to trouble and perplex him.

He decided against trying to sell the verses, tore the proof across and threw it on the floor again, and turned to see Charlotte Henry herself coming in from the street.

She was a slender girl of his own age, with brown eyes and a sensitive, humorous mouth; and she had a trick of arching the fine line of her dark eyebrows when she became animated, which had fascinated Clark—an eloquent and mobile face, with a flicker of skepticism playing over it.

"Hello, Charlotte," he said, her mere presence making him feel as if he had been caught robbing a hen-roost.

"I suppose," she said, without preamble, "that you're going to these revival meetings?"

Hazelton was in the throes of a series of meetings, conducted by a woman evangelist, which were shaking the little town from center to circumference.

"I don't know," said Clark, lamely. He wondered uncomfortably how much there was in all the talk about women's intuition. It was this very evangelist woman whom he had fallen in love with; and he felt as if Charlotte knew it.

"*You* won't want to go," he continued; "you've always stuck up your nose at that sort of thing."

"*You'll* go," she smiled. "I've always said you'd be a preacher yet."

"I may, at that," he said seriously. "My mother wanted me to be. My father was, you know." Clark's parents had been dead some years; he had always "run with the church crowd," as they said in Hazelton. For two or three years now he had lived in the family of Mr. Henry Gage, the local banker and principal supporter of the church where these revival meetings were being held. And the evangelist herself, Miss Christine Carson, was being entertained by the Gages during her stay in town.

Clark wondered if he could get up a quarrel with Charlotte over what she had said about his being a preacher.

"I know you despise preachers," he said. He wanted to quarrel with her; he had a notion that a quarrel was badly needed to justify his sudden desertion—at least, to announce it to her. "I know," he went on, "you think churches are ridiculous!"

"Oh, here now," she said, "that isn't true at all!" She was silent a moment. "Don't let's quarrel over nothing, Clark," she begged.

She passed from the front office, as she spoke, to the composing room of the establishment; it was late in the day, and she knew there would be no one in there.

She expected him to follow her; to follow her and kiss her and make much over her. He knew it. He couldn't do it. He picked up again the proof of the poem to Miss Christine Carson, tore it into little fine bits, and stood miserable, while he let them trickle through his fingers to the floor. Presently there was a stir in the room, and Charlotte passed by him on her way to the street. Her chin was up, and her brows were arched, and her characteristic ironic smile was flickering about her mouth.

"Good-by, Clark," she called, brightly, as she went out the door.

"Good-by," he said, reluctantly looking up. He felt that he was a brute, but he felt, at the same time, a vast relief. This affair was over. Charlotte would never forgive him for not having followed her into the composing room. He was ashamed of the relief he felt—but there it was!

In half an hour he would be at the Gages—at home, for they had made their house a real home for the boy, with whose parents they had been intimate—and he would see Miss Carson at dinner. He doubted if he would be able to talk to her. He had detachment enough to be astonished at himself, astonished at the

suddenness with which he had fallen in love with her. It troubled and perplexed him; it bewildered him.

He was of the age and temperament to be bewildered. He was nineteen and a poet. There are times when everything bewilders youth. Youth listens in confusion and unease to the calling voices that penetrate its dreams, doubtful of their origin, puzzled as to their purport; starting into extravagant action as if the world were to be conquered by a histrionic gesture, yet daunted by the simplest facts; stirred by all the seismic commotion of life; blown upon by all the winds that range between the zenith and the plain; naked as soft wax to the impression of ideas; victimized by everything; daily betraying its own ideals, which are set superlatively high; timorous as a wild animal and courageous as a martyr; stern as a prophet in its judgments and cruelly selfish; as naïvely lewd in its desires as the youth of the race, and yet, somehow, pure; capable of being Galahad and Gawain at the same moment; ready to die for great causes and finding it difficult to exist in the routine of the commonplace; encompassed by mysteries, groping, blundering, stumbling, aspiring, romantic, animal, pathetic, ridiculous, divine.

Clark was at once a disciple seeking for a master, and an ingenuous Adam yearning for his fall.

Charlotte Henry had been gone but a minute or two, and Clark, still wondering about himself and this mutable world, was putting on his coat and preparing to leave the office, when his most intimate friend, "Fatty" Wilson, came in. Fatty's ostensible purpose was to see Clark about a news item pertaining to the local baseball team. But really he wanted to talk about Miss Chris Carson. The whole town was excited over the evangelist.

That same morning she had gone to the *Banner* office with Clark to arrange for the insertion of a notice having to do with her meetings. Clark had accompanied her to the door when she left, and had stood for a moment in talk with her. Fatty, from across the street, had marked this conference, and he was bursting with curiosity. He went to the desk of Clark's boss and helped himself to one of the bitter black stogies that experience had told him were always there, lighted the weed, and finally worked his way around to the subject that filled his mind.

"How old would you say she is?" said Fatty. He esteemed himself something of a beau, and his position in his father's clothing store made him the master of certain effects in neckwear and shirts that were sometimes clamant for attention.

"She?" said Clark. "Who?"

"Oh, come off, Clark!"

But Clark relentlessly forced him to say whom he meant, a process which, in itself, gave the fat youth a kind of thrill.

"Oh, *she*," said Clark, pretending surprise. "Old enough to be your mother, Fatty." Nevertheless, Clark had been wondering about it himself.

"Saw you talking with her this morning," said Fatty.

"Was I?" said Clark.

"Forgot it, huh?" gibed the astute Fatty. "Held her hand three minutes in the doorway and then forgot it."

Clark hadn't held her hand. In the face of Miss Carson's overwhelming pulchritude, her sophisticated style of dressing, her repute as a woman devoted to the salvation of sinners, Clark had found it all he could do to speak with her without stammering. But, accused of having held her hand, he did not deny it; he was still puppy enough to deliver himself of this sage remark:

"When you get over being a kid, Fatty, you'll understand that a thing like that doesn't spell anything!"

Fatty was so impressed by this young man to whom a thing like that doesn't spell anything that he forgot that the thing like that hadn't really happened at all.

"Somehow," said Clark, "she doesn't make much of a hit with me."

Fatty cocked his head on one side, chewed the end of his stogie, squinted at the ceiling, and said, coarsely:

"She's got a good figure, Clark."

Although he was already more than half persuaded that the lady was a kind of saint—Clark usually insisted that they should be saints—he had himself been thinking that she had a good figure. But it secretly enraged him that Fatty should dare to comment on her figure. It struck him as rather low in Fatty to make such a remark about *this* woman—this *kind* of woman! Fatty *was* rather low at times, now that he reflected upon it. Gross! Not the sort of person, after all, with whom one could discuss his inmost thoughts. Clark began poignantly to regret that he had swaggered concerning that hand-holding which had never occurred; if he hadn't, Fatty would never have had the cheek to make remarks about the lady's figure. He was as culpable as Fatty; perhaps more so. He had been a traitor to his own better self. Clark, at this period of his existence, was forever discovering that he had been a traitor to his own better nature. Mentally, he abased himself. The sense that he had injured her inflamed his facile passion.

He yearned to make some spectacular, some histrionic, reparation. Nevertheless, as he went home to dinner, the thought that she had a good figure kept cutting through his expiatory mood.

She certainly had; and she knew it, and went to considerable trouble to keep it from getting away from her, so to speak. The last thing she did every night before she turned in, and the first thing every morning before she dressed, was to inflict upon herself the torture of a solid rubber roller guaranteed to make the all too solid flesh of humanity melt, thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew.

She had, moreover, a remarkably clear and musical voice; and, among her other accomplishments, she could play the cornet, and did play it, with effect, at every meeting. And as she passed from playing the cornet to speaking, and from speaking to singing, and from singing to exhorting again, her voice retained something of the penetrating, carrying quality of the horn. She was not, perhaps, a very good cornettist; neither was she a well-trained singer; but, for her own purposes, her technical deficiencies were more than balanced by the fact that both her singing and her playing were marked by an almost irresistible fervor.

Miss Chris Carson knew how to stir things up and keep them stirred up. Perhaps her best asset was her faculty for stirring herself up. She knew how to create between herself and her congregations that mysterious condition in which audience acts upon performer and performer acts upon audience. In the terminology of the psychic dabbler, she knew how to establish a *rapport;* in the slang of the stage manager she "got it across." And the emotional intoxication which she experienced almost nightly, and which she awakened and fostered and directed in her auditors, never seemed to weaken her; indeed, she throve upon it and exulted in it. Dozens of the newly "saved" left her meetings weak, trembling, pale, and exhausted with the stress of their religious or nervous experiences; but it gave Miss Carson a kind of bloom; one might have said she bathed in all this electricity and was invigorated thereby.

She had worked hard for her eminence—her vigor, her energy, her magnetism had worked hard for her. Her beginnings were obscure enough. She had been born and brought up, as the saying is, "in a wardrobe trunk"; her parents were seasoned troupers—vaudeville, burlesque, circus concert, "hall show or tent show." She had got out of vaudeville herself, and upon the Chautauqua circuit; after a few seasons of that she went into the evangelistic work, where she was an instant success. These were still early days for her—ten years ago—with which this chronicle deals; but already she had seen her opportunity, and was looking forward to the time when

she need no longer bother with the "tank towns," as she called them in the privacy of her thought. In the meantime she enjoyed her contacts and the consideration of "the best people" who entertained her in the communities where she held her meetings. The woman was in her early thirties, and she was such an electric creature that she could not enter a room without every man in it being instantly aware.

When Clark, after leaving Fatty Wilson, arrived at the Gage home, Miss Carson was the center of a little group on the front verandah, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Gage and two or three neighbors. Miss Carson was engaged in blowing cigarette smoke through a fine linen handkerchief.

"There," she said, as Clark joined the group, "that shows you what cigarettes do to the lungs!"

She called attention to the brown stain on the handkerchief, and demonstrated twice or thrice more the devastating effect of the smoke upon the tissues of the lungs before she threw the cigarette over the verandah railing into the grass. Mrs. Gage thought she glanced at it a little wistfully as she threw it away.

And Mrs. Gage was right. The restriction which Miss Carson felt as the most burdensome in her career as evangelist was not being able to smoke when she wanted to.

But ten years ago in little places such as Hazelton, a woman who smoked was often suspected of being "fast." And of course it would never do for an evangelist, even now. Miss Carson occasionally got to the place where she had to have a whiff or two of a cigarette or perish—any old smoker of either sex will sympathize with her sufferings. So she made one of the features of her campaign against sin in general vehement harangues against liquor and tobacco—and especially cigarettes. She was apt to break forth at any time against the cigarette.

"Just let me show you what cigarettes do to the lungs!" she would say. A few such demonstrations would get her through the day; and in the privacy of her room at night she could relax and have as many as she liked.

To say that Chris Carson and the revival meetings which she conducted in Hazelton created a sensation would be putting it mildly. Women preachers were in themselves a novelty; women revivalists who not only conducted the song services at their meetings, but always led off with a cornet solo, were hitherto unknown; her beauty created a favorable impression from the first. The town was prepared to be excited by her even before the meetings began.

The second night of Miss Carson's ministration in Hazelton was memorable in Clark's experience as being the first time that he was actually beside himself with religious ecstasy. He had attended church from infancy. He had joined the church, under parental guidance, at so early an age that it might rather be said that he had been joined to the church. There was nothing connected with the church that was not more or less a matter of familiar routine to him. He had had his struggles over questions of belief more than once; but he had formed the habit of explaining to himself anything which he could not understand in a romantic or poetic or mystical fashion.

And, although revival meetings were familiar enough to him, and although he always "stood up" when the preacher called on all those who had "found salvation" to rise, the experience known as conversion had never been his. He had seen people weep and heard them shout when they were experiencing this phenomenon, but he had never been so excited as to weep or shout. When Clark felt particularly stirred up it was not a question with him of weeping or shouting; he either wrote a poem or suddenly made the discovery that he was in love with another girl; on several occasions he had got into fights. He had never

been able to tell whether it was the girl who had produced the poem, or the poem which had called for the girl, or how and where the desire to fight originated, or whether the stirring-up as a whole was in the nature of a result or a cause.

And so he entered the church that night without any premonition of what was going to happen to him.

Miss Carson was never in finer form than on that evening. It was her wont to pitch her meetings, at the start, in a militant rather than a definitely religious key, working them up as rapidly as she could to the sentimental and the emotional. After the opening prayer by the local preacher, Miss Carson rose with her cornet and played "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and played, it must be admitted, with a dash and flare that many a better musician might have envied.

The novelty of this always produced an effect, even although the congregation had come prepared for novelty, and an awakening effect of any sort was grist to Miss Carson's mill. As she finished and took the cornet from her lips she came a step forward and, without any interval, called out loudly, almost sharply, and with a ringing note of challenge in her voice:

"Why did I play that?"

She paused a moment, dramatically, and then answered her own question:

"Because it's a tune with a fight in it! And because there's going to be a fight here to-night. A fight between God and the Devil. A fight between Heaven and Hell. All of you who have found salvation, remember that you are soldiers on the Lord's side to-night; remember that the Lord is watching you; He has got His eye on you; He's looking to you to help Him and stand by Him. If there are any cowards or sneaks or shirkers here, it's no place for them! You brothers and sisters who are saved, the Lord puts it right square up to you to line up with me and fight the Devil for the souls of those who ain't saved!

"I want you to sing that song, all of you —I'll play over the first verse, and then we'll all sing it. And remember while you sing it that it means fight! Get the fight into it! Get the fight into it loud and clear! Let the Devil know we're here to fight, and he can't bluff us!"

The congregation—three-fourths of them were officially "saved" already—after this brief and rousing plea, dashed into the song with a vim and fervor which made the "unsaved" fourth begin to quake a little thus early in the proceedings. They perceived at once that if they were going to get out of the church still "unsaved" they would have to exercise a most extraordinary degree of resistance. One or two old backsliders resolved to get saved as early in the evening as was decently possible, and get it over with; experience at former revival meetings had demonstrated to them that it comes harder and shakes you up worse the longer you fight it off. The experienced backslider becomes in time a sort of connoisseur of revival meetings; he dreads them while he hungers for them; he fights against "salvation" knowing all the time he will yield to it; the same nature which impels him to backslide craves the nervous excitement, the psychic stimulation, of being hauled out of that state of sin periodically.

Miss Carson's custom was to break up her meetings into short stretches of song, exhortation, and prayer, the prayer in itself being, in reality, exhortation. The whole program worked gradually upward and upward towards that climax when the "shouting" would begin, when members of the congregation themselves would begin to weep, exhort, and pray, when individuals, convicted of unregeneracy, would begin to break away from the seats of sin and stumble sobbing towards the mourners' bench. In order to hasten this excited condition in the audience, a dozen or so volunteer assistant exhorters would pass from seat to seat, pleading personally with such sinners as showed signs of

weakening, and usually leading them, in the end, triumphantly forward.

The woman had power. From whatever source she might derive her power, she possessed it. She enjoyed its exercise when she was able to dominate and direct the meeting. But it had happened to her on several occasions that she had not been able to dominate and direct, and on this night she realized with a thrill, which had almost a feeling of terror in it, that one of these times when she too would be borne quite out of herself, and would be helpless in the grip of mysterious forces, was at hand.

She broke suddenly out of a prayer, and began to chant:

"The Son of Man goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain!
His blood-red banner streams afar—
Who follows in his train?"

The congregation thrilled and responded. The militant songs—Puritanism always craves battle—the prayers, the chanted testimony of the "saved," the very bodily movements of the congregation began to run into a sort of rhythm. This rhythm can do anything. It was this rhythm that tumbled down the walls of Jericho, and swung the swords of Cromwell's Ironsides at Naseby and Marston Moor. Under its stern exterior, its stolid mask of the commonplace, there dwells in Puritanism a dervish frenzy and a dangerous fire.

The souls of all these people in the church—their minds, their spirits, their nerves, their bodies, their psyches, their essential beings, began suddenly to find a unison. Presently there were no longer three hundred people in the building; there was one strange composite creature which was the swaying sum of them all. Their nervous emanations were gathered into a single mysterious force, a gigantic pulse which surged and beat. There was a wind, and it was electric with the ghosts of generations. These released personal forces, merged into one force, may produce phenomena that seem to violate the recognized laws of the physical world, but are in reality profoundly based upon them. The effect upon the individual is frequently irresistible; he no longer possesses himself; the self in him is sucked out into the swirling air. He swings and sways from his orbit; he is ready to feel the dead boards beneath his feet swell and throb as with blood, and the plastered walls turn foliate with miracle. He finds himself saying and doing things of which he is scarcely conscious; he no longer knows himself. He no longer is himself; he is part of an invisible being that has drawn into itself the true selves of all these twitching bodies.

The evangelist woman, practiced in these phenomena without in the slightest degree understanding them herself, felt the waves of emotion rising higher and higher about her, beating against the wooden walls of the church as if to break them asunder. Praying, exhorting, singing, sobbing, and even shouting, she yielded herself with a sensation that was at first akin to superstitious fright; but the thrill of terror was only transient, and an ecstasy, a kind of exaltation, succeeded, a strange psychic condition that was not without a tang almost voluptuous. She felt herself seized and tossed and borne up and carried along. She rode this whirlwind of hysteria like a witch; coarse, vivid, strong, elemental, aflame and radiating flame, shaking with the joys and terrors of a barbaric priestess.

These experiences usually satisfied something deep, deep, deep within her; quieted a recurrent craving at the core of her being. She was a woman full of rich blood and electric with energy; and she craved both excitement and its alleviation.

The village freethinker was among those present—a singular being named Jim Shale. The foundation of Jim's faith in scripture had been shaken in early manhood by the question: "Where

did Cain get his wife?" After thinking it over for three or four years, Jim decided that he did not know; and since then he had gone about asking everyone else the question. He was the village gravedigger, and he used to hint his disbelief to people by saying, "The people in *my* end of town"—meaning the cemetery—"stay where I put 'em; I've never yet saw one of 'em risin' up to claim a harp or crown—have you?" And then, somewhat irrelevantly, his hearers often felt, "Say, now, can you tell me where Cain got his wife?"

As the congregation began to work itself up towards an emotional frenzy Jim, although in reality a little uneasy, strove to feel a fine scorn for all this sort of thing.

"The people down in *my* end of town," said Jim to himself, "don't go on in any fool way like this!"

When Miss Carson, later in the meeting, repeated her opening announcement that a fight was on between God and the Devil, Jim muttered, resentfully, "That's all right, that is—but what I want to know is: *Where did Cain get his wife?*"

And Jim, through the greater part of the evening, clung to that phrase as if it were a talisman. A pale, anæmic woman whom he knew, a drudge whose husband was a drunkard, suddenly left the drunkard's side, and struggled, shouting incoherently, up the aisle, her thin face working and twisting with excitement; and then, when she was half-way to the mourners' bench she turned and sped back to her seat again and caught her drunkard by the shoulder. That gentleman (he was in the stage of alcoholism which made him most tractable, or she would never have managed to get him to the meeting at all) feebly resisted for a moment, and then, suddenly smitten, let out a sob that came from his very diaphragm, and followed her to the front of the church, where, during the rest of the evening, he hiccoughed, sobbed, and slept by turns.

It increased Jim's nervousness; if religion was going to strike Benny Macdonald, one of the village sots, in that fashion, who could count himself as safe? But Jim grasped the side of his seat the tighter, and mumbled desperately, "All right, all right—let 'em go! Let 'em go! But where did Cain get his wife? Huh? Answer me that! Where did Cain get his wife?"

All about him, to the right and left, to the front and rear, tried and trusty sinners were falling, veteran unregenerates who had dared the firing line of many a revival in years past, and escaped unscathed to the comfortable ways of sin. And as one after another succumbed, mowed down by the terrific fire, Jim began to tremble for himself in earnest; he gulped, he squirmed, he grasped the edge of his seat with the crook of his knees as if to hold himself down; he tingled with the desire to do—he knew not what! It got to the place where he could no longer think coherently; and he began to babble to himself, without being able to finish the sentence: "*Where did Cain? . . . where did Cain? . . . where did Cain? . . .*" over and over again, unceasingly.

And then, as a song ended, and an exhortation began, and the building seemed to rock with the shock of a long ninth wave of hysteria, Jim suddenly leaped to his feet, without thought and without volition. He climbed on top of the pew where he had been sitting, and bellowed forth, in a voice that drowned everything else:

"Where did Cain get his wife?"

In thirty seconds more he was at the mourners' bench.

Clark felt the infection of the excitement; nor had he any doubt that the forces at work within the church were authentically spiritual. His antecedents and training had not prepared him for any such doubt. As a child he had asked a thousand questions; he had been a seeking individual, filled with wonder, demanding answers; but Hazelton had made him orthodox, so far as religion was concerned. He was just now begin-

ning to try to think for himself once more.

Why, he asked himself, had he never felt any emotion of this sort before? He questioned himself. No doubt he had been pharisaical. Yes, that was it; he accused himself of it. He had regarded himself as one of the elect, to whom this awakening experience was not necessary. He had looked on at the experiences of others as a person looks at actions with which he is not personally concerned.

Obviously, he had been wrong. Smug. Self-complacent. When Clark was convinced he had been wrong no one was more zealous in self-castigation.

At this point in his meditations—if the rapid action of a too heated mentality may be called meditation—he heard the evangelist woman chanting the words: "*He that is not with me is against me . . .*"

They were, he recognized, the words of Jesus. Clark knew the Bible. His parents had dragged him through it, so to speak, by the hair, relentlessly, book by book and chapter by chapter. And this knowledge, gained so unwillingly at times, had stayed with him.

He who is not with me is against me. The words had never struck Clark, before, in just the same way, nor with such force. Had *he* been with Christ? Formally, conventionally, as a matter of routine and imitation, he had not been against Christ. He had gone to church and all that kind of thing. But what of that? What did that amount to? Nearly everyone he knew did that. The question was, had he been *with* Jesus, indeed? Actively, and not passively; positively, and not merely negatively; militantly and single-mindedly, and not with the smugness of the conventional conformist? He had not.

There passed rapidly before his mental eye the scenes and episodes of the Christian epic. He had looked at them before, but never before out of a mind so heated by emotion. Human emotion about Jesus has been in the consciousness of humanity for nearly two thousand years; therefore, when it strikes an individual, it strikes him with an enormous impact; an idea which has been thought, an emotion which has been experienced millions of times, gains in compulsive power. This emotion about Jesus, in its highest expression, is an emotion which allies itself with all the generous idealism of all time. For the first time Clark saw Jesus through the medium of a great emotion; saw him starting upon his wanderings from Nazareth—and wondered if himself would have been as receptive as Peter and James and Andrew and John; and knew that he would not have been. He beheld Jesus' assault upon the Temple, and his rout of the money-changers—and knew that he himself might well have stood amongst the formalists and creatures of the arid Law. He saw the plots of the priests, the betrayal in the Garden, the arraignment before the savage Sanhedrin, the trial before the bewildered politician, Pilate, the deliverance to that mob which was all one slavering red mouth, the crucifixion. . . .

And as he beheld these things with an imagination abnormally quickened, while the hot church rocked and swayed, there welled up in him a cry: Where would I have stood, then? Then! For him, or against him? It is easy to say, I am with him—*now*. But, then? *Then?*

Should I (he asked himself) have been Caiaphas, the narrow and inexorable legalist, who condemned him? Or John, that naïve John, the son of Zebedee, who boasted himself the disciple whom Jesus loved, and asked if he and his brother might not sit on his right and left hand in the kingdom of Heaven? Clark could not flatter himself that he would have been like John. He prayed God, as the whirlwind of emotion spun round him in the shaken church, not to be Judas—as if the matter were one of the present moment—not to be Judas—that Judas who believed Jesus to be the Son of God, and yet sold him—a thing which can be explained only on the hypothesis that he hated God and struck

at the Son because he could not reach and strike the Father—that Judas who must once have had love in him, and still had belief, even in the hour when he betrayed.

With a flash of self-revelation Clark saw that he might have been Peter, Peter who was with Jesus, who drew his sword and struck for Jesus (fierily alone against Judea and all Rome!) and then turned coward and thrice denied him. Clark felt himself like that—that he could fight, in a gust of passion, and then recede from this hot valiance and deny.

But Peter . . . did not Peter get another chance . . . and accept it? Perhaps he was getting his other chance now!

The thought was still in him when the congregation broke into another song, and Clark found himself singing with an excited fervor that was new to him. The contact with these other personalities, the rhythm of the meeting, had caught him; he felt an ecstasy of emotion, and tears streamed down his face.

Yet with a curious detachment that sometimes came to him at critical moments, there was another part of his consciousness which had the leisure to ask: What is this that has come over me? Why is it that I am losing my sense of personal identity?

Suddenly he wanted to be alone. He was shaken and thrilled with an almost intolerable exultation—but he wanted to get away from every other person. People were getting between him and . . . something. Between him and something greater than excitement and emotion. He must be alone to save himself from . . . he did not know what. He turned and left the church.

As he passed down the aisle a girl got up from one of the back seats and opened the door. She passed out ahead of him into the lobby, and he saw that it was Charlotte Henry. She had come out of curiosity.

"Isn't it," she paused, and made a motion over her shoulder, towards the inside of the church, while she drew the fine line of her dark brows into a frown—"isn't it, all that noise and violence in there . . . ?" She stopped again and searched for a word, and then finished, with a shrug of her shoulder and a lift of her nostril, "Disgusting!"

"Eh?" Clark still feeling the lift and power of unknown forces that were waxing within him, rather than waning, scarcely heard her, and had not in the least understood.

"I say," said the girl, "it's savage! It's like barbarians—to shout and fling themselves about like that! It's revolting! And isn't that woman—*cheap?*"

And then, from the outside door, she turned and said, "Clark, I wish you'd go home with me. Father was to have come after me, but I don't want to wait until it's over. I've had enough of it."

But Clark, still standing in the lobby, had not paid any attention at all. He had quite forgotten her existence. He was leaning up against the wall with his hands in front of his face; he was shaking.

The girl looked at him a moment, puzzled, and with a touch of wistfulness in her eyes; and then closed the outside door and went home alone.

Just where Clark wandered that night, after he left the church, he never knew. There were stars that wandered with him, and later a great moon shouldered them from the sky and rolled its sanguinary globe nearer to him and kept pace with him and spilled its fire and blood down into his unprotected brain. He was companioned by visions and attended by voices which did not make their meaning plain and encompassed about by many strange agents of the eternal mystery. This ecstasy, this intoxication, imposed itself upon him as veritably and wholly spiritual in its origin, since it seemed to induct him into presences that flashed upon him hints and intimations of divinity. He found himself in the thick woods beyond the village, and the leaves of the trees above him rustled with the wind of miracle.

He found himself splashing through the creek, and if it had occurred to him he would have tried to walk upon the water. Once, in the woods, he stopped and peered, for he had seen two figures at a distance cross an open space and disappear into the shadows, and he wondered breathlessly if some beings super-earthly were there to beckon him onward to a revelation; he never knew that they were a girl and his friend Fatty Wilson. He did not follow because a whip-poor-will upon a nearer tree spoke to him of God, and an owl disturbed by the red moon hooted its protest. A snake, with a touch of the lunar fire upon its scales, crawled right across his feet, and he stared upon the hurrying legless thing and blessed it out of his overflowing heart.

Tumult possessed him. Large vague resolves would begin to formulate and phrase themselves upon his lips, only to lose themselves between the impulse and the utterance. Quick ideas fluttered about him, like the night-moths that beat their powdered wings against his face, but they were elusive. There were eternal instants when he seemed to be grasping at the vital secrets of the universe, but he closed an empty hand in the moonlight. Familiar objects, as his eyes fell upon them, assumed a new significance. He was mad, with that madness which the oriental races believe to have something holy in it. Old sayings stirred in his mind and pierced him with sudden blades of fresh revelation. Exalted, his being was a song; and the crickets and the grasses and the far, dim Pleiades sang with him. He tried to make a poem, but it was nonsense; there was a force that burst forms and words and ideas to pieces. There remained to him of his poem only an inexpressible sense of the nearness of God; in the rapid whirl of his spirit the one thing fixed—the pivot and center—was the feeling of a universal love. A vast all-enfolding youthful tenderness came over him.

It was more than tenderness, presently. The red moon was an agent which helped to color it with passion. Clark had brushed aside, for a moment, the veil between the external semblance and the eternal realities, and in this moment he had throbbed consciously with the pulses of creation. The medium and servant of all phases of creation is passion. The poem which he could not make was still a poem for the glory of God. But now the evangelist woman began to mingle with it. He thrilled with the sense of her, as if he were still within the range of her magnetic radiations; he desired to fight for her, to protect her from he knew not what, and he desired to possess her, with the same rush of blood. This woman and God and the moon were all together in the leaping strophes of the shattered song he could not sing. There is a music that breaks the mind and eludes the lips and must be sung with a vital expansion and extension of the whole being, body and soul together, or never sung at all.

This thing that was happening to Clark is a thing which continually perplexes youth. Youth is never sure where he is going. He starts out to walk toward God, and the song upon his lips is a chant in praise of God, and lo! the song subtly changes, and suddenly it is not God after all towards whom he is walking, but a woman. But he will not perceive the difference at once; he will quite sincerely confuse the two; and sometimes his instinct may be more right about it than he could justify with his philosophy.

How long he wandered he did not know. The moon was turning from a red to a golden color by the time Clark's feet took him up the steps to the Gages' front verandah; but there was still a tinge of red within it. It was the moon of late summer, which sometimes swings too near the earth, bright above the ripened fields, heavy and swollen; too full of fire, too full of blood.

Miss Carson was alone among the shadows; he heard her stir, he heard her breathe as he stepped upon the porch.

Miss Carson had gone home from the meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Gage; she

went at once to her room. The room was large, and was on the ground floor at the front of the house. The night was warm, and the first thing she did was to open all the windows. One of these was a tall French window, in effect a door, which gave out upon the verandah. There was not a great deal of air stirring.

She turned on an electric bulb and then turned it off again and lighted a bedroom candle, which she carefully shaded. She was restless; she wanted a cigarette very badly, or thought she did. She had sense enough not to consider her cigarettes as really inconsistent with her evangelical work, but she was willing to conform to the prejudices of the Hazeltons and their populations; her minor deceit with regard to them did not weigh upon her conscience. She sat down to wait until the cessation of all sound and movement told her she was the only person not asleep in the house and there was no danger of Mrs. Gage rapping on the door for a final good-night word. Then she blew out the candle and lighted a little bunch of Chinese punk-sticks in a vase. She always carried some of these; she talked about them wherever she stayed, affected them. They helped to kill any odor of tobacco. She settled herself for three or four cigarettes, but they did not allay her restlessness in the slightest degree.

It seemed to increase from moment to moment. She went out to the verandah and threw the cigarette butts over the railing into the grass. Then she extinguished the punk-sticks, and decided to go to bed. She drew all the blinds and undressed.

"If these people ever caught me smoking," she reflected, as she began to brush her hair, "there wouldn't be anything bad enough for me." She lapsed into something like the familiar speech of her vaudeville days, murmuring, "A lynching bee would be a tea party to what they'd hand little Chris!"

Her nerves were jangled, she was excited, excited over nothing, she told herself. Or perhaps there was still in her, unquieted, something of the fervor which had dominated her in the meeting. For this night she had not dominated the meeting nor the forces let loose within the church; she had been more the creature of them than anybody else.

She raised all the blinds again, and got into bed. The moonlight streamed into the room through two side windows. She stared at the broad beams, hoping the light might soothe her, as it sometimes had. But Diana, the cool and chaste, had lost control of the moon that night; it was too full of fire, too full of blood, it swung too near the earth. It increased her excitement. She turned her head so that she would not see the light, for the night was so warm that it was intolerable to think of pulling down the blinds to exclude it. She tossed upon the bed, and then turned and gazed upon the light again. It did not calm her; it drew her and it agitated her.

Almost without volition, she rose from the bed and stood in a stream of moonlight, strangely bathing herself in it, strangely absorbing its mystic fluidity. The moon has its own peculiar properties. It—or something that governs it and operates through it, or synchronously with it—sways the seas; it works upon the life in growing things. The evangelist woman stood there as if she were in a trance and then abruptly realized herself and crept back into her bed, wondering what her unconscious gesture had meant.

All this, she told herself, came from letting herself get so wrought up at the meeting. It had happened to her a few times before, that she had not been able to ride the storm that she had evoked. The excitement was clinging to her, and it was growing. She fell to thinking about the meeting itself, and about her evangelistic work in general. She had never deliberately tried to formulate her attitude towards it; she had got into it by chance, and had been carried along by it. It stimulated her like drink. But usually, when she had demanded from

herself every ounce of energy that was in her nature, the agitation had been quieted and allayed.

It was not so this night. Presently she got up and stole out through the French window to the verandah. That end of the porch was shielded by flowering vines, and she sat down behind them. She gripped the arms of her chair in an effort to still and conquer the intensity of her emotion, but it made her heart ache like anger, and the bloom and aura of her being hung heavy on the warm night air. The energy of life was so strong within her! She was mature, throbbingly awake, her blood so rapid and so rich with health . . . throbbingly awake and pulsing with the pulsations of the moon-washed night. She struggled, silently, to regain her calm, she fought to possess herself. But it was rather the wide, wild night and its primitive suggestions which possessed her more and more. Suddenly she rose and broke her white arms through the vines, as if she would reach and grasp the moon itself and crush it burning against her burning breast.

It was at that instant that Clark stepped upon the verandah. She turned towards him as he came to her through the gloom. She sobbed. They merely came together. Each felt the whirl and impact of the other's emotion even before their hands had touched. And, encountering, they clung—wordless in the vital ecstasy of their meeting.

IS THE WOMEN'S CLUB DYING?

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

THE door of the committee room closed on the delegation sent to the General Assembly by the State Federation of Women's Clubs, to lobby for Bill No. 191.

The members of the Committee on Education who had granted the hearing leaned back in their chairs, rumpled their hair, lighted their cigars and made themselves comfortable. Bill No. 191 was a permissive measure, empowering county officials to levy a special tax for establishing county libraries.

"Gosh, this has been some day!"

"How many women did they say they represented?"

"Seventy-five thousand—all over the state—standing solid behind this bill."

"Mebbe there's seventy-five thousand women belonging to clubs, but that's not saying they want Halsey's bill passed. If they're like my wife, they don't even know there's such a bill before the House."

"You've said it! My sister belongs to the club in our town, and about all she gets out of a meeting is a cup of tea and a dish of scandal."

"Oh, women's clubs do a lot of good. They built the rest-room for farm women in our town and the community house over at Marshall. And you've got to figure that seventy-five thousand women of their age have got seventy-five thousand votes."

"But that ain't sayin' they're all fer this bill. An' we ain't got no way to find out, either. S'far as I kin see, women don't hang together. It's more int'restin' to scrap."

"Well, that's neither here nor there. Let's get down to cases. What do the farmers want? Down my way they want libraries, books for their kids, like city folks have."

This scene, reported by a member of the committee, is typical of what has happened in legislative committee rooms the country over during the past few years. The average state legislator has turned skeptical about the women's clubs. After returning to his assembly district, and more particularly to the bosom of his own family, he has learned that the delegations to which he lent a sympathetic ear did not represent the majority in their organizations but a small and noisy minority.

The same situation exists at Washington. The once-arresting slogan, "Three million women are behind this measure," no longer impresses Congressmen and Senators. It has lost its glamour, its effectiveness. Why?

This question is asked daily by thinking men and women who recognize how tremendous has been the importance of the club movement to the individual woman and to the community during the past generation. Only the self-seeking politicians of the club world and those shortsighted leaders who are steeped in traditions of uplift and reform are blind to the handwriting on the wall; deaf to the rumbling of discontent and rebellion in the rank and file; indifferent to the fact that young women, the new generation of wives and mothers, are not joining the old-established cultural or departmental clubs. This is a day when women refuse to be bored, and they are

finding the average club meeting boresome.

The truth is that unless club leaders wake up to the true situation and inject some invigorating serum into their programs and activities, the cultural club will go the way of the horse and buggy, the cotillion, and the cross-word puzzle.

II

All social interests and activities move in cycles. For thirty years the organizations generically grouped as women's clubs have dominated civic and social activities in a majority of American communities.

Starting as small study groups, bent on self-improvement, they gradually became active forces in the political and social life of their time. They shifted from Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Browning to contemporary literature. Having steeped their souls in primitives, Pre-Raphaelitism, and genre painting, they determined to reform the bill-posting art of the United States. Women who had slaved to re-shingle the parsonage or re-carpet the church found it much easier to raise funds for equipping a basket-ball team for the high school or a tourist camp on the edge of town.

They flung themselves into these new activities with enthusiasm and abandon. They opened recreation centers, libraries, art galleries, community houses, and health clinics. Goading apathetic town officials into action, they put through clean-up campaigns in towns long regarded as hopeless. They built hospitals and club houses in towns where men could not keep a Rotary Club or a Chamber of Commerce alive.

As they increased their membership, real estate holdings, and control of public sentiment, they formed federations, local, county, state, and national. These blocs first brought pressure to bear on local politicians. They ousted offending Boards of Education, Library Trustees, and Hospital Directors. They unseated mayors who had consigned their resolutions and petitions to the wastebasket.

Next they turned their attention to State legislation. They sent committees to the State Capitol to work for measures endorsed at their conventions, making a fine distinction between lobbying for private interests and working for the public welfare.

Eventually, by concerted action, they reached Washington, where they put the fear of God—or of three million women voters—into the hearts of Senators and Representatives, thereby securing the passage of welfare measures which seasoned politicians tried vainly to kill in committees. Even as they decried feminism and woman suffrage, these club leaders gradually became a powerful, a dominating force in the nation.

Women who had begun their club careers as brides continued to guide the activities of their eager followers. Despite added weight, hardening arteries, rheumatism, and other handicaps of advancing years, these national leaders leaped from peak to peak of achievement until it seemed that no heights were left to scale.

Then suddenly, the supremacy of the women's club tottered. Forces from within and without assailed it. New times, a new generation of women demanded a new order in clubdom, but new leaders did not rise.

In hundreds of communities the clubs are outwardly prosperous. Club houses remain open. Dues are paid. New officers are elected annually. Programs are arranged. Speakers are engaged. All things are as they have been for ten, fifteen, or twenty years, all things except attendance at meetings; this has dwindled.

III

Among the forces which have steadily undermined the vitality of the women's club are bridge, athletics, the radio, politics, and the vogue of specialization.

Bridge has become woman's favorite indoor sport. It has the endorsement

of intellectuals. Even the church has lifted the ban against it. Glance over the "society page" of any city or small-town paper, and you will find that bridge is played daily by the town's "best people." Bridge clubs—bridge parties for out-of-town guests—bridge luncheons —bridge benefits for all sorts of charities, community houses, hospitals, libraries, health centers and churches: they are everywhere. Garden clubs, gathering to discuss rock plants, the habits of gladioli or the bugs that destroy flowering shrubs, remain to play bridge.

The ex-president of a flourishing suburban club in the Middle West remarked to me regretfully:

"Things have changed in our club house. Once it was the center of culture. Now it is the rendez-vous of bridge players. Once women came bearing books. Now they leave carrying bridge prizes. Once the auditorium echoed with brilliant speeches. Now it rings with such terms as 'no trump' and 'grand slam'."

Personally the ex-officer may have had grounds for regret, but this particular club would not be in a flourishing condition if bridge playing were not tolerated, even encouraged. The club is healthy because its members are honest with themselves and the community. They frankly admit that a women's club offers both cultural and social opportunities. For too many years women have used clubs as a background for social activities, social advancement, social rivalries, and camouflaged them with talk of culture and uplift.

Athletics, too, have made inroads on attendance at club meetings. The desire to be slender has drawn women to tennis court, golf links, and swimming pool. The desire to be "smart" has drawn them to the country-club verandah. The founders of federated clubs did not consider sports good form for women past forty. They were satisfied to sit for hours listening to speakers and being uplifted. The woman of to-day wants to grow slender. It's a wise club board that includes a swimming pool and a gymnasium in the club house plans.

Women who participated in the 1928 presidential campaign found club activities rather stupid by comparison. Club politics did not take one very far or to a very definite goal. Club banquets and corsage bouquets seemed tame after carrying a precinct for one's candidate. And it had been rather exciting and stimulating to play round with men as well as women—to say it with votes instead of with petitions. So wherever you go to-day you find club leaders turning definitely to city, county, state, and national politics. The woman whose ambition was to be president of a district or State federation now wants to go to the State legislature or to Congress. Many observers prophesy that the political party organization will replace the cultural club.

In some communities the radio has done to club meetings what it has done to Chautauquas and concert and lecture courses—almost put them out of business.

The club has long been the refuge and solace of middle-aged and elderly women. Now the radio supplies in their living room that contact with the outside world which once drew them to the club.

I asked a charming and cultured woman of sixty-five, who has been a club worker for thirty years, about her club program during the past season. She replied:

"I really don't know. Since I have had my radio I hear much better speeches at home, sitting in a comfortable wing chair, than I could at the club house, sitting on those narrow folding seats. I pay my dues and go to an occasional tea, that's all!"

Five years ago a much younger woman whose husband had suffered financial reverses resigned from her club. Knowing what a privation this would be, I suggested that I pay her year's dues in lieu of the customary Christmas gift. She accepted the suggestion with alacrity and delight. Her last letter lies on my desk.

"It's been awfully good of you, but please don't send me the check for my club dues this year. I am resigning. What with my work in the garden and the altar guild, I really don't have time for club meetings. Or perhaps it is the radio!"

IV

Groups that specialize are competing heavily with departmental clubs whose programs deal superficially with a wide variety of topics.

Before me are clippings from many newspapers in many states.

"At the conclusion of the Beethoven Festival held in St. Luke's Parish House, steps were taken to organize a fine arts club which will succeed the Women's Club. The latter has served the interests of Seaview well for twenty years, but its attendance has fallen off, and the leaders feel that a club devoted exclusively to the fine arts will serve the present needs of our women better."

"The women of this town are forming a League of Women Voters to make an intensive study of Government. Their first activity will be a Citizenship School. Later many of the members will make a pilgrimage to the State Capitol to see the Legislature in action. The chairman of the League is Mrs. F. W. A. Allen, formerly Chairman of American Citizenship in the Women's Club."

Last winter thirty-five music clubs in one state withdrew from the State Federation of Women's Clubs to affiliate with a federation of music clubs. More specialization!

Five years ago, the Women's Club with its various departments and chairmen was the outstanding organization in the suburban community where I live.

Last year it passed out of existence, melted into thin air. Garden enthusiasts had formed little clubs at five points in the town. The women who wanted to take a study course had formed a Delphian club. College graduates had organized to continue their university studies and associations. Women interested in government and civics had formed a League of Women Voters.

Women interested in community affairs now make up the Service Club. Those who enjoy music have their choral club and recitals. The young mothers have joined Parent Teacher Associations in both public and private schools.

Specialization put our women's club out of business.

My opinion and my observations are confirmed by newspaper women in various parts of the country. Some time ago I sent out a questionnaire, asking for information about to-day's tendencies in organizations for women. Here are extracts from their replies:

Our State Federation, as you know, is loyal to the General, and professes to follow the national program, but I notice that the topics discussed are purely local. In civics, they talk garbage collection and disposal; more playgrounds for congested sections; a traveling art collection for the high schools. If the program is literary, it deals with our state writers and our state library needs. If farm relief comes up for discussion, the program stresses agricultural conditions in our own state. A program featuring a talk on Woman's Place in International Affairs or American Progress in Art would not draw out a corporal's guard, whatever that may be. Women are concentrating on new problems, specific problems related to everyday life. Glittering generalities have gone out.

From a great agricultural state:

I have just returned from a district convention, so your inquiries are timely. There was little discussion of history, art, and progress in the abstract. What these women want to know is something about child psychology; how to understand their children; how to organize their lives so they can have more leisure and then what to do with the leisure when they get it. How to make their homes beautiful, not with high thoughts but with new curtain materials. Dozens of them walked out on a discussion of universal membership in the General Federation of Women's Clubs. They are fed up on both generalities and club politics.

From an industrial center:

So far as this section is concerned, the club movement is decidedly on the wane, simply

because most clubs do not give what the modern woman wants. She goes after facts. Clubs deal largely in generalities and platitudes. She wants to know how to do her job, whatever it may be, inside the home or out. That is why we have home economic clubs for young wives, parent-teacher associations for young mothers, and business and professional clubs for self-supporting women. But most of all the women's clubs need a Cause, like war relief (horrible as it was), food conservation, woman suffrage. After such dramatic activities, round tables on the somethingness of the whichness seem pretty tame. The clubs that are flourishing out here to-day have a specific object, a definite program of study and activities. In other words they are concentrating, not dissipating their energies.

Such opinions are confirmed by the recent growth of certain organizations. In a few years the National Congress of Parents and Teachers increased its membership from 250,000 to 1,250,000 simply by concentrating on the study of the child at home and in school. The National League of Women Voters is now organized in forty-five States. And wherever a League is formed it either thrives mightily or it dies quickly. Its program appeals only to women who are ready and eager to specialize on the study of government.

Illuminating is this comment:

If I were president of the State Federation or City Federation, I'd study the program sent out by the General Federation, use what is pertinent to our local life and toss the rest into the wastebasket. Club officers who follow the national program blindly almost always fail. The closer our women are to themselves and their local problems, the more they enjoy the programs. Let a club get away from local interests and it dies of dry-rot. When the General Federation of Women's Clubs was emphasizing world peace, we heard little of it through our women's clubs. To-day the General Federation's hobby is better homes, but our club women are learning about better homes by installing plumbing in their new club house.

The observer at conventions cannot fail to feel the force of such criticism. At a recent district convention, I found chairmen struggling with this combination of timely topics: Reciprocity, Parliamentary Law, Club Organization and Extension, Applied Education, American Home, Education of the Blind, Library Extension, Better Speech, Fine Arts, Art, Drama, Literature, Music, Legislation, Law Enforcement, Motion Pictures, International Relations, Public Welfare, Indian Welfare, Health, Industrial and Social Conditions, Cancer Research, Student Loan Fund.

And most of the clubs represented at this convention are located in towns too small to support a library, clubs whose members would have the greatest difficulty in securing information on many of the topics listed for study and discussion.

The October meeting of a city federation last fall supplied even more damning evidence against the involved departmental program.

The president called on the chairmen for reports on work *done* by their departments.

"You all know," said the chairman of the garden department, "the fall is not the time to make my report. Things are all dead in the fall. But there's this much I'd like to say—don't buy your bulbs at the ten cent store; they're no good."

She sat down evidently satisfied with a deed well done.

The law enforcement chairman rose vehemently, obviously with something pressing to say.

"I don't care," she began breathlessly, "the traffic mess in this city is simply awful. That's why I was late to this meeting. Everyone in my family drives his or her own car, and it's impossible to get around town. Nobody else minds the signals, and everyone gets in your way. I say that we ought to see what can be done about it."

There was much stirring in seats, handclapping, and clamors of approval. For a few moments it became an experience meeting to recount the personal traffic difficulties of members. Then the president rapped for order, expressed sympathy, and called on the chairman of music.

A ponderous and precise lady explained:

"I can't report anything to-day, but by the next meeting I'll have my teeth, and then I can tell you our plans."

Apparently no one regarded this other than a commonplace. No one laughed, the music chairman sat down, and the next report was called for.

Could there be sadder examples of the smattering superficiality, the stupidity of program and method which are driving intelligent women away from the clubs?

V

But the germ which is eating into the very heart of this great organization, numerically the largest and strongest in the country, is talk. Not malicious talk by enemies and competitors—if there be such a thing as competition in organization life—but pointless, futile, stupid talk by leaders, those who profess to have the best interests of the club movement at heart.

Whether you go to a plain, garden variety of club meeting, a district, state or national convention, a breakfast, a luncheon or a banquet, you are regaled with the type of talk which is threatening women's clubs with dissolution.

Any one of these instances will be recognized by club women and observers as typical.

This spring a fellow-writer who was acting as chairman for a luncheon insisted that I go with her, assuring me that I should see three hundred picked women of her district and hear a speaker of national reputation.

As I looked over the room from my vantage point at the speakers' table I counted exactly ninety-seven club women absorbing chicken à la king and young peas. Before the meeting adjourned, I knew why the promised three hundred had dwindled to ninety-seven.

With a fruit cocktail, the agitated district president passed a note to the program chairman.

The national president had arrived unexpectedly, and also a national division chairman. Must she ask them to speak? The program chairman nodded. With coffee and bonbons, the presiding officer rose and made the customary announcement: "We have with us to-day several unexpected but very special guests. We know you will want to hear a few words of greeting from each."

No light of joyful expectancy illuminated the upturned faces.

The national president took three minutes to explain why she had never been able to visit this club before, and three minutes more to tell how she had traveled long and hard to be there on this auspicious occasion. Then she launched into a dissertation on the enrichment of life through beauty.

The division chairman gave a fine talk on the club woman's responsibility for the education of youth in social hygiene and the efforts of the League of Nations to control white slavery.

Many of the club members, soothed by the delicious luncheon, dozed peacefully, but the district president, the program chairman, and the speaker from Washington were not so complacent. After all, a speaker with a conscience wants to earn her fee by giving service.

The speech of the afternoon got under way thirty minutes late. The speaker crammed into twenty minutes what she had planned to say in forty, realizing that her audience had already been talked into a state of insensibility.

At a state convention I saw a group of delegates on the verge of rebellion. They represented two rural districts. They had come to absorb fresh ideas and inspiration for their home clubs. Most particularly they wanted to hear an eminent speaker talk on international relations. They were armed with note books, pencils, and an expectant manner.

The afternoon session started off as usual with an interminable series of introductions—officers from affiliated organizations, ex-officers of the State Federation, several visitors from the State University.

Not a pencil went into action.

"Platform courtesies" disposed of, a business program scheduled for the first twenty minutes got under way. It had something to do with a change in per capita dues. Probably the majority of delegates would have voted for the recommended five-cent increase in order that the eminent speaker seated behind a basket of roses might give her address. But the federation politicians ruled otherwise.

If the increased dues were voted, one group of politicians could carry out their plan to establish State Headquarters and thereby glorify the retiring State president who had ambitions in the direction of the General Federation. If the dues remained at the old figure, the opposition would gain control, and thereby checkmate the political plans of their white-haired president.

The rank and file cared nothing about the quarrel, but the situation grew more and more tense. Motions were made and shouted down. Three, four, five women demanded the floor simultaneously. The parliamentarian turned red of face. The president's gavel was splintered.

I have forgotten how the vote went, but precisely five minutes before the hour set for adjournment, order was restored, and the speaker of the afternoon rose to face the strangest audience I have ever seen. The defeated group was carrying off its wounded, two women who had fainted from rage or high blood pressure. The victorious group was whispering audibly. And mere delegates, who had sat patiently through the commotion, were demanding order.

Unfortunately, the speaker had another engagement for the evening. Trains do not wait for speakers delayed by incompetent or inconsiderate chairmen. The authority on foreign relations spoke eight minutes instead of twenty-five, and the disappointed delegates, who had traveled by train, automobile, and buggy to hear her, rose in mingled admiration and indignation to escort her to the waiting taxicab.

Equally typical but less disastrous were the events of a much-heralded breakfast given by a large club at the Waldorf Astoria in its closing hours.

As the club's taste leans toward the fine arts, a long and carefully selected musical program was to be the big feature of the afternoon. Unfortunately the president, arrayed in spring colors, pink and lavender predominating, was seized by a poetical impulse. At the speaker's table sat nearly two score presidents of other clubs. She introduced each one as a dear personal friend, typifying a flower.

Mrs. Blank, weighing no less than one hundred and eighty-five pounds, was presented as the rose in the president's bouquet, in full bloom, yet dainty, fragrant, dependable. The guest with the most aggressive manner and the most raucous voice was introduced as the presiding officer's shrinking violet. Lilacs, snapdragons, daffodils, even the bloom of a century plant—they were all called upon to rise and say a few appropriate words. I looked from guest to guest, but I could not decide whether they had no sense of humor or were merely stupefied by the combination of lobster Newburgh and biscuit tortoni.

At three minutes of four—and I call your attention to the fact that this was a breakfast—the highly paid musicians began the scheduled program. More than half the audience had melted away, and those who remained saw the musicians through the film of boredom which glazes the eyes of club women who have been subjected to a five-course luncheon and an overdose of talk.

One of the ablest and most popular speakers in Eastern club circles was asked to make an address on Club Women's Day at the last Exposition of Architectural and Allied Arts. The title of her talk was "The Club Woman's Responsibility in Stimulating Her Family's Interest in the Arts." It had been announced in all of New York's newspapers, and presumably read by the club women of the city. Thousands of

dollars in free advertising were given by papers "sold" to the idea that club women are earnest seekers for culture! One hundred and fifty thousand club women to draw on! And the speaker faced an audience of ten women (count 'em), mostly personal friends!

Why? Not because she was personally unpopular. Not because she was an uninteresting speaker. Simply because women who went to the Exposition at the rate of eight or ten thousand a day were fed up with talk. They did not want to hear about their cultural obligations to family or community. They wanted to see the modern decorations on exhibition, and to learn the latest fashions in hanging curtains and draping beds.

"But," exclaims the club veteran, "New York clubs are not typical. Why, they haven't a single club house in the entire city. Come West, or South, or to New England!"

I have gone North and South and West —only to find the same rebellion against talk.

I asked the former program chairman of a large New England club what her organization studied this winter. She replied with an embarrassed laugh:

"To tell you the truth I have not attended a single meeting this season. When I finished my term as chairman I was thoroughly exhausted by a year's efforts to provide speakers who could keep our members awake. I never want to hear another club program so long as I live!"

An intellectual woman from the West —note that I use the term "intellectual," not "intelligent"—related this experience:

"I helped to organize our women's club. I am still very fond of those who co-operated with me in proving that we had women in W— who could think and act on their own initiative. But some of us have outgrown the club program. The last meeting I attended proved unbearable. Our president treated us to an hour's dissertation on religious art illustrated by atrocious lithographs, passed from hand to hand. If I want that sort of thing, I will go to our museum of art. The only club that can survive present-day conditions is the club which offers a program related to life—every woman's life."

Yet the theme of the Mid-Biennial Council of the General Federation of Women's Clubs held at Swampscott, Massachusetts, this summer was "The General Federation's Responsibility to the Community Life of the World." How can club leaders expect college graduates, wide-awake home-makers, or intelligent business and professional women to rally to such a vague and windy cause as that?

VI

Up to the present time women's clubs have made a very fine contribution to organized womanhood in America. They have brought into the lives of homemaking women fresh interests and a new sense of responsibility to themselves and the community.

They have aroused civic pride. Eighty per cent of the public libraries now open in the smaller cities, in county seats, and villages owe their existence to the initiative and determination of club women. Ninety per cent of the rest-rooms established for rural people in farm centers were opened by club women. Most of the trees, shrubs, and plants which line national highways are there because club women planted them or directed "beautification drives." Women's clubs have stepped in where Chambers of Commerce feared to tread—and have performed miracles. Any fair-minded observer, economist, or sociologist must acknowledge the nation's debt to its club women.

But changing conditions in the home, greater leisure for broader interests, new and bigger opportunities for business and professional women, all these are bringing about a new alignment of women and their organizations. And under these new conditions, the women's clubs of the traditional sort must either be re-created or dwindle into insignificance.

WHAT TRUE LOVE DID TO MR. BAMBY

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

MRS. BAMBY was a sensible woman. Until she could decide what to do she decided to do nothing; she remained in bed next morning on the excuse of a headache, so as not to confront Bamby across the breakfast table; and she allowed him to kiss her good-by—on the brow—and depart for his office in happy ignorance that a mental carbon of his love-letter (which he had buttoned up in his breast pocket) was filed away behind her inscrutable forehead and her closed eyes. He trotted blissfully along the April streets, with a new resilience in his rubber heels, while she was telephoning to her brother-in-law that she had something very important to consult him about, and would he stop to see her on his way to the office?

Bamby's meeting with Miss Joyce lasted so long that Mrs. Bamby's brother-in-law interrupted the final stages of it when he called at last on Bamby—smilingly primed with Mrs. Bamby's confidences—and found a red, flustered Bamby saying importantly to his secretary, in his best editorial tone, "Have you read this manuscript—this—ah—*Women of To-morrow?*" And Miss Joyce, as close beside him as if she had just sprung from a seat in his lap, was replying, rather breathlessly, "Yes, I think it's interesting, but I don't suppose we could use it, could we?—it's so daring."

J. Buxton Collins was a good fellow. He was full of the charity that begins at home by forgiving its own trespasses first; and he intended to be merely humorous with Bamby and to tip him off that his wife was "wise"—as Collins would have put it—"wise" to what was going on between Bamby and his darling girl. He had come into Bamby's office with no suspicion that the girl worked there. "Well," he had said judicially to Mrs. Bamby, "she can't be anyone in our offices or he wouldn't be writing letters to her, would he?" However, he had promised to look into it and let her know. "Of course, you understand, Sarah," he said, "I can't exactly interfere in any case. It's none of my business." And Mrs. Bamby replied, "I don't expect you to interfere. I only spoke to you about it because I thought you'd know who she is."

One look at Bamby told him who she was. The conversation about *Women of To-morrow* was too transparent a pretense. It left Bamby's confusion wholly unexplained. And one look at Carlotta Joyce both confirmed the explanation of Bamby's state and gave a new aspect to it. The girl was a knockout. She was a pippin. She was as obviously in love as a soft and blushing peach is ripe. And she was so good-looking that even "Buck" Collins had to respect her. "The old son-of-a-gun," he thought. "What do you suppose she sees in *his* bunch of whiskers?"

He regarded Bamby with a new interest, almost with admiration. "Well," he drawled, "you've decided—have you—about *Women of To-morrow?*" And sitting down with his back to Carlotta,

he pretended that he had dropped in to discuss that much debated manuscript. "The boys outside seem to be all for it. Not to mention the girls."

Bamby replied curtly, "They *would* be."

Naturally, his embarrassment would make him curt; Collins was enough of a psychologist to understand that. Also he was enough of a practical joker to enjoy making a married man in Bamby's doubtful situation discuss the new morality of love and marriage which the author of *Women of To-morrow* undertook to defend. "Of course," he confessed, "I'm old-fashioned. I don't know what's going on among the younger set these days. But they tell me we're dropping behind the times as a publishing house, the way we stand out against printing the modern point of view on any of this stuff."

Bamby was fussing with his papers. He looked up to give Collins a brief glare, and it was brief because it encountered an unexpectedly genial smile on Collins' broad, clean-shaven features. "It isn't our sort of book," Bamby said. "It isn't discussible. It isn't our sort of book at all."

Collins was not the kind of man to nurse a grievance. He would have made friendly terms with Bamby long ago if Bamby would have met him half way, but half way was much too far for Bamby to go. It would have taken him into relations with a sort of life—as typified by Buck Collins—which he did not care to recognize. He preferred to hold himself aloof.

"Of course, you and I," Collins went on, "we're both old-timers. You married for love the same as I did, and you've never looked at another woman since, any more than I have. I understand that. I understand how you feel about Mrs. B. She's a fine woman." Bamby made a choked gurgle of protest. "They don't come any better. But the point is, they don't seem to come half as good any more. These young women nowadays seem to be just naturally—"

"Excuse me." Bamby rose hastily. "I don't care to discuss it." He caught up a letter from his desk. "I have to see about this." And he fled from the office.

Collins sat a moment, smiling no longer genially, and then he took the manuscript of *Women of To-morrow* and went out with it. He did not look at Carlotta, and she was oblivious to him. She was reading Bamby's love-letter.

Bamby had copied into its magical pages a sonnet which—as he did not explain—he had originally written to his wife when he was courting her. "Now all my life has come to this glad dawn." It was sweetly old-fashioned. It was dear. It was idyllic. And it was authentic poetry written to her by a Great Man who had sat up all night to write it. When she discovered, from the silence in the office, that she was alone there, she kissed the page of the paper and hugged it to her heart.

She was in a state of feverish exaltation, and Bamby had uplifted her to it with his avowal of an emotion that was not of this world. He had written to her like an elderly Dante to a girlish Beatrice who was half an ethereal vision and half a remembered adoration of his youth. She was the young Venus, he assured her, and the medieval Virgin to whom the troubadours sang hymns of love. She was the Beauty that was the proof of God in the world, and the Love that was the living pulse of Immortality. She read of it through a smiling mist of tears.

Mrs. Bamby had read those same large utterances of her husband, but she had read them with a cold maternal eye, judging that they were little Bamby's attempts to live up to some woman's expectation of ardor. She had not discovered Carlotta's letter, disguised as the script of a story, among Bamby's papers, so she was free to suppose that his darling girl was probably leading him on, laughing at him behind his back, and merely plotting to take advantage of his inevitable masculine helplessness with the guile of the less romantic and more

practical sex. There were phrases in the letter that had, for her, the flavor of a literary exercise. They sounded as if Bamby were whipping himself up to the heights of amorous absurdity. She deplored them; she thought them ridiculous; she considered that Bamby was being encouraged to make a fool of himself, and she blamed the girl for it. But she never for a moment took the letter seriously as an expression of Bamby's real feelings. She planned to handle the situation as any wise mother would plan to save her son from being led astray —though, of course, without antagonizing him by letting him know that she was interfering. Men were like that. It was necessary for a woman to conceal her superior wisdom, so as to get past their pride, if she were to help them. She did not understand that Bamby had perhaps escaped her into a world to which she could not follow him. She knew nothing, any more, of Carlotta's fairyland of enthralled love.

Neither did J. Buxton Collins. He saw only that if Bamby had a falling out with his wife, it might happily unseat him from his editorial chair and finish all the difficulty they were having about their "namby-Bamby policy in fiction," as he called it. He considered that Bamby had deliberately insulted him by walking out of the office while he was talking. He took the script of *Women of To-morrow* to his desk to save it for further consideration in the event of Bamby's dethronement, and he went, with a grin, to the office of his assistant, Cleveland Brown, to tell him the joke about Bamby and his darling girl. He told it, of course, confidentially; and Brown—the office bachelor, a stringy and satiric bald man who was known to his associates as "the hermit crab"—enjoyed it to the point of cynical transport. "Oh, pie!" he crowed. "Oh, apple pie! Don't tell me! I've a weak heart. The hairy little Bambino! Now, watch Mamma spank! Who *is* this girl?"

Nobody seemed to know much about her. She had been the intimate friend of Bamby's previous secretary who had married out of stenography and recommended Carlotta Joyce as her successor. Bamby had hired the new girl, on his own authority, over the heads of the secretarial staff in the outer office; and Carlotta Joyce had done nothing to placate the minor ambitions which he had offended. When Cleve Brown began to ask his typist leading questions about Bamby and his beautiful secretary, he did not need to tell the whole truth. Only a few humorous hints were needed. The scandal began to spread through the office with the whispered gusto of good news.

Bamby and the girl remained blissfully ignorant of what was going on. They were a good deal interrupted during the morning by members of the office staff coming in with all kinds of excuses to consult Bamby and to see the situation with their own eyes; and Bamby was aware that there was something unusual in those eyes—something secretly admiring and excited—especially when the eyes were masculine. After all, the man was no joke who could glamour a girl as young and lovely and high-hat as Carlotta Joyce. The office recognized the necessity of reconsidering some of its scorn of little Bamby. "Gosh! How about Winnie now? Did you ever really notice that girl? She's a bachelor's dream!" Carlotta did not see the girls who stopped their work to stare at her covertly whenever she passed through the outer office; and when she went to lunch she did not hear the silence that fell on the group in the elevator as she entered, her face alight with the pale suppression of an inward smile, as if she were a communicant on her way to the altar.

She was on her way to a rendez-vous with Bamby in a little Turkish restaurant, far across town, where no one would ever see them. She had to take a taxi to get there, and she did not have craft enough to go around the corner to hail the cab; she stopped it in front of the

office, where everyone who knew how immoral are taxicabs for stenographers could see her sink back on its shameless cushions. Bamby was just as indiscreet. He shook off Cleve Brown's ironical attentions at the door. "I've an appointment uptown," he said. "Sorry." And he flagged another cab as Brown muttered, grinning, to the advertising manager, "He's going to spoil his literary style. He's getting careless in his use of words. He means an assignation."

The truth was that Bamby and she were living in an emotion that enclosed them like the mystical hedge around the enchanted garden, and they were as blindly unaware of these outer eyes watching them through the leaves of their enclosure as if they had been bewitched together in their garden of love. They saw only each other in the greasy Armenian restaurant where they ate lumps of roast mutton that are called *schashlik* and a Turkish dessert that tastes like baked rolls of tissue paper smeared with honey and crushed nutmeats. Carlotta hardly got her gaze down to her plate, and Bamby never understood for a moment what he was putting in his mouth. She had recommended the café as a quiet and secret place for them to meet; that was enough for Bamby; he took the food on faith without even tasting it. He was telling her about a historical novel which he had begun to write twenty-five years before, after first reading Maurice Hewlett's *Forest Lovers;* she had returned him to the young mood of romantic make-believe in which he had conceived the story; and her confident delight in finding him a novelist as well as a poet easily convinced him that he ought to finish the book. "For me," she pleaded, in her passionate contralto. "Write it to me."

She saw herself as the inspiration of a genius, and she certainly looked the part. She was wearing a little close-fitting spring hat, with Mercury wings on it, and it added the needed touch of classical atmosphere to make her seem as beautiful as a heavenly Muse to Bamby. She had the chiseled nose of Pallas Athene. "Of course, I'll write it," he promised, pressing her hand. He wanted to say that if he ever succeeded in getting into it anything of her sweet glory, it would be a divine masterpiece, but he could not say it; his emotion filled his throat.

And, meanwhile, at lunch in Bamby's Colonial dining room, Mrs. Bamby and J. Buxton Collins were similarly agreeing on a tacit understanding that would make it possible for Bamby to write this very book. Collins was discreet. He had 'phoned that he needed to see her about a business problem which had come up, and when he arrived he made light of Bamby's affair with his secretary. "There's nothing in that," he said. "It's all nonsense. It's all—*you* know—propinquity. She's too good-looking, that's the whole trouble, and he's sort of at the dangerous age, and they've been thrown together too much." The real difficulty was something else entirely. For a long time now, Bamby had been unhappy in the office, and the girl had probably sympathized with him. That was how the whole thing started, no doubt. Bamby knew that his department was not making money, and he knew that everybody was dissatisfied about it and criticizing him about the books that he refused to print. The truth was that Bamby's taste in fiction was too good to be of any use to anyone but a writer. A publisher had to be more popular in his likes, more commonplace, more—*you* know—normal. They hadn't made a profit on their fiction list for years, while other publishers were making fortunes. Bamby was a writer himself; that was his trouble. He hadn't the eye of a reader at all. He ought to have more time to write. He ought to take a holiday—abroad, say—and do Something Big. This nonsense about the girl in his office wasn't serious. What he needed was a little holiday to take him away from her for the moment, and then find real work of his own—writing—to occupy his mind

and keep him out of mischief. If Mrs. Bamby could take him abroad—

"I haven't been feeling well," she said suddenly, "for some time. My doctor's been suggesting that I ought to take the cure at Kissingen."

"There you *are!*" Collins spread his plump hands expansively.

"But all this," she warned him, "has nothing to do with Miss Joyce. I shan't mention her to Winfield."

"Oh, certainly not. Certainly not."

She did not like Collins; she thought him coarse and she could not understand how her sister ever married him—except that Marjorie had never been really fastidious, even as a young girl. However, coarse or fine, Collins knew his business. He had been making a great deal of money for them, in spite of the failure of their fiction list. And Bamby's behavior had freed her from any loyal obligation to protect him any longer from Collins' interference. "I've always wanted Winfield to go back to his writing," she said proudly, "and I'll speak to him about it to-night. I shouldn't like to have him feel that he's been a failure in the office. I'll simply put it on the score of ill-health and the necessity of going abroad. And I trust that you'll speak of it in the same way, Buxton, in the office."

"Oh, certainly. Certainly," Collins promised. "In fact, I won't mention it at all. He can explain it himself. Whatever he says, goes, eh?"

"Yes, indeed." Mrs. Bamby rose at the end of lunch. "I'll merely suggest it to him. If he objects, of course I'll not press it. It's for him to decide. Entirely."

"Quite so," Collins agreed.

But when he finally got away from her he could not wait even to walk the few blocks back to his office with the glad tidings. He bolted to a taxi and arrived in Cleve Brown's room in a perspiring state of secret excitement, although he covered it with a pretense of fat nonchalance. He lighted a cigar and sat down lazily and drawled out, "He's canned. Don't say a word. She's going to break the news to him to-night. She's taking him abroad—to get him away from this Sweetie of his—and he isn't ever coming back—not to this joint, anyway."

That was very important and confidential information, and it was promptly passed around among the responsible heads of the office in a series of hurried conferences from which the clerks and secretaries were excluded; but the clerks and secretaries easily suspected that the official secrecy concerned Bamby, since it buzzed around so importantly in Bamby's absence; and they all waited eagerly to see what would happen when he returned.

He was late. So was Carlotta Joyce. And they were late because she had begun telling him the whole story of her life and her love, over their Turkish coffee, and they did not realize what time it was. And what time was it, truly? Time for them had just begun. All *her* life, certainly, had been merely a preparation for this wonderful beginning. She kept interrupting her story to say, "I'm *so* happy!" in tones of rapture. "I didn't know I was in love with you. I just felt that people would misunderstand you, and make trouble for you, and I wanted to be where I could help protect you. Isn't it funny?—because you're not that sort of person at all. You're so distinguished and—and authoritative. I love your hands!"

Bamby had never been made love to before. All the women whom he had ever admired had followed the established American tradition of being only sweetly receptive. Mrs. Bamby, at her most ardent, had no more than complained, "You don't love me any more." To have this adorable girl interrupt her story of her mad passion for him, in order to say in a heart-shaken voice, "I love your hands!"—oh, that was an intoxication as potent as sips of cognac interrupting an endless replenishment of champagne. He kept murmuring "You darling!" almost maudlinly, sup-

porting himself with his elbows on the table and leaning over as near to her as he could get across the dishes.

They were reminded of the hour, at last, by making an attempt to arrange for another meeting that evening. She wanted him to come to the studio and read her his first chapter of *In Days of Old*. Her father was away sketching somewhere in Connecticut; their servant came only for half a day; they would be all alone. Bamby was afraid he had an engagement for dinner, but if he hadn't, and if he dined at home, he would get away as soon as he could after dinner, on the excuse of going to his club, and it'd take him about half an hour to taxi from Washington Square, so that he'd arrive about nine-thirty. "What time is it now?" she asked, so as to begin counting the minutes that must elapse before she could open her door, like Juliet—

"Heavens!" He jumped up. "It's three o'clock!" They stared at each other, caught together. "You run along," he said. "Take a taxi. I'll wait and pay the check. Hurry!"

She fled without a good-by. It did not matter about him. He could be as late as he pleased. But for her to be absent from the office, too, would be suspicious. "Oh, damn," he said, pulling at his imperial. "Why didn't I think of that!" He realized, for the first time, that an affair of this sort, no matter how innocent and happy, could seriously complicate one's life. People were so low-minded.

And, indeed, the office staff was low-minded enough to be wondering humorously, by half past three, whether Bamby and the girl had not eloped together. Carlotta's taxi got caught in a traffic jam, and she had no more than sauntered in, as bold as innocence, before Bamby followed her, fussing guiltily. When they were safe in his office, with the door closed, she kissed him, giggling. "Oh, dear," she said, "you look so funny. As if you'd been playing hooky!"

She succeeded in making him see it as a lark, and then his wife telephoned to say that she had canceled their engagement for dinner that evening because she was feeling quite ill, and if he didn't mind having dinner at home again—

"Oh, not at all," he assured her, very editorially. "I'd much prefer it. Sorry you're not feeling well. Nothing serious?"

Well, that was something she wished to talk to him about. And her tone might have sounded ominous to him if he had been really listening to it instead of trying to convey to Carlotta by his raised eyebrows and his conspiring smile, that what he was hearing was good news for her. She came to stand beside him eagerly while he finished. "There!" he said, as he hung up. "I had a dinner, but it's canceled. I'll be free."

"Oh, goody!" She pulled him to his feet. "Oh, golly!" She clasped him to her and began to do a jig, turning him round and round. "Our first—first—first! Our first real time together. Oh, Darly-warly! Ain't it grand? Our first real time together!"

In fact, she succeeded in making him see their whole relation as a lark—as something happy and young and mischievous rather than guilty—something like playing truant together from solemn lessons in duty set by the schoolma'am who presided over married life. And she succeeded so well that when Cleve Brown came in again, to have a fascinated look at Bamby on the edge of disaster and ignorant of his danger, Bamby was in such serene and confident good spirits that Brown was taken aback. He went to consult Collins. "You don't suppose," he said, "that Bamby has anything up his sleeve?"

"Not a thing," Collins assured him. "He's a flat and he doesn't know it."

"But suppose he refuses to quit? Suppose he won't *go* abroad?"

"If he refuses to quit he gets fired. You don't know the half of it, Cleve. He hasn't a cent to his name. He's never had anything but his salary, and

he hasn't asked for a raise in fifteen years because it would come out of the family pot. She has all the money. He's never had more than enough to pay his tailor and his bills at the club. He'll do what she tells him or he won't eat. You don't imagine he could get a job anywhere else, even if he had the face to go after it? At his age? After his record here? Everyone in the business knows what a flop he's been. Besides, he hasn't the nerve to stand up to her for a minute. Not Winnie. You watch. He'll do just what Mamma tells him to—and no back talk either."

"Well, I don't know," Brown grumbled, unconvinced. "If he's really in love with this girl, you can't tell. He might put up a fight. He might put up a fight that'd hold Mrs. B. He looks to me a good deal like the rabbit that bit the bulldog."

Bamby went through the rest of his afternoon so busily repressing his clandestine exuberance that he did not suspect again what anyone else in the office might be concealing. He had one moment of doubt as she was leaving him to go home, a little early because she wanted to make the studio ready to receive him. "I may be late," he warned her. "She said she wasn't feeling well. I may not be able to run away right after dinner."

She turned at the door, to surrender her whole soul to him in a last deep look of devotion. "Don't worry," she said. "I'll wait. I've waited all these years. I'd wait forever."

She had to wait till after ten o'clock, but she fretted no more than a beloved child on the night before Christmas, sure of her Santa Claus. Most of the time she spent preparing herself and the room to welcome him. She swept and dusted with a vacuum cleaner, a towel around her head; piled away her father's canvases in a corner; brought in cushions from her bedroom, and changed several of the lamp shades, and even tinted three of the electric globes with some of her father's rose madder, humming to herself, "If I had Heaven's embroidered cloths." At seven o'clock she ran out to get a bite to eat in a dairy restaurant, but she gobbled it hastily when she considered that he might come early—and find her missing—and she hurried back with flowers and candies and cigarettes for him. She had still to bathe and dress and cream and powder and perfume herself, and that occupied her endlessly. She ended in a long Chinese coat embroidered in apple blossoms, that came to her knees, and under it apple-green silk trousers that came to her ankles. With a cigarette in a long jade-green holder, she seated herself among the cushions on the studio couch and puffed blissfully. "Isn't life lovely?" she asked herself reprovingly, because she had been so despairing only a few days before. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

On top of that happy thought, it occurred to her that the door bell might be out of order—that he might come and ring and ring and go away, disappointed, without her hearing him. You could never tell about electric bells. She hurried to the door and tried the push-button, and it rang all right, but she would not trust it. She took the catch off the door, so that it might be opened from the outside, but even this did not satisfy her; he might not try to open it. As a final precaution, she left the door a few inches ajar. "If he sees it that way," she told herself, "he'll think I've just gone out for a minute, and he'll come in to wait for me."

She went back to her cushions, relieved, and lay down again, smiling. She closed her eyes and stretched herself, humming as a cat purrs before the fire, conscious of happiness as a physical well-being which she could feel as much in the contented muscles of her body as in the glow of her thought.

She was wakened by the bell—she could not tell whether it was from a day-dream or a real sleep—and she scrambled to her feet, instantly alert, and threw

the cushions back on the couch and ran to the door. She plucked it open, and there stood—smiling at her shyly—a young man who was, for the moment, a complete stranger to her. Her mind was so full of Bamby that she simply stared at him without recognition.

"I noticed your door was open," he explained apologetically, "so I knew you must be in."

It was Billy Harper, the young artist from across the hall. She continued to stare at his high forehead—he was prematurely bald—at his clean-shaven chin, at his faltering and hairless smile.

"I wanted to tell you my good news," he said. "They're going to give me a one-man show. And they've sold two of my things."

The image of Bamby had slowly faded out and let Harper come through. She watched him take something out of his pocket and give it to her. When she looked down at it in her hand, it was a check for five hundred dollars. "And I've got commissions for two portraits," he said.

He waited, bashfully expectant.

Billy Harper! Of course. He had been her father's favorite pupil. It was about him that they had quarreled so often, because he was in love with her, and she always snubbed him. And here he was, of all people, come to her with the first fruits of his success, to be congratulated.

She said, in a chalky tone, "Isn't that nice. I'm so glad."

"Are you really?" His voice shook, nervous at his own daring. "It—it means everything to me. I know how you feel about artists. But a—a successful artist?"

Heavens! He was going to propose to her again, *there*, with Bamby likely to arrive at any minute.

"It doesn't mean anything to me," he faltered, "unless you . . . I hate to think of you working in an office. I—I'd paint so much better if you'd let me . . . Couldn't you like me enough just—*you* know—as a friend—to let me help you go on with your music, so you wouldn't have to work in an office? I'm going to get a thousand dollars each for the portraits, and the dealer takes only thirty per cent, except for pictures that're sold in his gallery, and my prices'll be going up all the time, and I . . ."

She held out her hand to give him back the check. Happy in her emotion about Bamby, she felt, for the first time, sorry for him. "That's awfully sweet of you, Billy," she said, touched. "I couldn't, of course, but it's—it's awfully sweet of you."

He caught her hand and held it, in spite of her attempts to free herself, crushing the check. "No, no, listen," he pleaded. "You don't know what it means to me—to my work—and everything. I'm so miserable. I don't want anything but to make you happy. No, nothing. Nothing but that. It doesn't matter to me about my success—or anything—unless I can share it with you. I can't!—I can't . . ." He choked on his tears.

"No, no." She struggled with him, at arm's length. "Let me go. There's someone coming. I can't talk to you here. I'm expecting someone from the office to see me. Please go away. I'll see you some other time."

He clung to her, desperately. "Will you see me after they go? Will you?"

"No. Yes." She had to promise it to get rid of him. He released her. "Now, please go away." She shut the door hastily in his face.

She thought she had heard the elevator coming, and she ran to her bedroom to powder her nose again and conceal the agitation of her scene with Harper. Darn him! To come there just at that moment and destroy all the joyous expectation of her mood. It was disgusting. *He* was disgusting. She felt that she positively hated his high bald forehead and his clean-shaven chin—so unlike Bamby's—and his meek and pleading eyes, so different in their expression from Bamby's amiably condescending way of beaming at her when he

was making love. He was so distinguished. He was so aristocratic. He was a king. She made a gesture of waving the memory of Harper away from her, and hurried back to the studio to concentrate again on the thought of Bamby, so as to recapture the warm glow with which she ought to receive him.

She lighted a cigarette and sat down to think of him, but in spite of herself something had gone out of her emotion. Darn him and darn him! Suppose he *was* unhappy, was it *her* fault? Why did he always keep coming back to bother her, like some poor dumb animal that couldn't be driven away? You didn't like to be absolutely brutal to him. And yet, if you didn't he'd hang around like this, and spoil her whole evening with Bamby because she'd keep thinking that he might come back, in the midst of their happiness, and ring the bell—

It rang. She stood a moment, horrified, with the premonition that he had returned. And then she realized that it was Bamby, and she reached the door almost in a single bound. She threw it open, breathless. And there stood Bamby with his hat on, staring at the floor in an attitude of bowed dejection, as if he had pressed the button absent-mindedly while he was thinking of something else.

She gazed at him transfixed. "What is it? What's the matter?"

He replied hoarsely, without really looking at her, "She's ill."

His wife! "Not seriously!" And in spite of her sympathy, there was a lift of hope in her voice.

He looked up, at that, and she saw that his face was drawn, his eyes sunken. "No. She has to go abroad. She wants me to go with her."

He seemed to have aged incredibly. She caught him by the arm, on an impulse to rescue him, and pulled him into the apartment and closed the door on the calamity that had overwhelmed him since he left her. "What's happened? I don't understand."

"That man Collins and she have got together. I quarreled with him to-day. They're putting me out of the office. It's only an excuse—her wanting to go abroad."

"What?" She led him into the studio from the darkened entrance hall, to see him better. She took off his hat. He did not seem to notice it. "Putting *you* out of the office!"

He nodded miserably.

"But they *can't!* It's *your* office."

He shook his head, as if he had not spirit enough left to speak.

"Here! Come here by the fire. Give me your coat. Sit down here, darling, and tell me." She got his overcoat off him as if he were a child, and she led him to an armchair and sat down on his knees and kissed him in a frenzied ardor of pity; and when he remained still unresponsive, in a state of chilled dejection, she cried, "But, darling, even if they can do it—even if you have to leave the office—all the better, don't you see? You can write. You can do your book. I'll help you. And your poetry! It's just what you wanted. You never should have been *in* an office. You're a poet—*my* poet. And a novelist. Don't you see?"

Evidently, he did not see, and she did not seem to be able to make him see. His eyes were full of something that was going on inside his head, to the exclusion of everything around him—to the exclusion even of her; and when she had covered his face with kisses and drew back to beam at him, she found that she had not changed him, that he was still looking aside, as cold to her as if he were in a sulk.

"I can't make a living by writing," he said, in that same hoarse, despondent voice.

"How do you know you can't?" she argued. "You've never tried. And even if you couldn't, you could try, and then get another office if you failed, couldn't you? Why, how absurd you are! You act as if these people—"

At the thought of looking for work

in another office, he all but shuddered. And the thought of writing for a living made it a shudder of nausea. He hated the whole business of money-making. That was one reason why he hated Collins—the money-maker. And that was why his fiction list had done so badly; he continually rejected books, cheap books, popular books the more gladly because he knew they would make money. Never since his marriage had he once condescended to think of money. To propose to him now that he should start out in the horrible world of money-making and either peddle manuscripts or go about asking these damned money-making publishers for work! She was a fool to propose such a thing. He glanced at her as if he hated her. "I couldn't make a living writing, and I'm not going to try."

She stared at him a moment silenced. She got up from his knee and retreated to a seat on the studio couch. "I don't understand," she said painfully. "Don't you love me any more?"

"What good would that do us?" he replied. "*Either* of us?"

She sank back against the cushions, as if the cutting edge of his voice had stabbed the pain into her breast.

"They've got together—Collins and she—to do this to me, after all the years I've worked for them. Turning me out—on the excuse that she's sick and has to go abroad and take me with her—and pretending she wants me to have a holiday and give up the office so as to have more time to write. And when I ask her how long she plans to be abroad, she won't tell me—some months certainly—maybe a year. It's all a trick. It's all a trick of Collins's. To get rid of me. Because I put him in his place. It's—it's given me an awful indigestion."

He put his hand on his middle and blinked at her pathetically. That was a way her father had; he always got ill after a quarrel in the house, and then you had to bring him medicine and forgive him—even when he was in the wrong. She hated it. It was the trick of a weak egotist. Bamby looked yellow—yellow with age and nausea. He looked a little shrunken, babyish, old man. He looked like her father, and she said, in the tone she might have used to her father, "I'll get you some soda."

She went to the medicine chest in the bathroom, conscious that her heart was breaking under a load of pity and disgust. She did not dare to look in the mirror, where she had seen herself beautiful and happy such a short time before; she was afraid to think of that. She mixed a spoonful of soda with a half glass of water. Yes, life was like this.

When she brought the medicine to him she averted her eyes while he took it and drank it meekly.

She put the glass on the table where the poet's narcissus was palely watching him.

She sat down on the couch again in silence and listened to him and his futile complaints.

He went over them and over them, but he never once mentioned her or thought apparently of what would happen to her. No, he was thinking only of himself, of his hurt pride, of his sore egotism. And she saw him as a weak little man, grown old in selfishness, with that self-centered lack of sympathy, of generosity which she loathed in her father. Her love had just flattered him. Now, reduced to abject sincerity by this disaster to his opinion of himself, he asked peevishly, "What good would that do us—*either* of us?" when she offered him her devotion.

"Then you're going abroad with her, for a year maybe?" She asked it in a dead, indifferent voice, fighting against a horrible cold tremor that had attacked her like an inner ague.

"What else *can* I do? I've made money for them—for her—but I've never made a penny for myself. I never thought of it. I trusted to her—to her gratitude. I—" He choked on a sort of hiccough. "Pardon me." He wiped his forehead. "I feel really very ill."

"You'd better go home," she said,

"before you get any worse." She rose to bring him his coat.

"Ye-es, I think I had," he agreed miserably. "I'm sorry." He had some glimmering sense of what a tragedy it was for her. He frowned at her as if he were trying to see her clearly, his eyes wavering. "I'm sorry."

She would not look at him. "Not at all," she said. She gave him his hat and led the way to the door.

He followed her, confused. He turned at the doorway to say good-by. "I'll see you to-morrow."

She made no reply. She looked at him with a sort of grimace, her mouth drawn to one side, her eyebrows working; and before he could speak again, she closed the door.

He hesitated a moment and then he swayed faintly down the hall to the elevator and rang the bell. He'd see her to-morrow, when he felt better. He did not look up from his sick preoccupation to notice Harper watching him through the crack of the opposite door; and Harper drew back when the elevator arrived; but as soon as Bamby had descended out of sight, he darted across the hall and rang Carlotta's bell.

He rang it again and again. When he got no answer, he tried the handle and found the door off the catch. He opened it. "Carlie?" he called. "It's me."

He heard her sobbing. He went in slowly and slowly closed the door.

Bamby did not see her on the morrow. She did not come back to the office even to get the things there that belonged to her, and she never acknowledged them when they were sent to her, or replied to the letter that he wrote. He called her several times on the telephone before he sailed, but there was no answer.

He is still abroad. He has not written his novel yet, or anything else, but then he has been ill. He has developed a chronic dyspepsia; and Mrs. Bamby carries him around the Continent, from cure to cure; and the more watchfully she nurses him the worse he becomes.

"The joke of it is," Collins says, "she's never mentioned the girl. I hear she's married a painter, but I don't suppose he knows it. Mrs. B. has never explained a thing to him. Not a thing! He doesn't know what struck him."

Certainly he does not suspect that it was true love.

(*The End*)

LIFE ON THE HOOF

BY ALICE O'REARDON OVERBECK

ONCE, many years ago, as I stood looking over a vast stretch of western prairie—sand dotted with cactus and sagebrush carrying on flatly to the blue-gray horizon—the cowman standing beside me waved his hand negligently and remarked, a certain warm savor in his voice, "Life, Lady, life on the hoof."

And so I propose to tell you of life—life on the hoof—not in our great West, which has rather graduated from the hoof to patent leathers; but in Bolivia, a mountain land of agonizing desolation and unspeakable beauty, of blistering suns and icy winds, of stark privation and easy comfort.

Never shall I forget my letting down the day I embarked on my first journey to Bolivia, feeling not too unlike the original Pizarro. We were gathered on the Grace Line Pier in Brooklyn, the male parent of the family sweating blood over mislaid or mislabeled trunks and unreasonable officials who would wrangle over passports and tickets, the children frolicking ever nearer and nearer the dangerous edges of the dock, I inclined to weep on the bosoms of my encircling relatives; when into our midst barged the friend of the family, armed with a cross-word puzzle book for the "popper," candy for the children, and a bunch of artificial flowers in a cunning box for me.

"Well, Alicia," she cried breathlessly, "so you are off for Bolivia. The capital of Peru—isn't it?"

I gasped; the relatives looked virtuously intelligent.

"Oh," corrected the friend airily, "I didn't mean Peru, I meant Chile."

And so I find that most of my friends who may, I think, be called representative Americans, mean—well, if not Peru, Chile, or the Argentine, or any old place in South America. To my surprise, and later, when I came to feel a certain pride in Bolivia, to my disgust, I discovered that even Lake Titicaca failed to rouse. Most people had never heard of it, or, if they had, it was merely a name, like the Lamas of Thibet, or Relativity, or the two-toed sloth of Brazil—things which when encountered in an intelligence questionnaire throw you into a fury, because of course you know about them, but somehow you just can't make an answer come right. I realize that I should be showing an indecent distrust of my readers should I doubt their exact knowledge of Bolivia or Lake Titicaca; I merely mention the ignorance of my friends.

I am the wife of a geologist, and we spend our lives wandering from one mining camp to another—two months here, three months there, always moving. Sometimes two or three other women live in the camp in which we may be staying, sometimes I am the only *Gringa* woman; but the entire American colony in Bolivia is so small that wherever we may be there are always friends. It is six years now since I left the States and started my struggle with life on the hoof, and during those years I have learned many things—how to officiate at a birth when there is no nurse to be had, how to close the eyes and fold the hands of the dead, how to ride a mule for hours on end over dizzy mountain trails, how to drink whisky and water and dash to-

gether a wicked cocktail, how to exchange mine gossip with the men in easy man-talk, how to speak almost incredibly bad Spanish, and, perhaps my most useful accomplishment, how to forage for food against what seemed at the outset insurmountable difficulties.

When I first arrived in Bolivia I acquired a cook and, although I have had an almost endless string of houseboys and maids and laundresses, my Teresa has stuck to me through all her and my vicissitudes. She is officially a Chola, as shown by her two long black pigtails, her huge gold earrings set with pearls, her tall, hard, white straw hat—shaped rather like a Civil War stovepipe—her enormous blue skirt or *pollera*, her pink merino shawl heavily embroidered and fringed with silk, and her high laced kid boots with spindling heels; but her admixture of Spanish blood is only a dash, and she is probably ninety-nine per cent Quichua Indian—the people of the Incas. Costume in Bolivia is partly a religious matter, and the Cholas (people of mixed Spanish and native Indian blood), as well as the Quichua and Aymará Indians, cling stubbornly to what is *custumbre*, despite the recent efforts of the Government to throw them into *vestidos*—a word actually meaning dresses, but in Bolivia connoting European clothes. The belief, so far as I can gather, is that long, long ago the Señor God made images of clay, each in its proper dress, and set them on the earth. Then into the clay images He breathed the breath of life, and bade them go forth and do what was expected of them. To even the crassest unbeliever, then, it is evident that El Señor intended these costumes, so cunningly and painfully devised, to remain; and remain they do. Nothing would lure Teresa from her cherished clothes, although her real elegance is reserved for traveling and fiestas, while for plain work days the gold earrings are handed over to me for safe keeping, the gorgeous skirt and shawl and boots are folded away; and flat slippers on the ends of bare brown legs, a black *pollera*, and an ugly checked gingham overall take their place. The tall white hat, however, is apparently a fixture, and I could almost swear that she sleeps in it. During work hours or in moments of heavy trial it is thrown on the back of the head; in moments of ease or for traveling or fiestas it is perched rakishly on one eyebrow. How it is kept in position is more than I should like even to guess at, for it is absolutely hard-boiled and uncompromising, and the head never seems to fit into it—it merely sits; yet I have seen Cholas struggling against heavy winds, Cholas bending over wash tubs or scrubbing floors, Cholas lustily beating their offspring, and always with the glistening white hat sitting firmly in its prescribed place.

Teresa has four advantages over most of her people—she can read and she can write, she can tell time, and she is married. This last is an estate so uncommon in her class as to be almost startling, and Teresa achieved it only after the birth of several children. Apparently, when achieved, it had few charms, as she soon left her husband to follow us in our nomad life; and now, although she may burst into a child ever and anon, she is my almost constant companion and my mainstay in moments of need.

Take us, for example, as we are at present. We have been ordered to a tiny pueblo, the central camp for a number of mines, not far from the Argentine border. We are thirteen thousand odd feet above sea level, and, like the man at a funeral who craved permission to speak a few words on Southern California, I beg leave to deliver a few thoughts on altitude. I truly believe that unless one is afflicted with some chronic disorder of the heart this "feeling the altitude" business is pure tosh. I have met people at the Grand Canyon of Arizona, which I believe is somewhere around seven thousand feet, and people at Denver, which is about five thousand, who move with measured tread, as if just about to blow up "on account of the altitude"; and I have heard of, though

not positively seen, people who gushed blood at the nose on crossing the high points of the Rockies on the train. Here, at thirteen thousand feet, we play tennis with no worse result than a possible shortness of breath; and at fiesta time dance by the hour, not the gentle waltz or foxtrot or even the more energetic Charleston, but the rollicking native dances—the *cueca*, wherein the gentleman, holding one coat tail coyly aloft and gently fluttering his handkerchief, pursues the lady, who, one hand on hip and the other also fluttering a provocative handkerchief, mincingly attempts to escape the pursuer; or the *huaiña*, wherein one grasps both hands of one's partner and switches this way and that in a sort of wrestling match or endurance contest. I personally know one gay old lad of over sixty who has, not once but several times, walked to the top of Chorolque Mountain, which towers over our camp, eighteen thousand feet above sea level, and regularly on Sundays turns out with the football team at the mine camp, which is nearly sixteen thousand feet up. We all use the altitude as a scapegoat, and when we get low in our spirits, or fretful, or in a boiling rage, assure our comrades that "the altitude is getting us"; but when it comes to actual damage—tosh!

With all its thirteen thousand feet our pueblo is not without charm. It lies in a narrow valley at the junction of two rivers, and high above it on every side rise starkly the barren, pastel-colored mountains. Indeed, so close do the hills encroach that the village seems to be plastered against their sides, and has been necessarily built on two levels, which are connected by a long flight of stone stairs. The houses are adobe, of the same passionless tone as the hills, with doors and window trimmings of apple-green, and roofs either of thatch or of warm, sunburned red tiles. Willow trees grow along the river's edge, occasional knotty thorn trees are scattered about the village, and a huge, windgnarled pepper tree spreads its arms clear across the main patio. Only because of the protection of the hills do we have these trees, as actually we are well above the tree line; and the sheltered situation also makes possible the gardens which on our arrival are ablaze with hollyhocks and cornflowers and marigolds. For it is January, and hot, despite the altitude; and flies, millions of them, fill the air with their drone.

Teresa and I, however, advance on our new location with cheerful hearts, a pressure cooker, a really elegant patent can opener, a flour sifter, and a Dover egg beater. For the rest, we trust in God and hope for the best. The Company owning the mines is Bolivian, the inhabitants of the camp are all Bolivians, save for the English chief engineer and the visiting American auditor; and as the most flamboyant and optimistic Gringo must know, we North Americans are not the well-beloved of our South American cousins. The housing problem, as always in mining camps, is acute. There is great delay and discussion as to where we shall live, and at first, like the dove of the Ark, we have not where to set the sole of our foot; but finally we are shunted into a small adobe house on the outskirts of camp—not in the best residential district, to be sure, but very comfortable. Our house, from the point of view of any architect, might be said to be a complete flop, for it is nothing but a series of rooms strung around a patio, with the dining room at one end and the living room at the other. When it rains the family must gallop across the patio regardless of weather, and the food, in the face of the flies as well as the weather, must be carried from the still farther removed kitchen. The place, however, has its points, for adobe takes on a pretty color after years, and the roof is thatched, and the patio is delightful—all gay with sweetpeas and cosmos and sunflowers and hollyhocks and crimson cockscomb, and dignified with nice useful cabbages and cauliflowers and carrots.

Although we know we can keep this place for only three months, we settle down with as much vigor as if for a lifetime. From somewhere Teresa retrieves a dog, a cat, and a parrot. The dog is immediately named Jasmine, a name which somehow appeals to me, and which we use for all our dogs regardless of breed or sex. The parrot is rather a poor affair with a limited vocabulary—*Lorito Real, trae la patita*, and such useful and refined expressions—but we always have parrots of this order, mainly because they are cheap and can be left behind when a job is finished.

The animals accounted for, we must collect our staff, as Bolivian servants are highly specialized; a cook cooks, a laundress launders, a *pongo* washes dishes and runs errands, and so along the line. Finally, we are definitely established, with Flores—a small, dapper Rio Blanco Indian lad—as houseboy; Benigna—a none too benignant looking Chola—as laundress; the patent can opener set up, the pressure cooker on the tiny cook stove, and the animals in their appointed places, where, I will say, they seldom remain.

Our next objective is to get provisions. We are visited by the milkman. So far as I can see, his one idea is to assure us that there is enough milk only for his former patrons, and it is entirely useless to try to urge him to give forth more. In the matter he is polite but firm. I reason with him sternly in my truly remarkable Spanish, throwing in an occasional *Por Dios* and *Caramba* to buck up my loose verbs, while the staff gather round, and, be it said to their credit, never even smile at my linguistic acrobatics. Finally Teresa bursts into a stream of angry and explosive Quichua. What she says I don't know, for I have never learned even one word of Quichua; but it is apparently effective, because next morning up to the kitchen door lumbers a cow, her calf flinging its heels gaily behind her. Teresa rushes out with a large native earthen jar, Flores and Benigna ward off the calf with flourishes and shouts, and amid the uproar the milkman squirts into the jar a scanty portion of thin blue milk. This must, of course, be boiled and strained before using, yet even so I could never get up courage to drink it. When one has been accustomed to seeing milk delivered in neat bottles, such informal delivery seems almost too personal.

For groceries we must patronize the Company store, or *pulpería*. This is a dark little hole, the only light coming from the door, and the shelves that line the walls are packed with the most remarkable merchandise. There are canned goods of various countries and vintages, liquors of all kinds, including several good brands of champagne, cheap colored calicoes, fine blocked English linen, Chola hats and shawls and skirts, bolts of really good English woollens, most of which were imported before the War; and the usual outlay for the Indians—coca, rice, a coarse sort of meal, and a barrel of soiled sweets (a little pink sugar rolled round a caraway seed) that are usually claimed as *llapa*. Here seems to be enough assortment to suit any housekeeper, but when it comes to a showdown, there is seemingly nothing necessary to her comfort. After we have stocked up on flour, sugar, rice, a few liquors, Quaker oats (called simply *Quacker* and as familiar in South America as the Singer sewing machine), Royal baking powder, and lard, comes a deadlock. The canned goods are mostly of inferior brands and incredibly expensive—one dilapidated can of peaches that has lost even its wrapper costing a dollar gold, its companions rating equally. The shopkeeper, or *pulpero*, is absolutely undisturbed at our caustic comments and, sitting calmly on his stool, announces the lack of essentials with what would seem unnecessary heartiness.

"Any Golden State butter?"

"*No hay, Señora*," is the cordial response.

"Any raisins, any nuts, any syrup, any bacon, any crackers, any anything?"

"*No hay, Señora, no hay,*" comes the cheerful chant.

Well, we will have to send to Oruro—the nearest large town—for what we can't get at the *pulpería*, and there are only two mails a week, and the rains have started, and we are twenty kilometers from the railroad, and the only road is in the river bed, which will probably be in flood before our stuff can arrive at the nearest railroad station. What a life!

Since we can get so little from the *pulpería*, we must fall back on the country. First, we must have chickens; we always have chickens, even on our briefest stops. So Teresa calls on the Commissario, or head man of the pueblo. His house is not far behind ours, and I can watch him from my back window. He leans against his door frame, looks pensive, and seems to be giving the situation a lot of heavy thought. Finally he comes around to the kitchen door with Teresa, Flores and Benigna, and I join them, and we go seriously into the matter. Well, this is Thursday, and he believes—he doesn't know, mind you, only believes—that about four of the afternoon of the coming Saturday there will be chickens for sale at the *recova*, or marketplace. The Commissario is a person rather to be reckoned with, as all food brought into the pueblo by the Indians is levied on by him and to be in his good graces means getting first choice; so we thank him politely, exchange courtesies anent our respective healths, the weather, and the state of the river, and make a formal tryst with him for Saturday at four.

When the appointed hour comes, Teresa and I set forth. We trudge up the long flight of steps that separates the lower from the upper level of the village, and through the main street, which is merely a dirt path flanked on either side by tiny adobe houses of a couple of rooms and a small walled patio each. Pigs, chickens, and dogs foregather with easy familiarity, and an occasional duck wanders hither and thither. Sanitary arrangements are absolutely unknown in this part of the pueblo, and the place smells to high heaven. Swarms of flies buzz and drone and light on animals and people alike in perfect democracy. As we pick our way amongst the garbage and puddles—origin best unsought—that fret the path, we are greeted by an endless chorus of *buenas tardes* from the women squatting beside their *braseros* in the open doorways of the patios, from the children playing time-old games of top spinning and marble rolling and ring-around-a-rosy in the dust, from the men sunning themselves placidly against the adobe walls.

The *recova* is at the very end of Main Street, and as Saturday and Sunday are the favorite market days, Indians are coming in from every direction, with their goods either swung on their backs in gaily striped blankets or hung on any and every part of their tiny burros. The market is simply a walled inclosure, three sides of which are protected from the weather by a thatched roof, and at one corner is a tiny room, properly equipped with a door that locks and a small window. In the center of the inclosure grows an unwilling thorn tree, knotted and twisted and in its way rather beautiful, as it lifts its sullen head against the blue sky. Back against the wall, under the protection of the roof, the Indians squat with their wares spread out on brightly colored blankets before them; and under the thorn tree burn the *braseros* over which the women cook curious messes of meat and potatoes and *ají* (native dried red peppers) in double-handled earthen jars; for most of these people come from far down the river in the warm country, and have traveled many days in order to dispose of their meager wares. Filthy children of all ages are everywhere—children and dogs and flies. The children and dogs clamber in and out amongst the cooks, licking a plate here and stealing a tidbit there, or skirmish about among the merchants, and now and then stage a really rousing fight; but no one seems to

bother about them. Children and dogs are always welcome in the lower ranks of Bolivian society.

These traveling Indians are of many tribes, and each tribe has its distinctive garb, a fact that gives one a mighty respect for the ingenuity of the Señor God who devised them. One tribe wears very wide breeches held in at the waist by a bright red sash wound tightly two or three times around the body, a loose, shapeless jacket of the same drab material as the pants, and a sort of peach-basket hat of drab felt. The legs are bare, and on the feet are sandals that are easily shaken off when the owner has to wade the numerous streams that harass the souls of all Bolivian travelers. The flowing pants, too, seem to have their purpose, for I see the men passing my window, which commands the river, naked almost to the waist, their sandals in their hands and their wide-legged pants rolled high on their thighs. The men of this tribe wear long hair, plaited at the nape of the neck, and have a peculiarly feminine cast of face—narrow faces, with long thin noses and thin straight mouths and smoldering eyes. Another tribe is much more dashing—almost rakish. The men wear close-fitting pants that reach only to about three inches above the knee, and then are split another couple of inches to allow for still higher rolling when fording streams. Their upper garment is a sort of loose tunic, girdled at the waist by a wide leather belt, and over this tunic they usually wear a brilliant poncho of red and green and orange stripes. The hair is long and hangs straight from the head, on top of which is perched most jauntily a large round hat, rather of the old-fashioned Pinafore type, regularly black faced with red. Their legs are always bare, and are most peculiar—slim at the ankle and knee, and bulging at the calf into a great knot of muscle. The men of still another tribe—the Rio Blancos—are almost invariably house servants. They wear suits made of the native handwoven stuff, a nondescript tan with a black stripe, but they are very natty in appearance, not to say surprising. The jacket of their costume is a smart Eton, the vest is quite form fitting, the pants hug the waist with amazing snugness but flare out at the knee. Here comes the real climax. Hanging at least three inches below the cloth breeches is a pair of good old-fashioned Victorian white panties trimmed with ruffles of either embroidery or fringe. These panties seem to be a matter of much pride among the tribe, as they are almost invariably white and crisp, even though the rest of the clothes may be soiled and worn. The women of the various tribes look much alike, and seem to make no effort other than to keep covered. A worn and dirty *pollera*, but always of a vivid color, a tattered blouse, a shawl or a piece of native *bayeta* cloth over their shoulders, a battered felt hat, and a pair of sandals on bare feet is the usual outfit. Almost without exception the women have babies swinging in *aguayos* on their backs and, what with their incessant child bearing and the hardships of their life, they lose every semblance of youth or good looks at a very early age.

Into this crowd Teresa and I hurtle on Saturday at four, on our quest for the Commissario and our chickens. The Commissario, naturally, is not on hand; and for one wild moment we think we may buy our chickens boldly and alone, but the thought proves to be but error. No chickens are in sight, and on inquiring around, one of the Indians squatting on the ground points to the little window in the room in the corner, where we see pressed against the iron grating the face of a man. The owner of the face, explains the Indian in Quichua to Teresa, is locked in there with his chickens until the Commissario brings a client and personally supervises a sale. We send a boy, then, to hunt up the Commissario, and meanwhile we rest in the shade of the thorn tree quite calmly; for after six years in South America one ceases to

storm and fret at delays—one accepts the inevitable without even thinking about it. Anon appears the Commissario, unembarrassed and unruffled, opens the door, and conducts us into the presence of the dealer in fowls, who sits on the dirt floor with his livestock, their legs tightly hobbled with bits of string, flopping about, around, and over him. Thereupon begins the leisurely game of bargaining, which is so much a part of the day's work here that even when one goes home to the States the desire to haggle is almost unconquerable. Only great presence of mind and self-restraint keep me, when in my native Baltimore, from entering into a heated debate over the price of a pound of butter or a dozen eggs; and I can't help feeling that marketing loses a great deal of savor when everything has its flat and definitely determined price. Regard the method of Bolivia, and note its charm.

Teresa picks up one of the chickens, prods it critically, and asks the price. The Indian, hardly raising his unfriendly eyes to notice us, mentions two Bolivianos as the price per creature. Teresa gives a sharp scream, dashes the chicken to the ground, and turns indignantly to the Commissario, who rouses himself to aver that two Bolivianos is, of course, out of the question, but now perhaps Bs/1.90. Teresa, her black eyes snapping and red spots on either cheekbone, states Bs/1.50 as absolutely rock-bottom.

"Would they rob and deceive her Señora, who spoke very poor Spanish and no Quichua, and was, therefore, open to the wiles of any *ladrón*?" with a flash at the entirely unmoved Indian on the floor.

By this time most of the other patrons of the market have crowded into the room and around the door, all ready with advice and helpful suggestions. The Commissario shifts into a position of greater ease and drifts into a long monologue, apparently addressed to the ceiling, at the end of which he fixes his eye sternly on the Indian, who, after a weighty pause, mutters something.

"One bill eighty," announces the Commissario with a look-what-I-have-done air.

Teresa draws her shawl tightly about her, picks up her basket, and starts to force her way through the crowd, I, bearing the family purse, bringing up the rear.

The Indian gives his first real sign of life and addresses the Commissario in almost hurried tones.

"One bill seventy," says the Commissario, and there is a suggestion of sprightliness in his air.

Things are warming up.

We return, Teresa sets down her basket, flings back her shawl, and cries hotly:

"One sixty, *ningun centavo más*."

The Indian then sheds a few tears and appeals to the Commissario, who calls on Teresa to witness the plight of the wretched creature. The audience is torn between sympathy for the Indian and the insatiable Latin zest for a gamble. Teresa, herself moved almost to the point of tears, flings discretion and economy to the winds and shouts:

"One sixty-five."

The Indian rises and starts putting the hobbled chickens into our basket, the Commissario beams with virtue, the audience breaks up with clucks and grunts of satisfaction; and we start home with half a dozen chickens so thin that it takes a couple of weeks to fatten them to even decent eating size, and so lame from their long hobbling that they can barely walk before it is time for them to be killed.

To realize the full beauty of this scene, one must know that a Boliviano, or bill, is worth about thirty-five cents, and that the thirty-five centavos struggled over so long and so hard is the equivalent of about fifteen cents. But the money involved is really a matter of small moment; it is the joy of battle that counts, and I can't help feeling that the introduction of this method of marketing into our American cities would do worlds for American womanhood. A

full morning in market, every egg, every potato retrieved a conquest, would surely do away with the boredom that seems to be gnawing at the vitals of society. Think, too, of the moral tonic it would be for the seller. I should simply loathe being an American shopman, all day long, droning out irrefutable prices.

The same day our establishment is enlarged by the addition of two ducks, always spoken of by Teresa and later by the family as El Caballero and La Señora. An Indian brought them up the river, and I first saw them roped on top of a mass of household goods—pots smoked black, earthen jars, odd baskets, and what looked like a heap of rags but, on inspection, turned out to be a very small child—all of which were nicely secured on the back of a diminutive burro by a sort of fishnet arrangement of rope. The haggling over El Caballero and La Señora was particularly violent and bitter. Several times the Indian swooped down on the poor ducks, who had been released for exhibition, and dashed them back to their place on top of the family treasure, where they sat patiently enough, while Teresa closed the kitchen door and the affair was to all appearances off. Then the Indian would return, Teresa would open the door a crack, and negotiations would again be opened. Finally, a satisfactory mean was reached, and the ducks were removed to the poultry yard, where indeed they still are. I should like to kill them, as I adore roast duck, but Teresa assures me that it would be inhuman to kill one without the other; and, in fact, when any suggestion is made on the subject, we are always gently put off. I am overcome at times with the awful thought that perhaps I shall have to travel always with El Caballero and La Señora. I have a friend who traveled from one end of Bolivia to the other in the company of a small pig and two turkeys, simply because her indispensable cook had become so fond of the creatures that she could not bear to leave them behind. I calm myself, however, with the realization of years of experience, and I know that when the eleventh hour comes, and we are about to embark on another move, the ducks will be killed amid tears and loud lamentations from Teresa; and we shall eat them without relish under her accusing eye.

So much for our poultry. Now to the simple matter of a little meat. Pigs there are everywhere—great lean things with horrible long noses and unduly prominent backbones, black pigs with startling white bellybands, really bright red pigs with a certain Scandinavian look about them, pigs so white that their pink insides seem to shine through, mother pigs followed by half a dozen squealing and ostentatiously hungry infants. There are sheep and goats too, quantities of them. Yet beef is the only kind of meat we can get with any regularity or certainty. The pigs are so filthy and so ubiquitous that they rather throw one off, and besides they are subject to a disease—trichinosis—which makes the meat very dangerous and at times even fatal to eat. The goats are saved for milk animals, and the sheep of this district, except for providing wool, seem to be creatures of elegant ease rather than mere matters of chops and legs and breasts and shoulders. Whole sheep can be bought in some parts of Bolivia for about the equivalent of a dollar and a half gold, but at that the bargain in not so dazzling as might be thought, as the animals of the altitude, living sparsely on the thin vegetation, never get large or fat, and a sheep serves for but two or three meals. In default of other meat, then, we live almost entirely on beef—not the flesh of anything young or specially trained for the job either, but some fine, worthy old creature who, having outlived every other activity, is driven up to the high places and there killed and too promptly eaten. In our pueblo one moth-eaten bull is killed each week, and the day after the killing the meat is distributed with a fine feeling for social distinctions.

When we first arrived, Teresa set forth on meat day, only to return shortly, dissolved in the usual tears and bearing in her basket a few bones and what looked like dog meat. Don Florentino, the butcher, had given her this refuse and had pointedly remarked that *filetes* and *lomas* and such were for the gentry—not for the foreign invader. So next meat day Teresa and I sally forth together, along the cobbled street of the lower level, up the long stone stairs, and then across the bed of the smaller stream that joins the main stream in front of the village. The stream bed is dry save for a dribble of water here and there, and in the little pools the omnipresent pigs either wallow luxuriously or sleep in bland content. On the opposite side of the stream, on a bit of a hill, is a small adobe hut with a walled corral to one side. This is the combination slaughterhouse and butcher shop. Signs of the late slaughter are everywhere—in the putrid smell, in the swarms of flies, in the rivulet of caked black blood that lies on the side of the hill and reeks under the brassy tropical sun. We climb a few stone steps, pass a grated window round which cluster a group of filthy Indian women who squabble and push and try to outdo one another in the job of getting their baskets through the window. I rap imperiously at a barred door, through which, by standing on my toes, I can catch the eye of the villain Don Florentino.

The Don is apparently overcome with delight at the sight of me. He gasps, "*Buenos Dias, Señora,*" he leaps forward and unbolts the door, he inquires into my health and that of my respected *esposo*. I in return sparkle my teeth at him, delve into the matter of his health and that of his Señora, felicitate him on the magnificent climate of his native land. Between us the matter of the bones and the dog meat and the gentry and the foreign invaders is as though it were not.

But, although I may splendidly overlook my wrongs, nothing can obliterate the horrible sights that offend my eyes and the horrible smells that assail my nose. The shop is a small, dark, dirt-floored room, the ceiling of thatch, with the one window at which yammer the Indian women, the barred door through which we have just entered, and another door leading into the corral, where the killing is done. Along the wall hang odds and ends of a defunct animal, and on the floor is stretched the still wet hide—hair to the dirt and the unpleasant inner part face up. Over this snarl and gnaw four or five horrible dogs—those peculiar black dogs with pale eyes that infest every part of Bolivia. The head of the deceased, horns curled jauntily and expression suave and untroubled, has been lightly tossed into a corner. Flies are everywhere, clinging altitude-flies that light on you and stick, and the hot still air smells of blood—the blood of this week's killing, and last week's killing, and the killing of weeks stretching back into the ages.

While I try not to see and not to smell and not to think, Don Florentino is asking what the Señora would like, and whetting his knife in a gentle, reassuring way that inspires the thought that anything in the whole delightful place is mine for the asking. The Don is a small, shriveled man, with a withered brown-leather face and twinkling sharp black eyes. He is dressed all in black—hat, suit, everything—with never a hint of an apron, for he does nothing more than serve the elite and superintend, the rough work being done by two or three Indians who paddle barefooted around in the blood, fill the baskets of the women with meat scraps, drive off the dogs when they get too turbulent, and add to the generally fetid odor of the place.

The Señora avers that she would like a large piece of the *filete* and also the center of the *loma*, not to speak of some liver and a kidney. The Don spreads out his hands, palms upward, shrugs his shoulders up to his ears, and murmurs sadly:

"But, Señora, only one animal, so few

parts of distinction, and the *gerentes* (literally managers) to serve!"

The Señora ceases to flash her teeth, rolls her eyes ominously, and grows tart.

"*Por Dios*, Don Florentino, are we not also *gerentes*? Must we live on dog meat?"

"*Bueno, Señora*, one half of the *filete*, a piece of the *loma*, and the Virgin alone knows what will be said to me when it is discovered that there is not enough for the *gerentes*."

Without even a fleeting thought to the sufferings of the *gerentes*, I watch the now mournful Don pile my loot on the blood-stained scales, along with a piece of the tail, a bit of the breast, and numerous bones; for all meat in Bolivia brings one flat price—about twelve cents gold a pound. Teresa scoops it into her basket, and we swagger out, not, however, before shaking the Don's hand and exchanging the set phrases of polite departure.

Now, at the end of nearly three months, Don Florentino and I are what might be called firm friends, and I have learned all about his stomach trouble and the fine details of his diet; and we make jokes with much finger wagging and loud laughter. The jokes are always a trial to me, for, owing to the condition of my Spanish, they may or may not come off; and I know of nothing more harrowing than to maul over a joke. Unsuccessful as our light remarks may be at times, the fact remains, however, that we are comrades at arms, and he even goes so far as to hide delicate bits for me; so our meat problem is settled until we fare forth to another camp, where there will be another Don Florentino, other *gerentes*, other aversions to overcome.

If such necessities as groceries and meat and poultry have anguished us, imagine our emotions over small things like eggs and bread and vegetables. During certain seasons the Indians fairly deluge us with eggs, but from Carnival, the great religious fiesta that comes just before Ash Wednesday, until after Easter, an egg is semiprecious. I have never been able to determine whether the hens simply strike for the season, whether the natives, who cling to a religion based on Catholicism amply smeared with paganism (perhaps it is the other way around; I don't know), eat the eggs in place of meat, or whether the heavy floods of this time of the year forbid the transportation of such perishable merchandise; but I do know that everywhere in Bolivia it is almost impossible to buy eggs during Lent. On the high pampas there are ostriches, and in moments of desperation we have been driven to use their eggs; but these are huge, forbidding-looking things, one being the equivalent of a dozen hen's eggs, with a coarse, unsavory flavor.

There is an old woman in the pueblo whom Teresa cultivates most assiduously as the respected owner of three laying hens. Besides paying for the eggs, we pay the *patrona* of the hens with bowls of soup and dry bread or with handfuls of sweetpeas or cosmos from the patio. No bribe is more efficacious than a few flowers. Curiously, these Bolivian Indians, filthy as they unfailingly are, have a passion for flowers, and on fiesta days they invariably garland their weathered hats with wreaths. Another source of supply has been a very small boy who owns one worthy and industrious hen that has apparently laid one egg a day for several weeks. The little boy, dressed exactly like his father in long pants of striped native cloth, small jacket, sandals, and battered felt hat, always comes to the kitchen door, one hand in his pocket tenderly grasping the treasure, and asks in a hoarse whisper for "*La Señora la Muchacha*," who, it transpired, was Teresa. One day the child waxed daring, and embarked on high finance. Teresa, it seemed, had been paying him ten cents apiece for his daily egg; would it not be nice for her to give him a bill, or the price of ten eggs, at one blow, as he

was very short of firewood and bread and, indeed, of all the necessities of life? When it was pointed out that the hen might stop laying and that he had no other collateral to offer, his ardor was considerably damped but not extinguished; and we discussed the matter pro and con for nearly an hour. The hen did stop laying a couple of days later, and I felt almost bereft, for I had come to watch for the little chap; and our confabs on the possibilities of a deal were always pleasant and without rancor.

For yeast we have to depend on a liquid variety that can be got from the breweries; but this, of course, is obtainable only in the larger cities. In the camps we get only yeast from *chicha*, a mildly alcoholic native drink that is made in a rather appalling way. Corn or wheat is taken into the mouth and chewed until soft, then spat out on a large blanket spread on the ground. The sodden mass lies in the sun until it starts to ferment, when it is covered with water and allowed to stand for forty-eight hours or so, after which it is boiled and strained, the result being a muddy gray-colored liquid dear to the hearts of the Indians. If the urge should seize you to make *chicha*, pray don't consider this a recipe, for all I aim at is to give the bald facts of the process, which seem to me quite hideous enough without going into details. Although I know that all the bread we buy is made with *chicha* yeast, yet I can never bring myself to use this yeast in cold blood; and so we have to skirmish around to get bread ready made. The native variety is a round, pallid sort of bun, in appearance not unlike an English muffin and in taste like nothing at all. I always remember once, when on a riding trip into the very heart of Bolivia, going into a native hut and seeing about fifty of these buns laid out to rise on the filthy woollen blanket that covered the family bed. Sights like this do rather get one under the skin. However, in our present camp we are only twenty kilometers from the railroad, so we can send up to the larger pueblo, which is also the station, and get really good crusty French loaves. The baker, to be sure, always gets drunk at fiestas; and several Tuesdays and Fridays—bread days—may roll by before he has sufficient strength to cope again with life. The bread must be brought to us on mules, and a pack mule, I have discovered, has a playful turn that is generally unrecognized and unappreciated. He is more than apt to run when walking would be more fitting, to kick up his heels and cavort about, and even to shed his pack, which is not just the thing for a few loaves of bread thinly protected against the world by a wrapping of unbleached muslin. But worse than the baker's deplorable habits or the mule's playfulness are the floods, which may happen along any time between the first of December and the first of April, and which cut us off not only from bread, but from mail and outside help in case of critical illness, and even from a nice funeral with religious trimmings in case of death. I have never actually gone without bread, nor have I ever been critically ill, or even died; but I never see the turgid waves of the *avenida* come snarling down the river bed without a clutch at the heart, and a feeling that I am caught, trapped, destroyed.

For a few months of the year—January to May—we are emancipated from tin cans, and the Indians bring fresh vegetables and fruit up the river. These are always wrapped in corn blades or straw to protect them from the sun and dust, and packed in high, crudely made baskets. These baskets are either fastened on the backs of the Indians, or swung pannierwise across the burros, and lashed into place with native rope made of llama wool. Llamas are extensively used in Bolivia as pack animals, but never for perishable articles, as they are almost unbelievably slow, six miles a day being about their speed. These proud and stately beasts saunter about the hills with loads, never exceed-

ing a hundred pounds (they sit down if more is imposed on them), of ore from the mines, or wheat and flour and salt for the very isolated parts of the country. Potatoes and onions are more or less all-year-around commodities; and during the summer months we get queer gnarled tomatoes, carrots, cabbages, and corn—just field corn, and not orderly field corn at that; for, like the Bolivian potato, it is apt to burst into unseemly colors. I never was so surprised in my life as when I encountered the first Bolivian potatoes and found that when opened they were just as likely to be bright red or purple or yellow as white. And so the corn. An ear with a nice arrangement of black and white kernels simply throws one back to the Mendelian theory, but when it comes to rows of bright pink or orange kernels, I fear even Mendel himself would be nonplussed. The fruit, like the vegetables, is apt to be knotty and hard and flavorless, but I must except the oranges, which are brought up from the Yungas, or low country, and which are really good. All these delicacies must be haggled over, of course, with the usual joyous gusto. There are times, too, when we can't get them at all, and the larder runs very low. Then, like Sister Anne, I take my stand in the window that commands the river, and watch for the cloud of dust which will announce that rescue is at hand. If, by good luck, I spy an Indian with basket on back or burro, I shriek for Teresa, who, usually accompanied by Flores and Benigna and Jasmine, rushes out and herds the sometimes unwilling vendor into the patio. There we coax and cajole and threaten him into parting with what he may have, be it eggs, or potatoes, or grapes, or merely a few ears of corn. Can you wonder that days spent in such endeavor never seem long or dull, even though we may go from week-end to week-end without speaking to another Gringo or exchanging an idea or giving thought to what I learned on my last visit home to call "mental relaxation"! There is something rather sweet and Adam and Evish about it.

And, like Adam and Eve, two people who I always did feel were not done quite right by, we too must soon flee our garden; for the nights and mornings are beginning to be cold, and the flowers in the patio are throwing out that last brave spasm of beauty that flowers do before winter comes, and the cauliflowers and cabbages have outlived their usefulness and are beginning to smell "most awful vile," and the piles of manuscript that appear on my desk every morning tell me that the report is on the way and the job about done. So Teresa, guarding the pressure cooker and the can opener and the egg beater for another housekeeping bout, will return to her native pueblo; and Flores and Benigna, with loud howls denoting grief, will repair to the scenes of their former activity. I think I shall give the parrot to Benigna. Relations between the two were strained at one time, when the parrot, promenading up and down the kitchen floor, bit Benigna severely on the leg; but they were later reconciled, and I know she will be kind to it. Flores can take Jasmine. This particular Jasmine was such a nice dog, with a dash of the Pekinese in his bearing. The cat will have to shift for herself; cats are so extraordinarily self-reliant. Then, when the last day comes, I shall pack all our belongings neatly into a small leather trunk, gather up saddle bags and map holders and ponchos, place my precious typewriter on the top of the stack, and we shall be off and away. This time we go to a camp nearly two thousand feet higher than our present one, a camp where there are only two Gringo men, where I haven't a house to keep, but all day long must work or read or think my thoughts in a great silence. What a life! Yes, what a life, so bitter and drab and empty, so sweet and gay and full; but always so much life. I think I can change Nevinson's gallant words about a little, and say, "At least I live."

OUR LAST FRONTIER

A WESTERNER LOOKS AT MANHATTAN

BY LILLIAN SYMES

ONE cool morning in California my breakfast was interrupted by a great clatter and some shrill whistles from the front of the house. When I went out I found two young men of my acquaintance in the most disreputable Ford roadster I had ever seen. They were off, they informed me, to New York—"where all good young newspaper men go eventually."

"But you don't expect to get there in that?" I protested.

"Sure, we'll get there. Just look at our equipment."

They lifted the cover of the rear compartment and I looked in. I saw a portable phonograph, a roll of brown army blankets acting as a buffer for a half dozen bottles of white wine, and a row of books, containing at least six titles of modern poetry.

I have little doubt that the display was arranged in just that fashion to impress stay-at-homes like myself with the limitless courage of young adventurers and that a practical kit of tools lay concealed beneath; but not wishing to dash the cold spray of cynicism on any feeble flame of romance left flickering for this post-war generation, I looked properly awed and asked them in for coffee.

When pressed for the reason of their sudden decision to trek eastward, they were somewhat inarticulate. When I reminded them that New York was already overcrowded with bright young men out of college with equipment and ambitions similar to their own, they readily admitted the fact. They admitted, also, that they would have only money enough to keep them for two weeks after they arrived. But something would turn up. They wouldn't write home for help anyway. Look at all the people they knew who had gone and got by somehow. A lot of them had succeeded too, and were making reputations and money. New York was the only place left where their sort—fellows who didn't want to go into business, who had some talent, but no special professional training—could get anywhere. They didn't care so much about the money end of it. They just wanted to live interestingly—that was it! And to make a living while doing so. All the interesting people in the country went to New York, and all the interesting jobs were there.

"Look at our newspapers," one of them said. "A little local news and a lot of boiler-plate sent out by the New York syndicates. Canned features by New York columnists about New York events. Why, even our book reviews are syndicated now, and when I was in high school I used to dream I'd be book editor of the *Tribune* some day! There's not a decent magazine published in the whole West—no books published here. There are probably a lot of people interested in the things that interest us, but we never get together. We don't know one another. We're spread over too much territory. Oh, I know a few arty fools on the Hill hold poetry readings and moon about their souls; but that's not what I mean."

"If you think that life is less regimented in New York, that those jobs you imagine so interesting aren't dull to the people who hold them, you're romancing," I said. "Here, at least, you have a certain physical freedom—"

"Freedom!" scoffed the other boy. "More space to move around in, yes; but not freedom to live as you please. Why, last week I went down to the office carrying a cane. I'd always had a sneaking desire to, but couldn't get up the nerve before. I was nearly kidded to death. The fellows kept calling me Oscar. If I'd worn spats, they would have mobbed me. Only visiting English lecturers can get away with that sort of thing here. That wouldn't happen in New York. People are too busy to care what you do, and you can do as you please because you're so anonymous. We're too far from Europe out here to be civilized."

And then, like a true native son, he added, "Of course, we're not half as bad as the Middle West, at that."

It was after these two young men and their machine had disappeared down the hill, accompanied by a cacophony of loose fenders, that I realized that if I had been living in the 1850s or '60s, in the Southeast, New England, or the Ohio Valley, I might have received a farewell visit in that distant day from young Americans very much akin in spirit to these boys. The young men of the '50s, it is true, would have employed a different idiom. Instead of climbing into a "flivver" and shouting, "So long!" they undoubtedly would have bowed a graceful farewell and might even have gone down to the harbor and the clipper ship, or out to their covered wagon on the sun-baked road, singing, "Good-Night, Ladies." But like my young friends, they, too, would have been seeking romance, adventure, and a wider freedom; and they would have concealed their misgivings, no doubt, with similar reckless gestures.

The family histories of my friends were typical of those of so many young Westerners. They were both descendants of pioneer settlers. Both had heard much of their picturesque, gun-toting forebears, of the roaring, free-booting West of the Bonanza Kings. But they had seen their fathers turn to golf and "Service"; and not to be deluded by the grandeur that was, they saw clearly that theirs was a West conquered and regimented. Fresh from college, with a distaste for business, vague literary ambitions, and the moral compulsion of earning their livings, they cast about for an opportunity to follow their particular bent, but found that this West had little to offer them. Like thousands of similar youths throughout the country, their eyes turned inevitably to New York.

For if the West spelled opportunity for the ambitious Eastern youth of sixty and seventy years ago, there can be no doubt that New York spells opportunity for the Western youth of to-day. Together with their brothers and sisters from the North and South, they crowd hopefully into its narrow confines, as prepared as were their forefathers to face the dangers and undergo the hardships of a frontier. Like their forefathers, they, too, have no illusions about the immediate sacrifices demanded of them, but are inclined to underestimate the length of time they will be called upon to make them. Often they have left comfortable, spacious homes, loving families, an easy existence. They know that life in New York may be cramped, difficult, ugly, precarious, unhealthful. They know that competition for jobs and honors will be keen because they are only part of a host with similar aims and desires. Yet they pour into New York by the trainloads from North, South, and West—these adventurers who, like my two young friends, want to live interesting lives among interesting people and in whose hands, in the main, the cultural and artistic future of America rests.

I do not mean to imply, of course, that all the restless souls who flock by the thousands to Manhattan are yearning

young æsthetes in search of artistic inspiration and spiritual companionship. Along with those who come to write, paint, act, study, or to make a living in a fairly congenial fashion until Opportunity knocks; along with the newspaperman who expects to become a columnist, the "ad" writer or commercial artist who hopes some day to land a big account and a little leisure, the girl who has always loved books and wants a job in a publishing house where she thinks she can commune with kindred spirits—along with all these comes the young engineer, the young man with an eye on Wall Street, the farm boy and shop girl seeking for thrills and a brighter life. But it is the first group which is more significant, both as regards its acquisition by New York and its alienation from its native heath. For it is the steady influx of such young men and women which gives New York its intellectual buoyancy; and it is with the departure of such as these that hope wanes in the hinterland for an indigenous culture, for an effective counter-irritant to its local business-mindedness.

II

However idealistic or æsthetic the aims of the newcomer may be, he knows when he leaves home that the immediate problem ahead of him is that of survival. Life in New York is going to be interesting, exciting, and satisfying, he is sure, and some day he's going to get somewhere; but in the meantime he must meet the city on its own terms and compete for a livelihood with thousands of like-minded adventurers as well as with the more formidable natives.

The hardness of New York and the "brass" of the New Yorker is a legend which he has heard repeated again and again when his elders have been eager to stress the greater geniality of the West. So he comes prepared to perpetuate this legend. Long before his train arrives at Pennsylvania Station or Grand Central he has steeled himself for his first meeting with the "typical hard-boiled New Yorker," little realizing that when he encounters him, he is likely to discover that this flinty-souled gentleman preceded him by only a few trains and that they played ball on the same vacant lot back home. These "typical New Yorkers" from Kansas, Iowa, California, Rhode Island, and Georgia have come to New York, like our newcomer, with a purpose; and they know that one can't afford to be soft here. Some day, when they have "arrived" and made names for themselves, they will go back home to live quietly and comfortably, or on to Europe. Meanwhile they must be ruthless and, if necessary, indulge in social and personal *gaucheries* and jesuitical practices which would have shocked their souls back home. Victory, they feel sure, is reserved for the swiftest, the shrewdest, the most intelligent, or even for the best bluffer. The meek inherit a ticket back home and a stodgy life with the old folk. If they have misgivings, they hide them in their furnished rooms in the Fifties, in their attic studios in Greenwich Village, or in their boarding houses near Columbia. When they sally forth it is to make brave faces at an indifferent world.

Not all of these new Manhattanites from the hinterlands are able to adjust themselves so readily to their new environment, of course. The "hard-boiled" attitude or its simulation is constitutionally impossible to some. Many of these have come with no other purpose than to live obscurely in the shadow of great events and high excitements. If they can make an adequate living in some not too uncongenial occupation, see the plays which interest them, read good books, meet like-minded people, and feel that they are living at the heart of things, they are content.

While still in the West, I received a letter from such an unambitious youngster who had turned down a promising position in the oil business for a thirty-five dollar a week job on a New York magazine.

"I've been eating in the Automat and stalling the landlady for a week," he wrote, "but on Saturday I'll be affluent. You should see The Enormous Room—just big enough for me, the couch, and a chair—on the fourth floor, walk-up, and two doors from the Sixth Avenue 'L.' The 'L' keeps me awake until one or two, and then at six the Street Cleaning Department begins bumping the 16th Street garbage cans around the sidewalk. I'll get used to the noise soon; and later, perhaps, to the dirt and the subway smell. New York is a dirty, noisy hole, choked with coal dust.

"But what do you think? Yesterday I discovered that Edgar Lee Masters lives in the parlor suite two floors below me, and Dreiser lives around the corner. I saw Willa Cather in Washington Square last evening, and on Sunday a chap on our sheet is taking me to tea to meet Robinson. On cut-rate tickets, I've seen the three big plays of the season —plays that will never get West because they're too good to be successful. New York isn't comfortable, but it gives you a feeling of living with your finger on the pulse of the world."

There are other unadjusted New Yorkers, talented and ambitious, but too sensitive or timid to pull strings and shout their wares in the marketplace. Occasionally one of them "arrives" —usually through the efforts of some influential well-wisher. Most of them, however, just hang on, trying to cultivate their nerve or waiting philosophically for the chance that may never come. Among these, the unambitious and the unaggressive, may be found some of the most charming people in New York.

But a typical *arriviste* is my young friend Max. When I knew Max and Sue in the West, they lived in a charming house that rambled up a steep flower-covered hillside and overlooked a sparkling blue bay. The site and view were such as American millionaires look for but seldom find along the Riviera. Half an hour away was the city where they both worked, one as "ad" writer and the other as commercial artist for the same agency. Then one day the agency transferred them East to the home office. When I visited them in New York they were living in a two-room-and-bath apartment. Sue cooked their breakfasts on an electric grill in a closet and washed the dishes in the bathroom. They were making much more money, but it cost them much more to live, and they cursed their "sublimated tenement life."

"Why not go home and be comfortable?" I asked them.

Max shook his head. "New York's the only market for my kind of wares. I'm going to put one book across before I go home if it means working day and night. The day it comes out I'll kick the dust of this damned, dirty, pseudo-sophisticated hick town from my shoes and go home and live like a gentleman." That was five years ago. During the last two years they have both been quite successful. Max finally published his novel. Not the one he wanted to write, of course; but one that is sure to be talked about and which, because of its scenario angles, will probably get into the movies. He attends literary teas, cultivates the columnists and critics, and gets tight with his publisher's publicity man. In private, among a few friends, he will protest loudly that all this literary "hokum" makes him sick, but the next minute he will forget himself and wax jubilant over a sensational feature story about the book which a friendly newspaper man has been able to get syndicated for him. Return home now? Good Lord, no! He's rushed to death working up publicity on the book, but he intends to start another and better one soon and he has to be in New York where things are happening. He guesses he'll sell the house on the hill. Some day when he's made more money, he'll buy a farm up in Westchester or Connecticut or maybe go to Europe to live. Paris wouldn't be so bad.

One cannot blame all the sins against the human spirit for which the metropolis is infamous upon the ambitious newcomer and completely absolve the native New Yorker. This would be as foolish as to credit the latter with all the city's brilliance, beauty, tolerance, friendliness to innovation, and the sense of freedom it inspires. The native New Yorker is usually the child of some American or European adventurer who came here for spoils as well as freedom, and much of the competitive and predatory blood of his fathers still flows in his veins. But he has become tempered by a certain sophistication and disillusionment. He knows that New York is not the Promised Land; that the citadels of fame and fortune are not so vulnerable as they appear to the naïve newcomer, and he has fewer illusions about their grandeur.

Because the New York of the present has become the cultural, as well as the financial center of the country, it is attracting a new type of American adventurer to-day. A few decades ago the eyes of the more intellectual and artistic fraternity turned to Boston. To-day they focus on Manhattan. But like the earlier ambitious settlers of a generation or two ago, these later pioneers from the provinces have come to New York, not because it is a pleasant place in which to live pleasantly for the rest of their days, but because it is their marketplace.

To the European invader New York is also a battleground and a marketplace —a frontier spelling material opportunity for himself and cultural opportunity for his children. He, too, must struggle first for survival and then for advantage; and because of the handicaps which he suffers as an alien, he usually goes the American invader one better in the single-minded pursuit of his aims.

But it is the country's young careerists jockeying for position, as well as the new aliens struggling for a foothold, who give New York its reputation for cold-bloodedness, its aspect of a granite jungle swarming with predatory humanity.

III

The careerists are not continuously ruthless, of course, any more than they are always rushing about bent upon achieving some practical end. Some of them are kindly, unselfish, and gracious. The time they spend over their luncheons would bring tears of anguish to the eyes of the Western go-getter. But in the main, it seems to me, the current New Yorker lives with his eye cocked for the Main Chance more consistently than do his brethren back home. It is more likely to be a full-time job with him. He has made, and is making, sacrifices to be in line for opportunity when it comes. It is only human that he does not want these sacrifices to be in vain. He is not hypocritical in regard to this attitude. He makes little or no effort to hide his purposefulness. He is out after the "right contacts" and he seeks them in his social as well as his business connections. It is this latter attitude which is so likely to shock the disinterested stranger. Friendships in the West (the section I know best), and probably in the South and New England, are more rarely cultivated for the sake of their practical ends. To the newcomer New York seems to present a swarm of eager climbers after "contacts"—business, social, literary, and artistic; and he is naturally revolted. When he looks closer, of course, he finds that a large proportion of this swarm is composed of his fellow-immigrants who have preceded him by a year or two. New York has acted upon them, to be sure; but how violently they in turn are reacting on New York!

Except during such moments when he yearns for his old friends back home, our New Yorker does not shed any tears over the fact that the people with whom he associates are inclined to place as obvious an emphasis upon self-interest as he does himself. Such people fit into his new scheme of life. He does not want any "lame ducks" on his hands. He hasn't, he feels, time for them. Once

he himself is established, however, he is perfectly willing to help his friends and acquaintances. On the slightest provocation he will boost them to the skies and go to almost any length to advance their interests. A friend tells me that a New York woman whom she chanced to meet at tea and with whom she exchanged a few commonplaces promised to help her achieve a much-sought-after position in which she had heard she was interested. After no end of trouble and sacrifice of time on the part of this woman whom she had never seen before, it was accomplished. On my own first evening in New York, a prominent magazine writer and former Westerner whom I had met casually for the first time, on learning that I was looking for a job, sat down at our host's typewriter and wrote for me three letters of introduction to as many New York editors, referring to me as "a friend from home," and giving a highly colored and somewhat fictitious account of my talents and abilities.

I doubt if I could have such an experience in the West. If I were a stranger from the East with a few letters of introduction, the people to whom they were addressed would invite me to dinner and would introduce me to their closest friends. I should be taken for long motor rides to see the country. I might be asked to make my home with them until I could get settled. A party might be staged in my honor and every gracious kindness would be shown me, but the fact that I have to earn my living would not be mentioned. If I were so rude as to mention it myself and ask about possibilities for work, my new friends might look thoughtful, or say that they would make inquiries, that they would "keep it in mind," etc. If they knew of a definite opening they might even go so far as to hint (oh! so indirectly) to the employer, that they knew someone who might be interested. That they would actually lie in my behalf would be inconceivable. Their attitude would not imply that they are more heartless or more honest than the New Yorker. They simply don't *use* their friends and acquaintances in the New York sense, either for themselves or for anyone else.

The "arrived" New Yorker on the other hand, who has come on from San Francisco, Des Moines, New Orleans, or Boston, has been through the mill himself and he knows what it means. He has known loneliness, discouragement, disillusion. He knows that jobs, good jobs, are not obtained here unless one knows someone. You may be a complete "dud" or one of those promising youngsters who achieve the electric lights or the front page eventually. Anyway, you need help and he is willing to take a chance on you. If you fail, the man to whom he has given you an introduction won't remember it a month hence anyway. If you succeed, he knows that you are likely to "play ball" with a person who has treated you so well. He may want to ask a favor from you some day and he won't hesitate if he does. The notorious "log-rolling" of New York cliques, about which the outsider complains so bitterly, undoubtedly has its origin in such obligations. The New Yorker's greatest sin is disloyalty to his circle.

The intense group-loyalties of the New Yorker grow out of the physical conditions of New York life, which are, in a modern sense, akin to those of the old frontier. In no other place in the world, I think, can loneliness be so acute and overwhelming. The city's immensity, the height of its buildings, its intense mechanization and hurrying millions, all tend to lessen the human stature and make the newcomer feel like a child lost in an unfriendly world. His few friendships assume gigantic importance. Even after he has become a seasoned Manhattanite and complains bitterly about the horde of uninteresting people he is forced to meet, he clings tenaciously to the small group of people whom he knows fairly well and who live usually within walking distance of his own abode. A close friendship between a man who lives

on 160th Street and one who lives on 12th is practically out of the question. No one here has time to travel that distance after a fatiguing day. The new arrival usually settles in the section inhabited by his few friends. They introduce him to their friends, and he becomes one of a little group of people who have similar interests and habits. The members keep one another informed of chances and opportunities and zealously guard one another's interests. I know of a whole department of a New York publication made up entirely of close personal friends. Every hint of a vacancy is carried home to some friend who is ready to apply for the place before the managing editor knows he has a place to dispose of.

But even after one is drawn into some such circle, I doubt if there is any other place which gives the sense of complete personal freedom that New York offers. The stranger may feel free in any large city, but as soon as he is drawn into the current of its life, takes a job, makes friends, and establishes a residence, he finds that in his private life and opinions he is expected to conform to the norm of his class. But New York offers a minimum of social impingement upon the individual conscience. Perhaps this is because the New Yorker cares too much for results to care very much by whom or how they are accomplished. Whatever the reason, the fact makes New York the most comfortable abode for the nonconformist, the rebel, the individualist, the person who seeks merely to live his life in his own way.

As a rule, the security of one's job is not influenced by what one does after five o'clock. Nor is one's social position so dependent upon lip-service to the tribal mores. The newcomer finds that so long as he is effective the average employer is not concerned with his personal idiosyncrasies; and the New Yorkers with whom he comes in contact are more concerned that he be interesting and amusing than that he subscribe to any particular social dogma. I do not mean that the Bolshevist is likely to find a berth with the National Security League, or that the professed atheist would be joyously received by the communicants of John Roach Straton. I do know of a man, however, who went fresh from the city editorship of the leading Communist daily to a similar position on New York's most conservative journal.

The new arrival finds that opinions for which he may have been branded a "freak" back home pass unnoticed here. The misfit of the provinces so often finds companionship and a suitable niche in Manhattan. This sense of freedom from neighborly curiosity and social pressure does not spring entirely, I am sure, from the mere size of the metropolis, because to me the comparatively small city of San Francisco most closely approximates New York in this respect. It is due, no doubt, to the cosmopolitan and shifting character of the New York population and to the steady influx of Youth. To the average young person who comes here this quality is likely to outweigh the personal discomforts of crowded living, bad climate, and nervous strain.

IV

In that friendly book *New York Is Not America*, Ford Madox Ford has written: "Well, one hears eternally that New York is not America. It is obviously not Europe—the Atlantic lies between. Is it, then, the outer fringe of America—or the end of Europe? Perhaps the one overlapping the other . . ."

It is just that—an area where one overlaps the other; and it is this which accounts for the New York paradox, making it at once the most civilized and sophisticated, as well as the crudest and most blatant of American cities. It is the first of these qualities which attracts to it the sensitive, talented youth of the land; and it is the latter which so often thwarts them spiritually while it rewards them materially. It is a trading post that deals in European refinements and philosophies and, at the same time, with

the raw materials of American life. While it may not be America, I venture to say that it is fast becoming the most American, as well as the most European, of all our cities. All other American cities are imitating it, as they are bound to imitate what is biggest, swiftest, and most mechanized. It is in tune with the spirit of the age and the nation. Where it leads, New Orleans, Minneapolis, Duluth, Los Angeles, and Boston will follow. To-morrow every American metropolis will go in for that air of slightly bored sophistication and cosmopolitanism of which New York is so proud to-day.

Its sophistication is not, of course, European. That can hardly be expected of people so few generations removed from the backwoodsman. With the European, sophistication means merely an urbane acceptance of life. With the Manhattanite, it is likely to mean a conscious hardening to it. New York is crowded with Europeans, of course, but the bulk of these are not of the class that goes in for undue refinement in feeling and expression. Most of them, particularly of the younger generation, are too busy making themselves over into what they imagine is American to perpetuate the more gracious European traditions. The New Yorker wears his sophistication as the new arrival from the hinterlands wears his first derby. He is not quite comfortable in it and wonders what the folk on Main Street would think if they could see him now.

Nor is he—our New Yorker—quite comfortable in many other respects. He has known a life that is duller, perhaps, but free from dirt, noise, nervous wear-and-tear. He has lived where living costs are lower, where there is purer air to breathe, space in which to relax, and where one can get away from people. Consequently, he is always turning back to that life for the moment, rushing off for a week-end in Connecticut, a week's vacation in Maine, a fortnight in Florida, or a summer in Europe. No one vacations as frequently or as seriously as the New Yorker. He is always talking of "a little farm somewhere" where he's going to live some day—a non-productive farm, to be sure, with all the latest conveniences. He has a permanent and sentimental nostalgia for the open spaces. In Manhattan he may be gaining everything he had longed for, but it is not quite enough. Whatever his city's deficiencies, however, he will never quite emancipate himself from it. Once the Manhattan tempo is in his veins, he will not stay far or long away from it. The little farm will be within commuting distance. He will go abroad for a year or two, perhaps; but by the end of that time he will be eager to return.

One thing he practically never does, and that is, go home to stay. After a few years in Manhattan, the Pacific Coast, Denver, Chicago even, seem the end of the world. One may run over to Paris, but a similar distance to San Francisco seems an insuperable barrier. He came East with the idea of making his mark and then returning home. But the West has lost him and its other bright young boys and girls forever.

This is, I think, the West's misfortune, as it is the misfortune of Maine, Ohio, and Kentucky. It is more serious for the former than for the latter, because the West is farther from the metropolis, and the expenses of trans-continental travel make frequent going back and forth, with consequent exchange of values, impractical.

A similar situation exists, of course, in Europe. Ambitious and talented young Frenchmen and Englishmen are constantly pouring into Paris and London. But to the great mass of French and English a trip to Paris or London is only a matter of hours. Young people from Provence and Normandy, or from Devon and Lancashire, may visit their capitals for intellectual stimulation. The Parisian or Londoner, also, can make frequent excursions into the home provinces and keep in touch with the simple verities of rural and small-town life. His national life is homogeneous and

closely knit. But when the American Westerner goes to Manhattan he is likely to leave home and family behind him for years, or perhaps forever. He is completely cut off from his sources.

It is probable that nothing can be done to remedy this. Restless youth will always seek frontiers, whether they promise physical or intellectual adventure. And the lure of Manhattan has its national compensations. Life here tends to counteract a narrow provincialism, and whatever European flavor the city possesses is a grateful complement to our national naïveté. If I were an all-powerful, benevolent despot, I should make at least one year in New York a required part of each promising youth's education. But it is unfortunate that youth and energy should be constantly drawn from its native soil and permanently lost to its native culture.

Shortly after the Armistice we had an atrocious popular song which began, "How're you goin' to keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?"

The country's problem at the present moment may well be—How are you going to keep them from staying away after they've seen Manhattan?

We cannot so long as Manhattan remains the answer to their economic needs as well as to their intellectual unrest. So long as Western (and Northern and Southern) universities continue to graduate thousands of boys and girls who can find no place for themselves in the business and professional life of their communities, those boys and girls will turn to New York, which, in some miraculous fashion I have never been able to fathom, manages to absorb them into its newspaper, magazine and advertising offices; its publishing houses, theaters, studios, social agencies, decorating and antique shops, and to render them some sort of satisfactory existence. So long as the young artist is unable to maintain himself at home until he is able to command recognition, he, too, will turn to New York, where such institutions as the part-time or occasional free-lance job enable him to "get by" while he plies his brush or typewriter.

I am quite aware that the young artist of obvious talents in the West often achieves a local patron. The West is generous to the local talent it recognizes—too generous at times to too slight a talent. But the Western patron does not, as a rule, take chances on the less obvious talent that may require years for maturing. This is largely because he is uncertain. He is in the habit of looking to the East for artistic and literary dicta. The less obvious artist is left to work out his own salvation and, unless he has money, he must find some occupation which will take only a part of his time and energy. There are not enough of these occupations in the West.

A common lament from beyond the Alleghenies is that all American art reflects the New York point of view. This generalization is not true, of course; otherwise we should never have had, in the realm of literature alone, a Sherwood Anderson, a Carl Sandburg, or a Willa Cather. But it is true that practically all American art is passed upon by people with this point of view, and that the folk back home look to the New York critic to tell them what is good and bad. A small New York group can tell our country what's what, because—as a nation—we seek from it arbitrary dicta about the arts. Most of us have not developed a personal sense of values. We don't trust ourselves. We are too afraid of being "taken in." This has happened so often to our Innocents, at home and abroad, that we are particularly sensitive on that score.

If the West, as well as other sections of America, wishes to foster its cultural life and immunize its youth to the Circe wiles of Manhattan, it will need to furnish those diffused elements from which such life can spring, some sort of economic basis and spiritual rallying point; and to furnish its genuinely gifted children with support and recognition before, not after, their "arrival."

All this is easier said than done, of course; and I am not implying that any American community ever will, or can, compete with New York in the diversity of its intellectual and artistic opportunities. But if it cannot manufacture opportunities, it can check somewhat the present stampede toward Manhattan by a more intelligent and critical cultivation of an indigenous culture.

If some of the concern which goes into preserving and enhancing its natural beauties and physical advantages were turned to fostering its latent art life, some progress might be made in this direction. Public golf courses and swimming pools donated by kind-hearted millionaires and memorials erected by public subscription undoubtedly have their value; but if some Portland, Denver, or Los Angeles philanthropists were to subsidize for a few years a hundred talented young men and women in each locality, perhaps out of these hundreds a few first-rate talents and an occasional genius might emerge. I am inclined to think that one virile, first-rate magazine in each large American city—a magazine that is literary, artistic, critical, catholic in its policy (and not devoted to local boosting), would do more to serve as a rallying point for intellectual interests and as an outlet for local talent than could any other single agency. I am aware that a dozen American cities have their feeble imitations of the facetious *New Yorker* devoted largely to Society, sports, and the more respectable Bohemianism; that half a dozen others boast precious and esoteric little journals in the manner of the Paris *Transition*, but neither of these is what is needed.

The Westerner who has lived in Manhattan is not eager that his home town should take over wholesale the manners and methods, the point of view and tempo of the metropolis. But he really would like a good reason to go home. He is not anxious to leave the three-ring circus that is New York for a one-ring imitation of it; but he wishes rather wistfully that the spaciousness and vigor of his West might be leavened with some of that intellectual freedom and stimulating companionship that New York offers.

Perhaps it is asking too much of the West—and of the South and North—that it should develop the outstanding virtues, without the corresponding vices, of New York life. But unless this can be done, in some degree, the highways leading Manhattanward will continue to be crowded with bright young pioneers who feel, with my two young friends in the disreputable roadster, that "New York's the only place left where fellows of our sort can get anywhere."

The Lion's Mouth

THE RESURRECTION OF CHILTON HILLS

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I HAD a strange experience, not long ago. I had an invitation to spend a week-end in Chilton Hills, and it is quite impossible to describe the sensation it gave me. It was much as if I had been asked for a week-end in Thebes.

Twenty-five years ago, of course, Chilton Hills was probably the smartest resort in America, and a visit there was like a novel by Ouida at the height of her fame. The place had, I believe, the first eighteen-hole golf links in this country, and at one time two others were under construction. It had the best polo field away from Long Island, and in the autumn there was fox hunting three times a week. The Northeastern tennis championship was played there every summer, and a famous man-about-town once remarked that it was the only place outside of New York where one could always be sure of good bridge. During a visit that I made one college vacation there was a dance every night at the country club or one of the cottages, and that year appeared the daring innovation of dancing in the afternoon. Only vaguely, out of the kaleidoscopic haze of that momentous fortnight, do I remember a vast jumble of lesser events such as paper chases, regattas on the lake, and morning concerts by a string quartet, although I do recall that when we younger guests were starting off to play golf or ride the older members of the household would usually be going to a lecture on the art of George Sand or an exhibition of Indian baskets.

Then something happened, and little by little Chilton Hills disappeared from the social map. Indeed, on my second visit, I wondered whether it had not also disappeared from the topographical map, for hardly had my car crossed the boundaries of the village when I began to feel that I was in a city of the dead. On a hill near the center of the town was a gaunt stone chimney with a few charred beams to show where once had stood the finest country club in the United States. Beyond it loomed the empty shell of the famous Chilton Arms, a great summer hotel, with a rusted chain stretched across its gateway and its acres of windows now boarded up. At a turn in the road was a simple meadow, knee-deep in daisies and buttercups, with only a few rotted lengths of whitewashed fence to remind the traveler that once it had been a polo field.

Only a few private cottages, set back in their lawns and trees, seemed to be well-kept and prosperous. Among them, happily, was the familiar place of my former host, Luke Munday; but if the public life of Chilton Hills had entirely disappeared, so, correspondingly, had the private life slowed down from eight or ten thousand revolutions a minute to two or three languid turns a year. On my previous visit, as I could well remember, it had been several hours after my arrival before I had even had time to unpack my bag, but now, as soon as the first formalities were over, Luke turned to me with an apologetic smile.

"Bob," he confessed, "to be frank, I have the habit of taking a nap every afternoon. Do you mind being left alone?"

To tell the truth, it was so many years since I *had* been left alone, except in the subway, that I didn't know whether I minded or not. For two or three minutes I wandered around, feeling quite lost and ill at ease, then suddenly I saw a steamer chair ranged invitingly on a cool, shaded terrace. As I stretched out luxuriously, my eye was caught by a book that someone had left on the bricks at my feet and, the next thing I knew I was being called for dinner.

And that was exactly the pace at which we passed the whole week-end. In the evening, Helen Munday played the piano in rambling fashion while Luke and I loafed at full length and smoked our cigars. Nobody came in, nobody went out, and I do not recall that the telephone rang during my entire visit. On Saturday we strolled down to a pond in the woods, undressed in an old barn, and went in for a swim. On Sunday night we found ourselves again on the terrace with crickets chirping in a neighboring hayfield and, over our heads, a blanket of stars. It was funny but, actually, I seemed to have forgotten that there still *were* stars and crickets. I had had an unconscious feeling that when the movies and motor cars had come in they had gone out.

It was beautiful, it was incredibly beautiful, but it was all so different from the old Chilton Hills that I could not lose the sensation that there was some mystery about it, something that should be explained. At the same time I could see that it might easily be a tender subject, and it was only there under the stars that I found a way to make guarded inquiries.

"Luke," I asked, "have you been here ever since the old days?"

"Oh, no," answered Luke, easily, "there were eight or ten summers that the house was closed. We only came back when we heard that the country club had burned down."

"You mean," I asked, vaguely, "that you meant to rebuild it?"

"Decidedly not," replied Luke. "We came back only when we felt sure that it never would be rebuilt."

His words did not seem exactly to be making sense, and for a moment longer I floundered around.

"But what," I asked, "has become of the other people that used to be here: the Haddons—wasn't that their name?—and that polo man with the awfully pretty wife—and that brisk, breezy chap who used to be something important in steel?"

"Oh, they're still here," answered Luke. "You'd probably see them if you stayed around long enough. Most of them went away, as I did, for a while, but in the end they all came back. Of course," he added, "for a man in my circumstances it is the wildest extravagance to be living here now."

If his previous words had been somewhat mysterious, these last were a cryptogram. In the old days I could easily understand that no one except a millionaire could live in Chilton Hills but I could see nothing now that seemed very expensive. I voiced this perplexity, and Luke quickly explained.

"Oh, it isn't the cost of living. That's simple enough. It's the value of the land. Land to-day in Chilton Hills is worth five times as much as it was in the old days. If I would consent to sell this place I could get enough to live in luxury for the rest of my life."

"But why?" I demanded. "What makes it so valuable?"

"The fact," replied Luke, "that Chilton Hills to-day is a spot absolutely unique."

Then apparently seeing that he must tell once again what was to him a very old story, Luke leaned back and began.

"You remember, of course, what Chilton Hills was like in the old days?"

"Yes, I remember very clearly. It was—"

"It was a nightmare," broke in Helen, sharply.

Luke laughed. "I'm afraid it was before we got through. You know, most Americans are still pure savages

when it comes to pleasure. A savage believes that if one quinine pill will do him some good, twenty quinine pills will do him twenty times as much good. If he finds that he likes ribs of pork, he goes out and eats a whole hog. And that used to be exactly the state of mind here in Chilton Hills. Because we had fun with one golf links, we thought we would have twice as much fun with two. Because we got a thrill from a little scrub polo team that beat everything in the county, we thought we would have a bigger thrill if we got better players and beat everything in the world. Because we liked to dance once a week, we tried to be six times as happy by dancing every night.

"The result was that in the end we were so highly organized and equipped for pleasure that we didn't have any more fun. We were so busy organizing tournaments and taking tickets for polo games and running to railways to meet musicians for our concerts that we no longer had any time to play in the tournaments or watch the polo or listen to the music. One summer I was treasurer or secretary of eight different drives or committees or organizations, I was selling a million dollars' worth of bonds for the new country club and at the same time I was trying to run a business of my own in New York. Everyone else was just as busy and, apart from this, we had our private entertaining. That same summer we went to forty-three formal dinners and gave eleven in return. When my vacation was over I was flat on my back."

"And then what happened?"

"Well, I for one," replied Luke, "simply woke up. Helen and I faced the situation and asked each other, 'What for?' The next summer we went to a little resort in Germany where we didn't know a soul and couldn't even speak the language and had a perfectly glorious time. It was such a success that for nine years we went abroad every summer, always seeking a place where we were absolutely unknown. One by one all the other old families did much the same thing. The sports and dances dropped off for lack of support, then the country club burned down, and in five years the town was flat.

"But after all," continued Luke, "home is home, and in the end we had a bright idea. When Chilton Hills was no longer smart or popular we quietly slipped back here and had the most peaceful, unbroken summer we had ever known. But the trouble was that most of the other old timers each had the same idea, and the first thing we knew the old state of affairs was threatening to start up again. You know, among any dozen given people, there is always some ass who is never happy unless he is organizing something and very shortly someone decided to get up a bazaar for the benefit of the visiting nurse. A dozen of us who were still jumpy from the old days saw the danger and we offered to give a thousand dollars if they wouldn't have the bazaar. From that simple beginning grew one of the most remarkable organizations in the world—The Red Ticket Club."

"It sounds good," I said. "What is it?"

"Every year," replied Luke, "each householder in Chilton Hills pays a hundred dollars and is given a red ticket. This exempts him from subscribing to or attending any bazaar, masquerade, treasure hunt, musicale, ball, dance, hop, or any public event of any kind whatsoever and, if he is even asked to a private dinner and does not care to go, all he has to do is reply 'Red Ticket' and nothing more is said. Out of the funds thus collected are supported the church, the fire department, the library, the local Red Cross; and any surplus funds are given to foreign missions. In two years we had applications for membership from all over the United States, and you couldn't get an inch of ground in Chilton Hills for love or money. As a matter of fact, we ourselves buy up any bits of property that come on the market, and to celebrate our tenth

anniversary we bought the old Chilton Arms just for the fun of seeing it rot."

"It sounds like a work of genius," I suggested, "but what are you going to do when another, more foolish generation comes along?"

"Alas," said Luke, "that is already one of our greatest worries, but the only thing we have devised so far is the Chilton Memorial. Near the center of town did you notice something that looks like the ruins of the old country club?"

"But isn't it the ruins of the old club?"

"Oh, goodness, no. The real chimney blew down two years after the fire and the charred beams all crumbled away, so we had a replica of the chimney made in solid concrete and false wreckage in rust-proof steel. Every Fourth of July all the children of the town are taken to look at them—not collectively, mind you, but when their parents feel good and ready. Simply and sadly they are told the story of the old Chilton Hills and then they are shown an inscription at the base of the chimney—a big rock on which is carved a modified version of Shakespeare's epitaph:

"'Good frends, for Heaven's sake forbeare
To digg the dust encloased heare;
Bleste be the man that spares thes stones
And curst be he that moves my bones.'"

DIET MADE EASY

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

SOMETHING has got to be done about this diet business. Time was when a fellow could sit down to a meal and think he knew what it was going to do to him. Now there are so many theories as to what it will do to him that he can hardly muster up courage to do anything but drink. No matter what item on the menu he selects, he knows that somewhere there is a diet expert who believes it will induce sleepless nights, obsolescence, wear and tear, and general depletion. His head swims as he thinks of the theories which have been earnestly laid before him by his various friends, each theory positively based on the authoritative word of Doctor So-and-so, a very big man, or of Doctor Such-and-such, positively one of the biggest men in the country.

Clearly, what is needed is a brief, terse, definitive statement of just what has been discovered about diet to date and what should be done about it, if anything. I hardly need add that I have prepared such a statement. It is based upon practically everything in sight. And if any of you feel that it calls for illustration, let me add that I have ready for mailing to eager applicants several large and very beautiful maps of the headwaters of the Amazon, which look enough like the digestive system to be admirably adapted for physiological instruction.

All dietitians lay stress on the seriousness of the problem, and I will not be outdone. Did you know that when a rat (not an ordinary rat, but one of the Rockefeller Institute rats) was fed the usual business man's lunch every day for a period of a month, his hair began to fall out, his eyes became glazed, and he took little or no interest in what was going on about him? It is said, in fact, that he acquired the habit of dropping into a doze at about three o'clock, and at one directors' meeting he fell sound asleep and his cigar dropped right out of his mouth. There now—doesn't that arouse you to the menace of wrong diet? Doesn't that make you realize that with all our vaunted prosperity, things are not as they should be with us, and that the course which we are pursuing is little short of suicide? We should all learn the laws of health. I am not even sure that there shouldn't be a campaign of public education.

For one thing, we should all know about vitamins.

There are four principal vitamins, known to the elect as A, B, C, D. Each of them, it appears, is a specific against a given disease, the four diseases in question being ophthalmia, beri-beri, scurvy, and rickets. In other words, if you go out now on the street and meet a man who is clearly suffering from ophthalmia, beri-beri, scurvy, and rickets it is safe to assume that he hasn't been doing justice to his vitamins. If on the other hand you meet a man who has *not* ophthalmia, beri-beri, scurvy, and rickets, whatever is the matter with him is something else, and you should advise him to consult a reputable physician without delay. I take no responsibility for him. I wash my hands of him. Is this quite clear?

But, I hear you say, you and your friends don't very often have ophthalmia, beri-beri, scurvy, and rickets, so what are vitamins to you? If you have had time to consult an encyclopædia you may even inform me that there have been only four cases of ophthalmia in Baltimore since 1917. You may add that there would seem to be a sporting chance, these statistics being what they are, that you can go ahead without, for instance, paying much attention to Fat Soluble ("Fatty") Vitamin A, and not come down with ophthalmia. And since all the literature about beri-beri and scurvy seems to deal with sailors on sailing vessels going with nothing but hardtack and dog biscuit for months, or with the inhabitants of Breslau during the celebrated siege of 1843, when there was nothing to eat but horses and those not of the best, you will argue that these vitamins would seem to be of minor importance to one deciding whether to select the Combination Blue Plate or one of the Special Luncheon Suggestions. But let me point out to you that before the onsét of any of these diseases there is a period of lassitude. The men toy idly with knife and fork instead of plunging them eagerly into the horse; they become listless and ennuyé. Grundset reports that the men on the *Shooting Star* (becalmed in the Pacific in 1817), after six months of dog biscuit could hardly be prevailed upon to do any work at all, and used to gather dully at the rail and say to one another, "What of it?" . . . Now haven't you ever felt like that? Well, then, eat your vitamins this very minute and let's not argue about it any more.

Besides, ophthalmia is quite common in certain parts of the Orient. You'd like to visit the Orient, wouldn't you? Think of it: the Romance of Asia—little slanting-eyed brown men—the sound of temple bells—a tiger-hunt in Bombay—moonlight on tropic seas! You, too, can have this experience if you will only make sure of Vitamin A.

Vitamins A, B, and C are found in spinach and things like that. Vitamin D is found in cod-liver oil and sunlight. That seems a crazier place to find a vitamin even than spinach, but let us not dispute the order of nature. Let us rather follow nature's law. It tells us that if we will only sit for a little while in the sunlight every day, with a heaping plate of spinach before us and the little old bottle of cod-liver oil at our elbow, we need have nothing to fear so far as vitamins are concerned. Send one dollar for our Complete Vitamin Kit, consisting of Sunbath Jersey, Spinach Plate, Cod-liver Oil Bottle, and anæsthetics for use while being fed same.

But the human body needs other things than vitamins. Lots of other things. The human body is like an engine—a very remarkable engine. It requires fuel, just like the engine in your automobile. Now who would ever try to run an automobile without fuel?—Wait a minute! Where are you going? To the filling station, you say? You're going there for dinner? But stop—you have misunderstood me. The human body needs fuel of a very special sort. No, not gasoline. It needs proteins, carbohydrates, fats, starches, animo-acids, calcium, phosphorus, iodine, and

things like that. A cockeyed sort of engine, you reply, that needs all those things for fuel? Well, perhaps. But then you have to realize how many sorts of things this engine will do. It serves for locomotion, as an automobile does, and it can lift and hold things, as a derrick does, and it also has a brain which will do the most exacting sort of intellectual work, such as the writing of this article, which is quite beyond the average automobile or derrick. Now do you wonder that such a versatile engine as the body needs different kinds of fuel? Of course you don't. Never let me hear you say anything against the human body again. It's a wonderful machine, and I won't hear a thing against it. Let us rather study it and its needs, reverently yet in a scientific spirit.

Where were we? Oh, yes, other sorts of fuel. Take calcium, for instance. Calcium is needed for our bones. For a long time this was not realized, but one day the great Doctor McTavish performed a very interesting experiment. He took one hundred rats (there are always plenty of rats to be found in McTavish's laboratory, eating this and that) and divided them into two groups of fifty each. One group he fed a regular diet—roast beef and vegetables, Romaine salad, vanilla ice cream, demitasse, and ten per cent for service—all the usual things. The other group he fed in just the same way but he had the calcium taken out in the kitchen beforehand. After a month or two he came back. "Which group is which?" he said to his assistant. "The ones that are lying on their backs are the ones that have had no calcium," replied the assistant respectfully. It was a fact. Those fifty rats were all lying on their backs.

"What's the idea?" said McTavish to the nearest rat. "Tired, are you?"

"It's my bones," said the rat plaintively. "They won't hold me up. They've gone limp."

"Jefferson, take these rats out to the dining room and let them have all the calcium they want," said McTavish to his assistant at once, brushing away a tear for, like all true scientists, he was a merciful man. And do you know it, in forty-eight hours all those fifty rats were scampering about as lively as ever, swinging on their trapezes or doing whatever rats in laboratories do. McTavish had discovered the value of calcium.

I forget exactly what calcium is found in, but if you eat the right sort of things, just a sensible well-rounded diet, you'll get it all right. The same is true of phosphorus and iodine. All of us who have visited the tropics—ah! the tropics!—have seen the phosphorus glowing in the wake of the ship, and all of us who have cut our fingers know about iodine. Eat well-rounded meals, just varied, wholesome meals—not dog biscuit—and you won't have to jump overboard or cut your finger for your phosphorus and iodine.

It was a black day at McTavish's laboratory when the rats had their iodine taken away from them. They became moody and apprehensive, and it was enough to break McTavish's heart to see them. So he sent a boy right out to the corner drug store for iodine and let the rats spread it on their bread for tea. And such a time as they had then! You wouldn't have known them. Just half an hour before this they had been moody and apprehensive, saying to one another that things were coming to a pretty pass nowadays, what with technological unemployment and Federal Reserve policy and the behavior of the younger generation; and one of them had gone so far as to assert that the trouble with this country was that there were too many laws—and then all at once they were laughing and joking and poking one another in the ribs and having pillow fights! Eat well-rounded meals and be sure of your iodine. And drink plenty of milk. And don't neglect your spinach. If you don't feel better, you're even less like a rat than I thought you were.

Some people are overweight and wish to reduce. This introduces a special problem which we diet experts all feel called upon to discuss. A difficult problem, you think? Why, no, it's the simplest problem in the world. If you want to take off weight, all you have to do is to understand the scientific nature of the problem.

You remember what I said a moment ago about the human body being like an automobile engine? Well, an automobile, you will have noticed, is provided with tanks. In one of these is carried the fuel for immediate use. In the other is a reserve supply. It's just the same with the human body. It, also, has two tanks. Or, no—I don't seem to be putting it just right—it, too, has its fuel and its reserve supply. The reserve supply is fat. Now who, after reading a clear, scientific explanation like this, would be so foolish as to carry round an unnecessary amount of this reserve supply, just overloading the poor engine? Who indeed? Is it not madness? And yet look about you and you will see dozens of men, yes, and women too, God help them, who can just barely get about because they are carrying three or four tanks of reserve fuel and probably a stowaway or two.

What should they do? Science provides the answer. Among the fats are butter, cream, lard, olive oil, and a lot of other things. Probably these people have been just soaking up these things. They must stop it. This will call for Will Power, but which of you will look me in the eye and say that he has no Will Power? The next time that big pail of steaming lard comes on the table, push it aside. You can do it. Right in this city, every day, people not a bit better than you are pushing aside the lard and regaining the Form Beautiful.

And remember this, too. Exercise helps to use up the reserve supply of fuel. Exercise more. Walk ten miles a day. Run about. Play tag, leap-frog, prisoner's base. Ah, you say, but you are a city-dweller, and such forms of exercise are difficult for you on account of the unfortunate traffic congestion. Then form the habit of walking upstairs. Better yet, run upstairs. Run up to the top of the Woolworth Building. Or best of all, learn to exercise right in your room. Send fifty dollars for our Complete Exercise Equipment, including rolling pin, elastic belts, elastic rope for attachment to leg of bed, glue for repairing leg of bed, surgical kit for repairing other injuries at same juncture, and mirror for looking at something funny while exercising.

There you are. Eat well-rounded meals and get plenty of exercise. That's all there is to it. Try this wonderful health program of mine, and then come back and tell me how you feel. Only don't come back right off. Try it for six months or so. Give me time to make my get-away.

POWER

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IS THERE anything that everybody wants?

Money, you might say; but the desire for money is very uneven and does not by a good deal express everybody's aspiration. One comes nearer in saying that what everybody wants is power. Money is a form of power; that is all it is. That is why people want it. Knowledge is a form of power. Social position, reputation, advertisement, creative or administrative ability, notoriety of almost any sort are forms of power. Aspiring people seek them because they want what these can give.

Money is power in a sort of tabloid form, convenient to locate and carry; but there are those who reject it, religious persons, for example, who take vows of poverty. St. Francis rejected it, so have thousands of others, not because they did not want power, but because they reached after a higher power than the power of money.

For, of course, there are limits to the power of money. Money is fairly crude; there are many things you can do with it, but many others that you cannot. It is a tool, a wonderful tool, commanding work of hands, of minds, exertion, energy, and that semi-magical property that we call expert knowledge. If there ever was a time when money was being tried out, surely this is that time and this country is the chief seat of the experiment. But it is only a tool, only a source of power. There are other sources that rival it. Some of them are old and well-known; other forms of them are in process of development, and they all work steadily, perhaps increasingly, to draw away human aspiration from money to these other forms of power.

You can make any complaint you like about the pursuit of money, and a good deal of what you say will probably be true, but what of this pursuit of power? Is it wrong? Or does it match with the purpose of the Power that inaugurated human life on this globe and said apparently to man, "This is yours, see what you can make of it"? What did his Maker say to man? Nobody overheard the conversation, so we have to infer it. He seems to have said to him, "Be something! Be all you can! Do something! Do all you can! Now then, you have knowledge of good and evil; use it! Grow, aspire, climb, reach! Get power! Everything is yours if you can get it—every attribute of almightiness that you can reach to and acquire!"

Just now, if you put your ear to the ground you will hear a lot of doors coming open, doors of the colleges sweeping out after summer operations and getting ready for their fall opening. What are the colleges? Power houses of the country, no less. What do they stand for? Power, every kind of power! Get it, use it, buy it, sell it, spread it! Give it away if necessary to make it work. War at the moment seems to be on the way to the scrap heap. It has had a protracted reputation as an instrument for getting

power. The present generation suspects that destructive efficiency in war has become so highly developed that war-bought power is no longer worth the price. Force seems to have declined as a means of giving power; it really does. What is the alternative? Knowledge, intelligence, understanding of life and means, spiritual power. In the newspaper, just before this writing, it was mentioned that the government had moved a gun weighing three hundred and sixty-five tons across the continent from the East to the West coast. There was an object lesson in power of the old style. That big gun is more interesting for what it says about the present state of the human mind than it is as a weapon. Forecasts are hazardous; tendencies that we think we see may be checked or stifled or sidetracked, so that when one says that force as a means of regulating human conduct seems to be going by the board we may feel that it seems so; but perhaps it is only looking for a new form through which to operate. There is a saying which carries great weight in our time, to wit—"It does not pay." You may say of something that it is wrong, and that settles it for some people, or that it is too difficult and that will settle it for others; but when you say it does not pay and can demonstrate that you speak the truth, that reaches many minds which are only slightly moved by the other denials.

The mid-summer epidemic of insurrection in prisons in various parts of the country has a bearing both on the limitations of force and on what does not pay. There was too much disorder; hold-up men were too active, rum-runners and bootleggers were too bold, and legislators fell to to stiffen up the law and strengthen enforcement. They made Baumes laws, lengthening terms of imprisonment, providing life sentences for very moderate offenses, and diminishing or abolishing the benefits that came to prisoners for good behavior. The idea was that by increasing punishment crime would be diminished. It was not a novel idea. It had been tried out over and over again, especially in England. No provision being made for increased facilities for imprisonment to match the increased popularity of crime, the prisons generally got overcrowded, and convicts, made hopeless of improvement in their condition, rebelled. The results have been good. The condition of the prisons has been advertised, and something is in the way of being done to improve them.

BACK now to the opening doors of the power houses which we call colleges. You remember that when they were finishing their year last June, a gentleman from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a few remarks addressed to the class he was parting with, urged his scholars to strike out for the best society they could reach. It reminded one of that story of Mrs. Vanderbilt and the American soldier in Paris. They had dances for those boys, and she was interested in keeping up their spirits and used to dance with them. "Who are you, Miss?" said one of them. "Mrs. Vanderbilt." "That's right, chicken, fly high!" That was about what the M. I. T. professor told his pupils and was scolded up and down the land for saying it, though commended also by persons who realized that he was talking more sense than appeared. Perhaps his advice to be a snob and marry the employer's daughter had to do with the complaint of the Dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education that American education was deeply infected with snobbery. Schooling, he complained, is used for ulterior purposes, for getting ahead in the world in the sense of making desirable connections and acquaintances rather than for sincere and direct effort to prepare for specific duties and activities, or even for general self-improvement. So Dean Holmes told the delegates to the Convention of the American Home Economic Association on the 4th of July in Boston. He warned against the "prostitution of the entire

educational system to cheap ambitions and unworthy desires!"

Tut! Tut! When it comes to knowledge, what ambitions are cheap, what desires are unworthy? To know all kinds of people, to be at ease with all of them—that is neither a cheap ambition nor an unworthy desire. Some people get on in this life by hard work and some partly by charm and gumption. These latter ones get what is coming to them partly because they are attractive, —radio-active, perhaps—and understand other people and can get across to them. That is a form of power proper enough to gain a share of attention in the power houses. Manners still make the man. In a big power house like Harvard College everything seems to receive attention, and if you don't see what you want, you may ask for it, and if that does not bring it, you are welcome to go and fetch it for yourself. Sometimes when I note the variety of wiles of that venerable university, I think it is as wise as the Roman Catholic Church and as reluctant to miss anything. Doubtless it is more progressive. It *is* progressive. "Tradition," said its President last commencement, "is movement. Our tradition is change."

Social position is a form of power. So are manners. So is that understanding of humanity which makes one at home with all sorts and conditions of men. There is sympathy and brotherhood in really first-class manners. Social position that is merely exclusive lacks confidence in itself and seems little worth. Indeed, it seems rather to be a drawback; but social position that is all inclusive implies understanding of life and of people, and that is a form of power which is useful. The great advantage of the big universities over smaller ones is not so much that they teach more subjects as that they offer a larger field of human experience. Commonly, there are more kinds of people in a big university than in a small one, in an old one than in a new one. In so far as there is a ruling class in the United States outside of the Methodist Church, you are more likely to make a contact with it in a big university than in a small one. That, so far as it goes, is an advantage. It gives an opportunity which, to some youths, is profitable, but it is an opportunity which calls for a particular kind of talent to get good out of it. That opportunity in some big colleges is offset in smaller colleges of first-rate quality by good teaching, more attention paid to individual students by competent professors, and better development of individuality. There are youths who never really get their hands on the social life of a great university who might do better in that respect in a smaller college. Of the four men from the United States who worked over the reparations problem, three were graduates of a big university, the oldest in the country, and the other was farm-bred and from a small college. The last one was the most useful of the lot, but the others also were useful. The job was negotiation. They all understood men. They all had patience and manners, which is as much as to say they were all gentlemen. At Harvard there is an attempt going on to recapture for that institution the advantages of personal attention which a small college has over a big one. That is the meaning of the effort financed by Mr. Harkness to establish Houses, so-called, of not more than two or three hundred residents, within the university. It is believed that things can be done in the way of instruction, guidance, and inspiration for three hundred students gathered in a sort of family which cannot be done for three thousand students running loose.

ONE result of having some surplus money is to inspire people in general to construction and beautification of all sorts. As one goes on the road—as is apt to happen more or less to solvent persons who have not gone to Europe—everywhere, just now, one sees construction, repair, and reconstruction. The building instinct seems to be very strong in civilized man. As quickly as he gets

along a little way and is able to stand off starvation and come down out of the trees to live on the soil, he begins to build. Presently, in our climate, he builds with logs, then with white pine boards if he can get them, and progressively with brick and stone, wood, and whatever material is convenient. The instinct to build is a natural derivative of the kind of power that is expressed in wealth. Time was when people liked to go to Europe because there was more to see there. The fruits of two thousand years of civilized life are naturally more interesting and imposing than what can be done in two or three centuries, but nowadays the new is getting to be quite as interesting as the old—as imposing, as splendid, as inspiring. There is a good deal in Europe that we cannot duplicate, but nowadays in North America there is a good deal that Europe cannot duplicate and which, being contemporary, has a greater influence on Europe and the rest of the world than that which is over there has on us. This talk that we hear about the Americanization of the world has a good deal of point to it. Whoever has succeeded in getting far enough downtown in New York to see the Telephone Building, has really seen something notable—best observed perhaps from the water. The great banks and corporation buildings in New York and elsewhere spend money freely nowadays on decoration. Some of them are very handsome.

Far and near there proceeds a constant disposition to preserve and restore such antiquities as we have. Mr. Rockefeller, Jr.'s restoration of Williamsburgh and Mr. Ford's resuscitation of the Wayside Inn are cases in point, but the preservation of examples of Colonial life goes on in many places in the East, and in the West—far West—one reads of such places as Mr. Hearst's remarkable palace in California. So, with some great natural wonders like Niagara and Yellowstone, Yosemite and the Canyon of the Colorado, there go on rising marvels made by the hand of man. Even in our day this is getting to be an interesting continent; indeed it is now. It has been interesting before in some places, and we are coming to know more and more about that as money is found for antiquarians to explore the civilizations of Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru. A good deal happened on this continent before its discovery was advertised to Europe. People by the million lived, loved, fought, worshipped, built cities, organized life, traded, and presently went to pot and disappeared just as we may do if we do not learn more about the laws of life, and shape our conduct in better agreement with them than they did.

As we look about we see momentous processes working out all around us; power over material things steadily increasing; organization invading our concerns from the chain-stores and groceries, to the Methodist Board of Morals in Washington. We see enormous accumulations of the power that is wealth piling up in the hands of individuals, and still more in great banks and corporations. We see old things passing away and giving place to new things about which we cannot fail to have misgivings. We don't know where our world is coming out, but most of us like to see it moving. We say our prayers, hold our breath at times, try to discharge our modest duties, and on the whole, enjoy the gamble.

For, after all, this world is not our home. It is only our experiment station. Our business, our duties are here while we live here, but at any moment we may move on and out and fare none the worse. Perhaps it is because we know all that, either instinctively or by conscious conviction, that the current joy-ride of humanity does not scare us worse. Scared or not we are going on, searching for more knowledge and more power and using both according to our lights.

Personal and Otherwise

THE leading article of the month introduces a writer new to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, ***John Gunther*** of the Chicago *Daily News*, who divides his time between Chicago and Europe, where he serves as foreign correspondent for the *News*. Mr. Gunther has written three novels, *The Red Pavilion*, *Eden for One*, and *The Golden Fleece*. As the headnote to the article explains, his detailed exposure of the methods and cost of racketeering has been prepared in collaboration with James W. Mulroy, also of the *Daily News*. The material in the article has been carefully checked for accuracy and gives, we believe, a fair picture of the inner workings of the sort of organized hoodlumism which operates in Chicago and threatens to extend to other American cities as well.

With "The Crystal Ball" ***Charles Caldwell Dobie,*** San Francisco short-story writer and playwright, whose many excellent HARPER stories are familiar to all but our newer subscribers, returns to the pages of the Magazine after a two-year absence.

J. B. S. Haldane has the rare gift of combining brilliance in scientific research with literary skill of a high order. Since 1922 he has been Sir William Dunn Reader in Biochemistry at Cambridge University, England; since 1927 he has also been head of the genetical department at the John Innes Horticultural Institution. He is the author of *Dædalus*, *Callinicus*, *Possible Worlds*, and many HARPER articles such as "The Last Judgment" (a picture of the possible end of the world and colonization of Venus, published in March, 1927) and "Science and Ethics" (June, 1928). Incidentally it may be added that the distinguished physiologist, John Scott Haldane, is Mr. Haldane's father, and that the late Lord Haldane was his uncle.

Noise is one of our American specialties. Those who do not enjoy it are accustomed to talk of the terrific nervous wear and tear which the uproar in our cities must cause. But how much justification is there for the theory that noise is actually damaging to us? ***H. M. Johnson,*** who answers this question in the light of experimental evidence, is the psychologist in charge of the Simmons Investigation of Sleep conducted by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research of the University of Pittsburgh. He has written for HARPER'S "Is Sleep a Vicious Habit?" (November, 1928) and "The Real Meaning of Fatigue" (January, 1929).

Twenty-one years ago William Heinemann, the English publisher, brought out a story entitled *Maurice Guest* which he always claimed was the best novel he had ever published. It was the work of an Australian girl who had spent several years studying music in Leipzig, and who signed herself ***Henry Handel Richardson.*** The same author has now written *Ultima Thule*, the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for September. She does not wish her real name disclosed, but it may be stated that she is married to an Englishman and lives in England.

Last fall ***Lloyd Morris,*** lecturer at Columbia and author of *The Rebellious Puritan*, wrote for us a type-study of a prosperous physician, "Mammon, M.D." Now he contributes another composite portrait or type-study, not, of course, based on any single individual. In the August number Mr. Morris was represented by a summer-hotel article, "Paradise: American Plan."

Dr. Alice Hamilton, the first—and so far the only—woman member of the Harvard Medical faculty, was described by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant in a portrait which we published in May, 1926, as "the leading American expert in one of the newest fields of scientific medicine: a doctor who by her rare combination of human gifts has been able to mitigate the danger of the lives on which

American industry rests." Dr. Hamilton now summarizes her nineteen years' experience as an investigator of industrial poisons, and shows how great an improvement in conditions those years have brought about—largely, it may be added, as the result of her own authoritative knowledge, force, and persuasiveness.

Though ***Don Marquis*** is most widely known as the wise and witty newspaper columnist (for the New York *Sun* and later the *Herald Tribune*) who created Archy the cockroach and the Old Soak, he is first of all a poet. That he can also write an uncommonly powerful story is shown by his contribution to this issue.

Anna Steese Richardson of the *Woman's Home Companion* staff knows the world of the women's clubs inside and out from long experience. Last April she contributed a HARPER article on "Women in the Campaign."

We conclude this month the tragi-comedy of love in an office by the late ***Harvey O'Higgins,*** author of *Polygamy, Julie Cane, Clara Barron,* etc. Mr. O'Higgins died of pneumonia on February 28, a few days after completing "Alias Walt Whitman," which we published in May.

As she states in "Life on the Hoof," her first HARPER contribution, ***Alice O'Reardon Overbeck*** is the wife of an American geologist who has been stationed in Bolivia for many years.

Since ***Lillian Symes,*** like the other Californians she describes in her article, came to New York several years ago to make her literary fortune, she has engaged in industrial research, has written for the *New Republic,* the *Survey,* and various newspapers, and has contributed to our columns "What Shall We Tell the Children?" (published last April) and "Still a Man's Game" (May).

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Of the poets of the month, ***Drewry Putnam,*** whose verses come to us from Sheffield, Massachusetts, and ***James B. Gitlitz*** of Binghamton, New York, a senior at Cornell and poetry editor of the *Cornell Columns,* are new contributors; ***Daniel Whitehead Hicky,*** a Georgian, has had two sonnets in the Magazine this year, "Say That He Loved Old Ships" and "Ship Model." (Speaking of new contributors, there are six of them in this issue out of a total of eighteen writers.)

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Two seasoned Lion's Mouth contributors divide the department between them this month: ***Philip Curtiss,*** who in "The Honorable Charley," which we published last June, wrote one of the funniest dog stories of all time, and ***Frederick Lewis Allen*** of the editorial staff of the Magazine.

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The frontispiece is the work of ***Edmund Blampied,*** who was born in Jersey forty-three years ago, studied at the Lambeth Art School, took up etching in 1913, and has subsequently become a Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers and Engravers and one of the most distinguished British etchers of his generation. He lives in London.

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Apropos of Count Keyserling's article, Colin C. Locke of San Antonio expresses surprise that the comments in "The Animal Ideal in America" should come from a German:

> Your recent feature article by Count Keyserling has impressed me especially. It seems strange, after all we have heard about Germans—their strict system, their steadiness, their cold-blooded exactness in the sciences—that it should be a German who would point out to us Americans how we as a people are the very ones who are losing sight of the human element. I take it we are inhuman in the way we expect even human beings to behave precisely in a certain way as the result of precisely a certain chain of circumstances and a certain set of surroundings. And a German philosopher tells us about it! I do believe that this substantiates what has probably been demonstrated many times: that national characteristics are far from universal within the nation.

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Emily Newell Blair, a frequent contributor—and convinced Democrat—expresses herself on "A Business Man's Civilization":

> I was much interested in Mr. Adams's article. What he says has wanted saying. But I cannot help wondering why he did not go further and include the application to our governmental processes. Surely in nothing is the business man's inability to take a long view more disastrous than his

considering immediate profits when framing tariff, income tax, public utility and water power policies. That is why many of us deplore the engineer in the White House.

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The spinster's real need—"suitable contacts":

I have just read, belatedly, the article by Margaret Culkin Banning on "The Plight of the Spinster," in the June HARPER'S, and would like to make a brief comment.

Mrs. Banning discusses sympathetically and understandingly the disadvantages of the present-day spinster, and restates the self-evident fact that routine work, while it brings self-respect and independence, can never make up for the lack of social status and emotional outlet which come to the well-married woman.

But she is mistaken in her implication that women have consciously chosen the unmarried state because of the freedom it brings. A few have done so, but those largely because the form and not the content of marriage was repugnant, and they have not necessarily remained spinsters. The majority, however, are unmarried either because the right man for them was not available, or their emotional needs developed late, or they had no opportunity to meet suitable men. Certainly Mrs. Banning would not suggest that had they married the "first or obvious suitor" their lot would be preferable.

The problem therefore resolves itself into seeking some way of giving the unmarried woman more opportunity for suitable contacts, whether early in life or later. There seems no good reason why an unmarried woman should not have the standing an unmarried man continues to have, whatever his age, unless it is that she is so much in the majority. Perhaps the new generation, with its greater freedom, is going to find a solution by making it easier to obtain the emotional experience necessary in order to enter upon a wise marriage, or else for the reasoned choice of the single state if such experience points that way. Certainly complete social equality is as yet unattained.

At any rate the question is not whether in general marriage is better than spinsterhood, which is obvious, since normal women have certain biological and social needs; but whether the spinster nowadays has a more desirable life than of old, which Mrs. Banning herself proves beyond dispute.

"ONE OF THEM."

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A spirited reply to Mr. Villard's article on the changing racial attitude in the South, from Edith Moses of Savannah, who says she will feel repaid if what she says "is instrumental in keeping ten readers from joining the ranks of color-line abolitionists":

When I picked up my July HARPER'S, I turned first of all to "The Crumbling Color Line." The title intrigued me. I felt that if the color line was beginning to disintegrate in the North, we, in the South, should know something about it. I found to my amazement that certain "Southern whites are coming to the Christian position" and that they are "determined to remove all causes of race friction." I gathered that those of "oldest Southern lineage" are girding up their loins and attacking the color line with true Confederate abandon. I have no quarrel with Mr. Villard for his personal views. They are most certainly his own concern, as much so as his taste in neckties, or his political affiliations. But I must voice my disapproval of what I can only call a misrepresentation of facts. Whether it is based on ignorance of actual conditions in the South or a too lively and sentimental prejudice in behalf of the negro race, I cannot say.

I should like to stress the point that I am not Southern born. No less than two grandfathers and innumerable great uncles fought for the Union. I can only hope that their blood was spilled to preserve the Union, and that it did not spring from a Calvinistic urge to reform the slave traffic.

As I have lived in Hawaii, the Philippines, and China, we may assume that my answer is neither the result of inherited inhibitions nor Southern provincialism.

Mr. Villard's article sounds a note of optimism that is not warranted by true conditions in the South. No writer, however capable, is qualified to write on the color problem in this section until he has actually lived here. Had Mr. Villard confined his pæan to negro welfare work in the South, I should agree with him. The South *is* educating the negro. Hospitals are being built. But it is being done with only one end in view. Not to fit him for his place in the sun of Southern social life, as Mr. Villard so erroneously infers, but to make him a more efficient member of the working caste to which he belongs. Certain immigration restrictions have depleted the ranks of American laborers. The negro is the logical one to fill that gap. As such he is indeed entitled to "decent housing, decent living, and decent education." The South is making strides in all three. But rest assured that it has no intention of carrying its altruism beyond that point. These things are being discussed in mixed meetings by blacks and whites, but not, emphatically not, over Southern tea tables. Unlike the "best Washington hotels," the Southern drawing room is still taboo to the negro.

As to "increasing fellowship between white and colored students in the South," that, if it is meant in a broad sense, is inaccurate. There may be isolated instances where certain individuals go in for that sort of perverted fraternization, but happily it is a rare exception. If these students are, as Mr. Villard states, "unable to countenance a single caste or taboo because they could not reconcile them with their day-by-day religious living," I can only assume that they are suffering from an acute form of religious hysteria. As a communicant of the church which, with very few exceptions, is the church to which those of "oldest Southern lineage" belong, I feel qualified to state that Southern Episcopalians lose no sleep over the social ostracism of the negro.

Naturally the South disapproves of lynching. So does it disapprove of the Northern executions of bootleggers and highjackers. Those go unpunished quite frequently. And they are far more numerous than lynchings in the South. (Incidentally, they are both the indirect results of two of our most notable reform movements!) The South disapproves from a purely humanitarian standpoint. The color of the victim's skin has little bearing on the case.

The South is just beginning to recover from the War between the States, as they say down here. Slowly but surely, under its own steam, and under white domination, it is forging to the front. To yield one point of political equality to the negro means utter and complete collapse, years of heartbreaking labor undone. It would be comparable to the "Years of Destruction" that are synonymous with the Harrison regime in the Philippines. His slogan was "The Philippines for the Filipinos." It has taken no less than ten years of reconstruction to clean up the debris.

And why, after all, drag God and Christianity into the argument? The bane of American civilization at present is the group of so-called Christian reformers who are attempting, most unsuccessfully, to regulate everybody's personal habits. Why not an antidote in the guise of a reform movement abolishing the professional reformer? He is far more dangerous than the color line. Under such ideal conditions the abolitionist of the color line could live as his conscience dictates. He might live among negroes, send his children to mixed schools, even intermarry if he chose (in view of our mulatto population statistics we must admit "a possible sex relationship"). On the other hand, we who prefer the association of our own race would not be subjected to social contacts for which we have no desire, contacts forced upon us merely because a fanatical few have decided that the salvation of our immortal souls depends upon such drastic measures.

Whoever believes that the South favors social or political equality is laboring under a great delusion. I presume we have our share of fanatical "liberals." Even they have not the temerity to shout their views from the housetops. As one scion of an oldest family said (in discussing Mr. Villard's article) "the color line hasn't crumbled a hundredth part of an inch in a hundred years."

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A severe epidemic is tardily reported from Dallas, Texas:

DEAR HARPER'S:

I have planned to write you many times during the past several years and make my "complaint" known to you. But I have waited in vain for you to diagnose my trouble, which I am convinced is now epidemic with the general reading public, and prescribe the remedy and treatment without this now urgent consultation.

I suffer from intense restlessness, ennui, and general fatigue—in trying to exist from the 20th of one month to the 20th of the next—until HARPER'S comes again!

My condition is almost unbearable, and I'm sure the only remedy for this condition is for you to publish HARPER'S semi-monthly: within twenty-four hours after each HARPER'S arrives nothing relieves my severe nostalgia—except the *next* HARPER'S.

The above prognosis should convince you that mine is an emergency case and needs immediate treatment.

Very sincerely yours,
JUDITH HAWLEY WINANS.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Stock Prices and Values

By PAUL TOMLINSON

IT HAS been well and wittily said that the time is coming when gentlemen will again prefer bonds. Doubtless that is true, but it is also true that at the present moment a large percentage of the investing public has its attention focused on stocks, and at this writing at least shows little disposition to bestow its affection upon anything else. Investment houses which formerly dealt only in bonds are now active in underwriting and selling issues of stocks; the public's fancy is for stocks, the high money rates obtaining have worked against bonds, and investment bankers, being intelligent men, are handling those commodities which can readily be sold.

NOW naturally this demand for stocks has put stock prices up to levels which, in many cases, conservative investors consider out of all proportion to value. In every group where stocks are discussed—and in what group aren't they?—there are individuals to be found who shake their heads lugubriously and prophesy dire happenings to all who have the temerity to buy at current levels. A crash is imminent, they say, the public has gone crazy, and the day of reckoning is sure to come. And maybe it is. For that matter, plenty of money has been lost in stocks by plenty of people during the past two or three years, in spite of unprecedented highs for many issues. One cannot buy any old stock on the list and expect to make a profit; this stock market, like all markets, is selective, and while some issues have moved more or less steadily up, others have gone rather steadily down. And then there are always those who speculate, get caught in the periodic recessions, and lacking sufficient capital are forced to sell out at a loss.

ARE stock prices too high? What determines the value of a stock anyway? In order to answer these questions satisfactorily it is first necessary to know what stock is.

STOCK represents the ownership of a *corporation*, for only incorporated companies can issue stock. Stock is sold for the purpose of raising capital, and in exchange for his money the purchaser receives an interest in the busi-

ness, evidenced by certificates of stock. He becomes one of the owners of the business, elects directors to represent him in the management of the corporation's affairs, and after all prior claims are paid is entitled to a share in the earnings and assets. As an owner he cannot claim any of these earnings or assets until all prior claimants have been paid in full. If the corporation earns a deficit instead of a profit the stockholder receives nothing at all; in some cases he may even be assessed for his share of the deficit. The stockholder is the last man on the list to get anything; everybody is paid ahead of him, and it seems remarkable that our people should be so eager to incur the risks that stock ownership entails, and to buy stocks instead of the much safer bonds.

THE answer lies, of course, in the unexampled industrial prosperity of our country. If a corporation having $1,000,000 of 5% bonds outstanding and 10,000 shares of common stock, earns its interest charges four times over in 1928 and eight times over in 1929, bondholders still receive their five per cent, but the stockholders may find their incomes doubled. Under the circumstances the stockholder is the man who reaps the reward; not only is his income doubled, but he finds that as a result of these large earnings the market value of the shares he owns have advanced considerably in price. The bonds too are naturally better investments with larger earnings, but not in the same degree as the shares of stock. It is this lure of appreciation in value that has attracted investors to stocks, and the promise fulfilled in so many cases has kept them there. Everyone hopes to buy something that will emulate the skyrocket action of a score of stocks that might be mentioned. And it would be rather nice.

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HAVE opportunities for safe and profitable investment in stocks all gone? Are prices higher than circumstances warrant? Nobody knows for sure, but almost everyone has an opinion. Some think stocks should be purchased, and others that they should be sold, and yet after all it is fortunate that opinions clash on the subject, for otherwise there would be no markets. We should have nothing but buyers, or nothing but sellers.

WHAT about the condition of the country? Stock prices reflect this condition and testimony gathered here and there may throw some light on why so many people are still willing to buy stocks at current levels. Agriculture is one of our basic industries, and it has often been said that the country as a whole cannot be prosperous unless the farmers are prosperous. Now, as everyone knows, Iowa suffered severely in the after-war depression, but a recent statewide survey by the Iowa National Bank of Des Moines would indicate that the process of recovery, long and hard as it has been, has made great progress, and that the outlook is bright. Iowa farmers report that conditions have improved steadily, and are continuing to improve; as a class they are more optimistic; profits are higher, and mortgages are less; one-third of the total farm acreage is free of encumbrance of any kind; perhaps most important of all, agriculture is being conducted on a more scientific basis, and the farmers are now recognizing that they are in business, and are using modern business methods. What applies to farm conditions in Iowa applies in other states as well.

PUBLIC utility stocks have been in great favor with the public, and still are for that matter. One of the factors in determining the value of a stock is the

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relation of its market price to earnings. In a list of a dozen utility stocks chosen at random the high prices for 1929 are shown to range from twenty to forty-three times earnings. Can a stock be worth forty-three times its annual earnings? Would you pay $215 a share for a stock earning $5, a return of 2.32% on your investment? Not if you thought this stock would never earn any more than that. Public utility earnings have mounted steadily and consistently, however, and no doubt the people who purchase this stock feel that future earnings will justify present prices. Perhaps it is foolish for people to attempt to discount the future, but after all that is their lookout, and presumably they know what they are doing. And who will say that the possibilities of electricity, gas, water power, and transportation have been more than touched upon? Maybe utility shares are too high, but there seem to be plenty of people who think not. Perhaps investors favor utilities because they are so intimately connected with the wealth and prosperity of our cities and towns, the places where these investors work and live.

THERE has been a big rise in railroad stocks during the past summer. Has it been overdone? Well, earnings have been mounting, and since the O'Fallon decision a load has been lifted off the shoulders of the carriers, and off the minds of those who direct their affairs. The railroads feel that they are in a position to forge ahead once more. Orders placed with railroad equipment companies show this, and the way our railroads are going in for bus and air transportation is further evidence of their alertness to present day conditions. And when the railroad business is good, this means that business generally is

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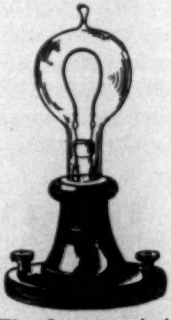

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COPPER and steel are always rated as basic businesses, and the welfare of the country generally is usually reflected in the prosperity of these two industries. Expansion of the railroads, of home and factory building, of the utilities, of the automobile business, of industrial activity of all sorts has its reaction upon copper and steel companies. If the copper and steel industries are prosperous this means that industry generally is prosperous, and from the activities on the part of the producers of these two metals it would certainly seem as if there were small danger of industrial depression. Most of them are working at, or near, capacity, and are selling their products at satisfactory prices.

THE amusement business seems to grow better every year. The chain stores keep reporting sales almost uniformly in excess of previous years. There is not any great amount of unemployment, and in almost every line of industrial endeavor business and profits are satisfactory. For the first six months of the current year earnings have run at record levels; our business house seems to be pretty well in order, and if, as some people maintain, the amount of credit consumed by the stock market has been any real handicap to business the majority of corporation reports do not show it.

THE supply of cash and of credit have an important bearing upon stock prices, of course. During a period of about eight weeks in the early part of the summer new issues of stocks and bonds totaling approximately one billion dollars were sold to the investing public. At the same time the average level of

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stock prices was at about the highest point in market history, and yet brokers' loans were lower than they had been two months previously. This can mean only one thing, that this billion dollars was supplied out of capital, the accumulated earnings and savings of our people. The United States is an amazing country, and nothing evidences that fact more emphatically than an achievement of this kind. Our national wealth keeps on increasing at an almost unbelievable rate, so fast indeed that our minds seem unable to grasp it, and when we read in the papers that brokers' loans amount to seven billion dollars we shudder at the dangerous possibilities inherent in such an over-extension of credit. And yet there are two banks in New York City which have resources amounting to fifty per cent of brokers' loans.

ARE stock prices too high? How high are they anyway? Well, at this writing industrial stocks, on an average, have advanced more than fifty points this year, and railroad stocks, on an average, over forty points. The *average* is at a new high record. At the same time it should be noted that on the New York Stock Exchange alone there are some two hundred and fifty issues selling from twenty to fifty points under their high prices for the year, and that in some cases stocks are selling at less than half their 1929 high points, with a number of these issues establishing new record lows. In spite of the fact, therefore, that commercial activity is on a level higher than that of the past two years, and that prosperity is more widespread than ever before, one cannot rush in blindly and buy stocks. One must know what stocks to buy, and have good

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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and sufficient reasons for his selections. Otherwise now, as always, he is courting disaster.

UNQUESTIONABLY many stocks are worth their present prices, in spite of the fact that these prices have gone up so fast as fairly to take our breath away. Other stocks, unquestionably, will sooner or later justify present prices, whether the value is there at the moment or not. And still others are selling for more than they are worth, or ever will be worth, for that matter. This has always been the situation, and no doubt always will be. What is the lay investor to do?

WELL, obviously, he wants to avoid the stocks that are over-valued for both the present and future. He must decide for himself if he wants to buy those issues which have in them the possibility of future appreciation. Is he willing to accept a small return now, and wait for the corporations in which he purchases an interest to realize their inherent possibilities? To do this successfully he must have faith and patience. Or does he want a stock which has value and which pays him a fair return right now on his investment? There are all kinds to be had, but it is not always easy to separate the sheep from the goats. This is known as a bull market; yes, but all stocks are not going to go up, and all stocks are not a good investment at current levels. Before you invest, investigate; consult your investment banker and secure his opinion and advice. Buy stocks that have value, and those that you know about. Most people work too hard for their money to risk it in something about which they have no knowledge.